



Hymns and Pres Hymnal = P. H.  
 not in it but Biddell = Biddell  
 " " "Hymns of the Faith" - H. J. D.  
 " New Landers Domain = N. L. D.

Hymns not in any -

Indispensable = A = 12

Approved = B = 33

Admissible = C = 37

Rejected = D

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCC

Section

4199



## THE NEW HYMNAL \*

Owing to various circumstances, an opportunity for the examination of Dr. Messiter's setting of the New Hymnal, with especial reference to those features which fall within our view in this department of THE CHURCHMAN, has not occurred until the present time, though the book has been much longer in the field than either of its competitors.

Dr. Messiter's is the smallest of the three Hymnals now published. One reason for this, is that there are but a very few of the hymns which are provided with more than two tunes each; we have noticed but six, namely, "The day is past and over," "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am," "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and "Brightest and Best"—and these have but three tunes each. Where Dr. Messiter has given alternates, it has usually been with a view to providing an opportunity for either choir or congregational singing, as may be desired. Then, too, there are very few compositions which cover more than one page. Three indices are provided—one of first lines, one of names of tunes in alphabetical order, and a metrical index. We could wish that these had been somewhat amplified, either by including the names of authors and composers in one general index (as in the "Tucker" Hymnal, for example), or that separate lists had been compiled.

But we are much more concerned with the music itself than with mere matters of arrangement and typography. The first impression received, on glancing through the book, is a sense of the high and consistent purpose and discriminating taste with which it has been edited, and this each subsequent reference serves to strengthen. Dr. Messiter has remained true to his musical principles and to his long and honorable record, and has turned neither to the right nor to the left in search of "novelties" or "popular at-

tractions." The number of American tunes is very small. In the preface it is stated that this is because of the preference of American organists for "choir" tunes too high in pitch and too elaborate for general use, and that, as the collection is intended for congregations quite as much as for choirs, they have not generally been found available. Reading between lines, we fancy we can divine still another reason for the omission of some contemporary American tunes, which is that Dr. Messiter does not find himself in sympathy with the style of many of them. Those which appear are in greater part from the pen of the editor himself, or those of composers who are, or have been, connected with Trinity parish. There are one or two which seem to have been admitted rather for some particular reason than solely upon their merits. Dr. Messiter's taste naturally leads him toward the Anglican school of composers. The musical service at Trinity church, while it is to a degree eclectic, is, to all intents and purposes, English. In the wide range of the repertoire of its choir, and in the general style and character of selections, it probably comes nearer the cathedral model than any church in the country. At all events, we have yet to hear of one where more music of the genuine "cathedral type" is performed in the course of a year. As organist of Trinity church, Dr. Messiter has never been a bidder for popularity. He has aimed at something far higher than mere success. He has been steadfast in the endeavor to provide music most worthy of its exalted purpose—an aim which is distinctly manifested in the book before us. Its tunes are not new, but they are of tried, settled and indisputable worth. All lightness and triviality are banished. The editor sets a stern face against enfeebled and unworthy music. So uncompromising is he in this that he even omits Lowell Mason's tune for "Work, for the night is coming" (where we think he might have relented), and he sets "I need Thee every hour" to an adapted tune by Sebastian Wesley. We hope the

\* The Hymnal, revised and enlarged, with music, as used in Trinity church, New York. Edited by A. H. Messiter, Mus. Doc. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

ghost of Dr. Wesley, threatening vengeance, will not appear to him. We think such a treatment of such a hymn is straining a point in behalf of a good cause. The milky hymn and the usual watery tune go together. United they stand, divided they fall.

The English tunes which form the bulk of the book have been selected with a very careful hand, and evidently after searching examination of many collections. A few of the beautiful specimens of modern English work which one finds in unexpected nooks through the volume are Dr. Hiles's "Birkdale," Henry Smart's "Labente," Sir John Goss's "Mecum" and "Salvatore," Dr. Ion's "Newcastle," J. L. Hatton's "Litany," George Cooper's "Dorking," Calkin's "Incarnation," Dr. Garrett's "Crucis" and "Mensa," Dr. Naylor's "St. Catharine," Dr. Armes's "Galilee," J. W. Elliott's "Grace," Dr. Spark's "Leeds," C. Lee Williams's "Lee," Tours's "Holland," Dr. Hiles's "Westerdale," Dr. Jordan's "Warwick," and Dr. Martin's "St. Helen." There are a great many others—indeed the book is full of them—whose names we cannot give for want of space, but among which we note several by Dr. Edward Hodges, and a charming setting of "Welcome, sweet day of rest," by that ill-fated genius, Frederick E. L. Barnes—the most brilliant musician, we think, who ever sat at the great organ of "Old Trinity." In all these selections and adaptations we trace clearly the individuality of the editor. The book has character, in that it gives us a judicious and careful selection—the well-matured result of the taste, experience, skill and wide research of one conservative, thoughtful and high-minded musician. There is hardly a weak or vapid tune in the book; scarce a page which will not stand the wear of years. The collection is dignified, solid, sedate, devotional. We apprehend that, in the course of a few years, the merits of this book will be more and more acknowledged, and that it will ultimately make its way to the fullest favor to which its worth entitles it.

As we have already stated, Dr. Messiter's aim has been to provide a Hymnal partly—perhaps mainly—congregational. To this end he has made use of many unison tunes, for which he recommends large choruses of men and free organ accompaniments. This is sound counsel, but large choruses of men are not often obtainable, while really good, free organ accompaniments (*extempore* ones, at any rate) are as rare as black swans. He has also by selection and transposition endeavored to secure melodies for the people

not running above E. It has been asserted that no congregational tune should go above D—a dictum with which we find it difficult to agree. Henry Smart, who was probably as sound an authority on congregational singing as can well be cited, fixed no such arbitrary line. In his own playing he kept his melodies from going above E flat, so far as was practicable, but from all accounts he did not adhere very closely to the practice; and it should not be forgotten that the pitch of organs has been lowered since his day. It makes a vast difference how the topmost note of a passage is approached. A congregation which would give out a good E, when taken by a bold and well opened interval, might flatten hopelessly on C, if it came at the end of a succession of creeping semitones. Dr. Messiter has taken due account of these things.

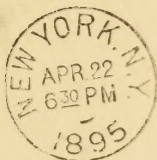
As a matter of theory, congregational music is the singing of the melody by all the voices in unison and octaves; as a matter of fact, at the present time, it is usually a clumsy attempt at part singing. As we have endeavored to point out in another review, American church-goers are not yet educated up to the point where altos will cease to try to carry a major third below the treble from start to finish, or where untutored tenors and basses will give over attempting to sing their respective parts "by ear." It seems to us, then, that the easiest and most available way of securing congregational singing is to provide the people with such simple and straightforward music as will suffer least damage from these well-meant but ill-directed efforts. It is for this reason that we have deprecated the dropping of so many of the tunes with which our audiences are familiar. The better method of undertaking to establish unison singing by the people will take long years of persistent labor on the part of choir-masters and clergy, and we have some doubt whether even then the outcome will be all that might be desired. There is a great deal said about congregational singing, but more of it seems to originate with the clergy than with the people, and from the avidity with which Hymnals whose strongest features are their "choir tunes" are being taken up, we are inclined to believe that at the present time the trend of popular taste and feeling is away from congregational music. This would be but a natural outgrowth of the "vested choir movement" which has swept over the country, and of a craving for what is termed musical "enrichment" which has followed in its train. There will probably be a reaction before many years. Meantime, we must regard Dr.



Messiter's book as theoretically rather than practically congregational; but wherever the movement toward unison singing by "all the people" shall be vigorous and well-sustained it will be of great value in drawing popular taste toward a more dignified and in every way better style of Church music.

Had Dr. Messiter done no other like work, we think he might safely rest his reputation as an editor upon this collection. As time goes by, its stately and enduring music will be better understood and more and more widely appreciated. It is sometimes well to be a little in advance of public taste.

ADT



Rev. Louis Y. Benson  
Wister Street  
Germantown  
Philadelphia  
Pa.

from  
821  
messiter

# The Choir Office-Book.

The Daily and Occasional Offices and the Office of Holy Communion set to Anglican and Plain-song Music, as used in Trinity Church, New York.

EDITED BY

A. H. MESSITER, Mus. Doc.,

*Organist of Trinity Church.*

8vo, cloth, red edges. Price, \$1.00.

**CONTENTS:**—THE CANTICLES, *with Anglican Chants*—THE CANTICLES, *Set to Gregorian Tones (with Varied Harmonies)*—THE CANTICLES, *as Anthems*—THE PROPER ANTHEMS, *with Anglican Chants*—THE PROPER ANTHEMS, *Set to Gregorian Tones (with Varied Harmonies)*—THE CHORAL SERVICE, *Ferial and Festal*—THE LITANY, *Ferial and Festal*—THE HOLY COMMUNION, *Anglican*—THE HOLY COMMUNION, *Plain-song*—THE BURIAL OFFICE, *Anglican*—THE BURIAL OFFICE, *Plain-song*—MISERERE, *Plain-song*—DE PROFUNDIS, *Plain-song*. A FULL INDEX.

In this book will be found music for all the Church's services, it being especially complete and rich in the music for the order of the Holy Communion. It is fitted for general use, inasmuch as the simplest chant or the elaborate anthem services can be rendered from it, in all their details. The Plain-song has, in all cases, been provided with an organ accompaniment; while in the Gregorian Canticles varied harmonies have been introduced—a great boon to the non-professional organist.

"A complete manual for our average choirs throughout the country, and the unmusical clergy may safely adopt it, with the certainty that they will have nothing but thoroughly good music."—*The Churchman*.

"Rich and varied in all its resources. Dr. Messiter has placed the type of Trinity Church use within reach of all Church congregations."—*Living Church*.

"The 'Choir Office-Book,' edited by Dr. Messiter, is the most valuable work of the kind that has appeared. Now that the musical portion of the Communion office is fast being restored to its former position of chief importance, the publication of this book will prove of no little benefit to the Church at large."—G. EDWARD STUBBS, M.A., *Organist of S. Agnes Chapel, Trinity Parish; Instructor in Church Music, General Theological Seminary, New York*.

"I have had time lately to thoroughly examine Dr. Messiter's 'Office-Book,' and I consider it the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. Much of the plain-song music I constantly use in my own choir."—GEORGE B. PRENTICE, Mus. Doc., *Organist of Church of S. Mary the Virgin, New York*.

## TRINITY PARISH PSALTER.

**The Psalter**, pointed for singing, and set to music according to the use of Trinity Parish, New York. The pointing revised, and the music, chiefly Double Chants, selected and arranged by A. H. MESSITER, Organist of Trinity Church. 8vo, cloth, red edges, \$1.25.

**The Canticles, Psalter and Twenty Selections.** Pointed uniform with the "Trinity" Psalter, but with words only. 32mo, cloth, 30c., net.

In this new edition of the Trinity Parish Psalter the method of notation formerly used is retained, except that an entire word is italicized where previously only one syllable was so marked. The system of pointing is also unchanged; but extreme cases have been modified, and the undue prominence sometimes given to unimportant words avoided.

The new table of *Proper Psalms*, as well as the *Twenty Selections*, are printed in full.

"A vast improvement on anything that we have had before, and we shall be glad to see it introduced into all our churches."—*The Churchman*.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.,

Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK.

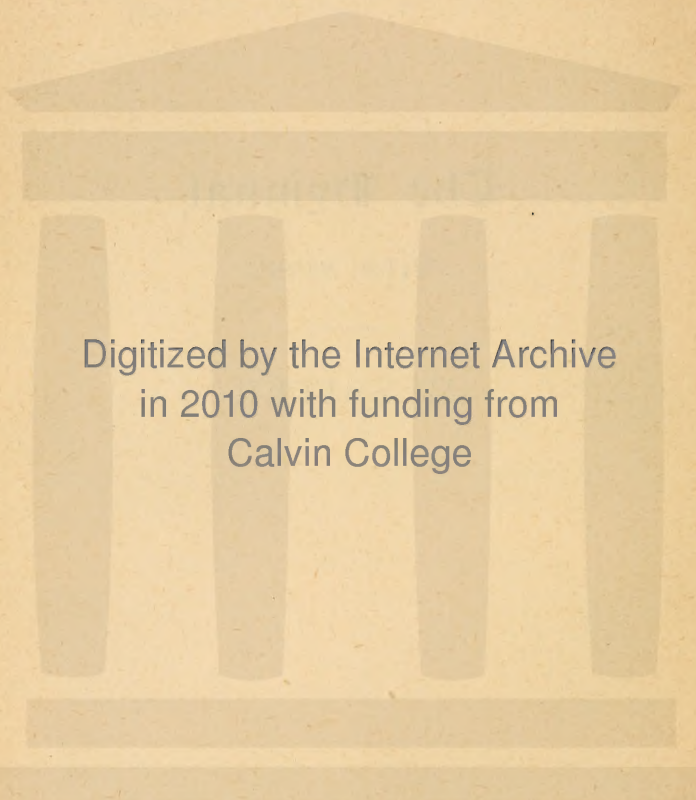


# The Hymnal

WITH MUSIC

---

MESSITER

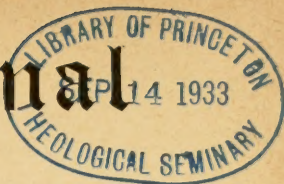


Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Calvin College

<http://www.archive.org/details/hymnalrevi00epis>



# The Hymnal



REVISED AND ENLARGED

AS ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE  
YEAR OF OUR LORD 1892

Being the Preliminary Report of the Committee on the Hymnal appointed  
by the General Convention of 1886, modified

WITH MUSIC

As used in Trinity Church

NEW YORK

✓ EDITED BY

A. H. MESSITER, Mus. Doc.

ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

---

NEW YORK

E. & J. B. YOUNG & COMPANY

COOPER UNION, FOURTH AVENUE

1893

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY  
JAMES POTT & CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY  
E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.



By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in General Convention, held in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, it was

*Resolved* : That the final Report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church : provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

#### CERTIFICATE.

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with and corrected by the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman*.

HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary*.

---

#### CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

##### OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church ; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

## PREFACE.

---

THE metrical Hymns are, in one respect, the most important part of the Church Service. They belong especially to the congregation; who ought not to be deprived of their right to take part in the Hymnody by the use of tunes which are out of their reach, by reason of over-elaboration or extreme compass.

In accordance with this view, the general character of the music in the accompanying book is congregational, the few tunes of a different nature being generally supplemented by a second and simpler tune. Many of the tunes are suitable for being sung in unison, even when this is not specially indicated.

Ten mediæval tunes are included in the collection, four of which are well known and largely used: *Veni Emmanuel*, *O quanta*, *Victory*, and *Leoni*. The others will be found worthy of attention; and if sung, as they should be, by a large body of men's voices in unison, with a free organ accompaniment, are most effective and moving. The origin and date of these melodies are unknown; some of them are contemporary with the words to which they are set.

Of German chorales there are about thirty, with as many more tunes said to be of German origin, but which show no relationship to the genuine chorale, in their present form.

English Psalm tunes of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries have a fair representation; but the largest proportion of the musical material—about four-fifths—is modern.

This follows naturally from the fact that the Hymns themselves are mostly modern, and in a great variety of metres which have only of late years been adopted for Hymnody.

In the "Old Version" of metrical Psalms (Sternhold and Hopkins, 1562), all but twenty were in common metre. In the "New Version" (Fate and Brady, 1696) there was more variety, but still two-thirds were C. M.

Although original Hymns were used in the 18th century, notably those of Watts, the Wesleys, and Doddridge,\* yet these were unau-

\* 375 Hymns and metrical Psalms are ascribed to Doddridge, 454 to Watts, and no less than 6,500 to Charles Wesley.

thorized by the Church, and were used chiefly by the followers of John Wesley and by other independent congregations.

From about 1800, we find the words Hymn and Hymnody gradually displacing the old terms Psalm and Psalmody; and since then the number of "metres" in use has been constantly increasing, until, in the present Hymnal, there are no less than 106 different forms of versification, besides 17 Hymns classed as "peculiar."

In the Metrical Index, some of the single specimens are placed under the P. M. heading; others are classified as "single numbers." For a few of them no suitable tune could be found in a collection of about fifty hymnals; and for these, tunes have been newly provided.

Careful attention has been given to proper accentuation of the words: for instance, in Hymn 121, "The strife is o'er," the false accentuation usually found is avoided by slight changes in the notation of the music. Absolute correctness of accent cannot always be secured, on account of the occasionally irregular prosody of hymn-writers.

The entire number of tunes in this book is 646, of which about fifty are American. This latter number might have been largely increased, but the tendency of our composers is toward "choir tunes," too elaborate and high in pitch for untrained singers. As the work is intended for general use, it was not thought advisable to insert many of that character.

Metronome marks are inserted throughout, representing the editor's judgment of a dignified and suitable *tempo* for congregational singing. On comparison with similar indications in two well-known hymnals, the *tempi* will be found, when differing, rather slower than those given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and rather quicker than those in Barnby's "Hymnary."

There remains now only the agreeable duty of acknowledging the kindness of the following composers, who have contributed new and original tunes to this book, namely:

CLEMENT R. GALE, M.A., Mus. Bac. Oxon., Calvary Church.

The late ARTHUR E. CROOK, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

W. A. RABOCH, St. Chrysostom Chapel.

ARTHUR ROSE, B.A.

F. H. MESSITER, organist of All Souls, Harlesden, London.

Thanks are no less due to the composers who have permitted the use of tunes already published, namely:

The late Rev. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

The Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, S.T.D.

The late Rev. W. H. COOKE, M.A. (by his representatives).



THE REV. J. NEVETT STEELE, B.D., Mus. Doc.

J. H. CORNELL.

H. S. CUTLER, Mus. Doc.

PROFESSOR G. W. WARREN, Mus. Doc.

G. EDWARD STUBBS, M.A.

ALFRED S. BAKER, B.A.

S. J. GILBERT.

W. SMEDLEY.

---

An asterisk before the name of a tune signifies that it has been adapted, altered, or newly harmonized by the editor.

The American tunes are copyright, either of the composers or the proprietors of this book.

# Contents.

## I. DAILY PRAYER.

	HYMNS.
MORNING . . . . .	1- 5
EVENING . . . . .	6-23
THE LORD'S DAY . . . . .	24-34

## II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ADVENT . . . . .	35-48
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	49-61
EPIPHANY . . . . .	62-72
SEPTUAGESIMA, ETC . . . . .	73-77
LENT . . . . .	78-89
HOLY WEEK . . . . .	90-106
EASTER EVEN . . . . .	107, 108
EASTERTIDE . . . . .	109-125
ASCENSIONTIDE . . . . .	126-132
WHITSUNTIDE . . . . .	133-136
TRINITY . . . . .	137-142
ST. ANDREW . . . . .	143
ST. THOMAS . . . . .	144
ST. STEPHEN . . . . .	145
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST . . . . .	146
THE HOLY INNOCENTS . . . . .	147
THE CIRCUMCISION . . . . .	148, 149
THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL . . . . .	150
THE PURIFICATION . . . . .	151-154
ST. MATTHIAS . . . . .	155
THE ANNUNCIATION . . . . .	156-158
ST. MARK . . . . .	159
ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES . . . . .	160
ST. BARNABAS . . . . .	161, 162
THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST . . . . .	163
ST. PETER . . . . .	164
ST. JAMES . . . . .	165
THE TRANSFIGURATION . . . . .	166, 167
ST. BARTHOLOMEW . . . . .	168
ST. MATTHEW . . . . .	169
ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS . . . . .	170, 171
ST. LUKE . . . . .	172
ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE . . . . .	173
GENERAL FOR SAINTS' DAYS . . . . .	174
ALL SAINTS . . . . .	175-181



	HYMNS.
EMBER DAYS . . . . .	182-186
ROGATION DAYS . . . . .	187-189
THANKSGIVING DAY . . . . .	190-193
NATIONAL DAYS . . . . .	194-201
THE OLD YEAR . . . . .	202, 203
THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	204, 205
III. THE CHURCH.	
HOLY BAPTISM . . . . .	206-210
CONFIRMATION . . . . .	211-218
HOLY COMMUNION . . . . .	219-236
HOLY MATRIMONY . . . . .	237-240
BURIAL OF THE DEAD . . . . .	241-248
MISSIONS . . . . .	249-267
ALMSGIVING . . . . .	268-270
CHARITIES . . . . .	271-275
ORPHANS . . . . .	276, 277
TEMPERANCE . . . . .	278, 279
DIVINITY SCHOOLS . . . . .	280
IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES . . . . .	281-284
V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.	
ORDINATION . . . . .	285-289
INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS . . . . .	290
LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE . . . . .	291-294
CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES . . . . .	295-298
RESTORATION OF A CHURCH . . . . .	299
DEDICATION OF HOUSES, PLACES, AND THINGS . . . . .	300-304
TRAVELLERS BY SEA OR LAND . . . . .	305-310
VI. GENERAL . . . . .	311-513
VII. PROCESSIONALS . . . . .	514-523
VIII. LITANIES . . . . .	524-530
IX. APPENDIX.	
FOR CHILDREN . . . . .	531-578
LAY HELPERS . . . . .	579-586
TEACHERS . . . . .	587
GUILDS OR FRIENDLY SOCIETIES . . . . .	588
PAROCHIAL MISSIONS . . . . .	589-623
FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED . . . . .	624-637
HOME AND PERSONAL USE . . . . .	638-679
DOXOLOGIES . . . . .	
INDEX OF SUBJECTS . . . . .	
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	
METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES . . . . .	
ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES . . . . .	
CANTICLES, ETC. . . . .	

# HYMNS

## I. DAILY PRAYER

### Morning

1

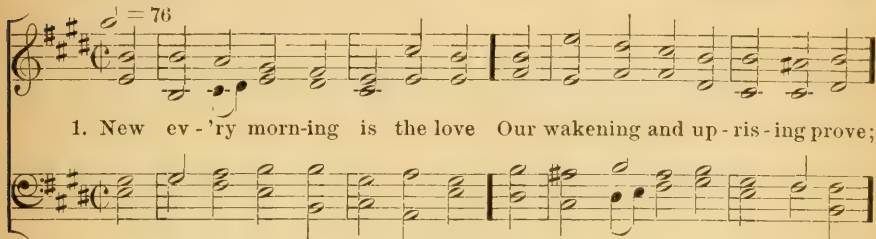
New every morning is the love

L. M.

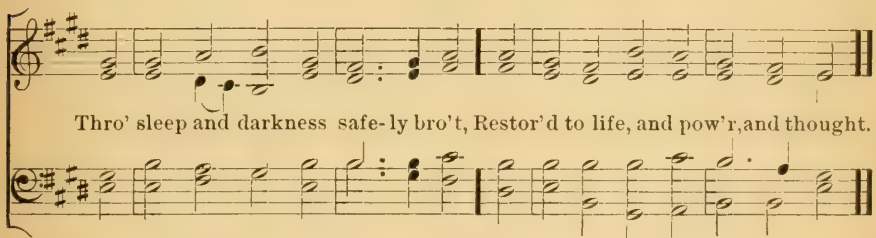
REV. J. KEBLE. 1827

*Melcombe*  
S. WEBBE. 1790

*76*



1. New ev-'ry morn-ing is the love Our waken-ing and up-ris-ing prove;



Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly bro't, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some soft'ning gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on ev'ry cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.



# Daily Prayer. Morning

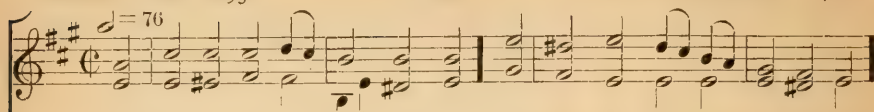
2 Awake, my soul, and with the sun

L. M.

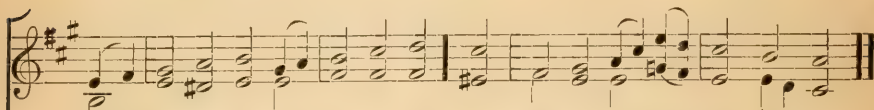
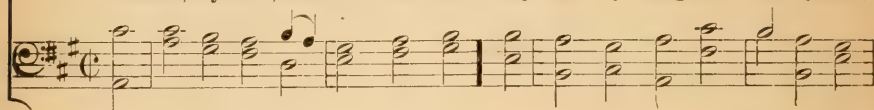
BISHOP KEN. 1695

PART I.

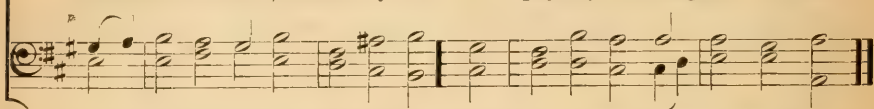
\* Morning Hymn  
F. H. BARTHELEMON. 1780



1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.



2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

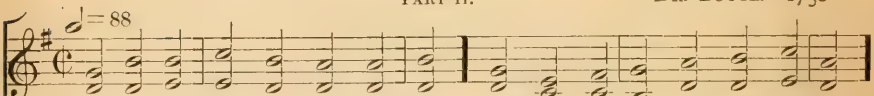
2 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept

L. M.

Matutinus

PART II.

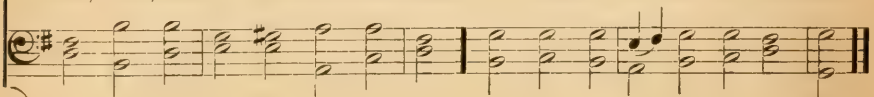
DR. BOYCE. 1750



1. All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept;



Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.



# Daily Prayer. Morning

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their  
might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I.

3 *Reverend* Come, my soul, thou must be waking P. M.

F. L. VON CANITZ. 1690

BUCKALL. Tr.

*Birkdale*

DR. HILES. 1865

$\text{♩} = 56.$

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - - ing, Now is

break-ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come, to Him Who made this

splen-dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When thine aim is good and true;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within;  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.



# Daily Prayer. Morning

4

Every morning mercies new

7s.

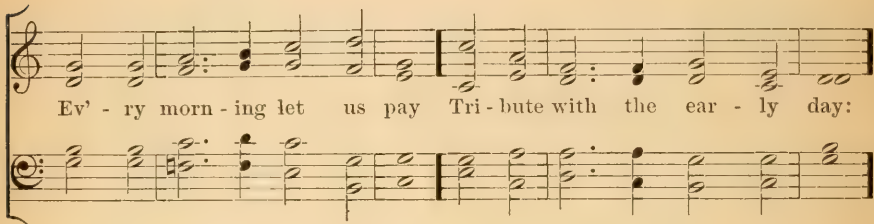
REV. G. PHILLIMORE. 1863

*Barmouth*  
W. MACFARREN. 1880

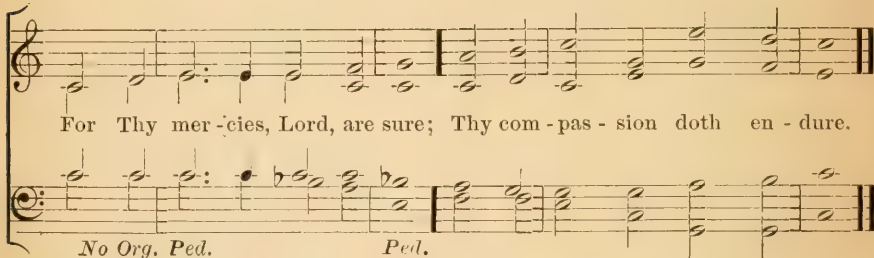
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Ev' - ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew:



Ev' - ry morn - ing let us pay Tri - bute with the ear - ly day:



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.

No Org. Ped. Ped.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove;  
Daily, far as east from west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast;  
Gives unbought, to those who pray,  
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's power within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life;  
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever blessed Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing prayer and praise.

# Daily Prayer. Morning

[FRIDAY]

5

O Jesu, crucified for man

L. M.

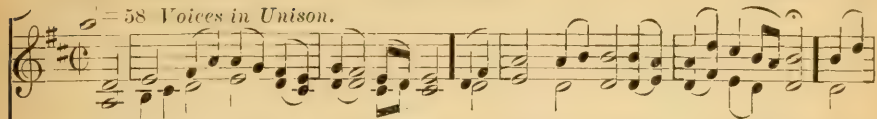
\* *Salvete*

ANCIENT

BISHOP HOW. 1871

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 58$  Voices in Unison.



1. O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne, Teach



Thou our wand'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love unknown. A - - - men.



2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take

Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,

Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
Oh! may we bear Thy marks below  
In conquer'd sin and chasten'd life.

4 And week by week this day we ask

That holy mem'ries of Thy cross  
May sanctify each common task,  
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear

Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
And through the cross attain the crown.

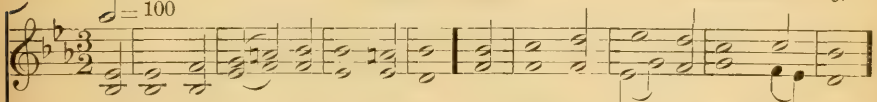
5

SECOND TUNE

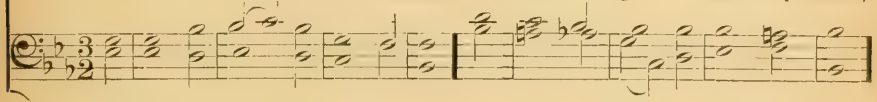
*Angelus*

J. SCHEFFLER 1657

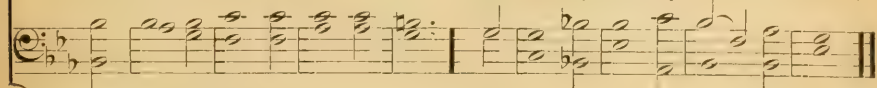
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - ri - ous Thy Throne,



Teach Thou our wand'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love un - known.



Also the following :

312 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.

383 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,

640 My Father, for another night,

# Daily Prayer. Evening

## EVENING

6 O Brightness of the immortal Father's face 10.6.10.6.

Φῶς ἀαρόν

SECOND CENTURY  
EDDIS. Tr.

St. Nicholas  
REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1870

$\text{♩} = 58$

1. O brightness of the immortal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heaven - ly, blest,

Lord Je - sus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex - pressed:

<p>2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one The lamps of evening shine: We hymn th' eternal Father, and the Son, And Holy Ghost divine.</p>	<p>3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive Our hallowed praises, Lord: O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live, Through all the world adored.</p>
---	--

7 The day is gently sinking to a close 10s.

BP. CHR: WORDSWORTH. 1862

Sunset  
A. H. MESSITER. 1886

$\text{♩} = 54$

*mp*

1. The day is gent - ly sinking to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the



## Daily Prayer. Evening

sun-light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E -

- ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent

darkness can-not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:  
O Conqu'ror of the grave, be Thou our guide,  
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:  
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice — "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mould'ring to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

8

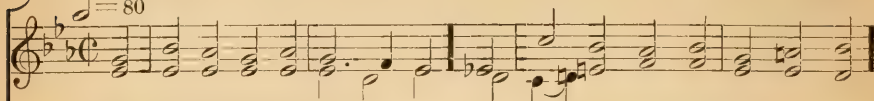
The radiant morn hath passed away 8.8.8.4.

REV. G. THRING. 1864

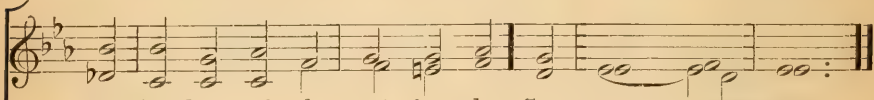
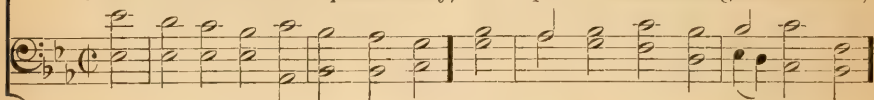
*St. Gabriel*

REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1868

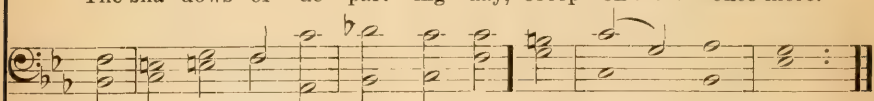
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. The radiant morn hath pass'd away, And spent too soon her gold-en store;



The sha-dows of de-part-ing day, Creep on . . . once more.



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;  
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,  
Safe home at last.

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky,

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

9

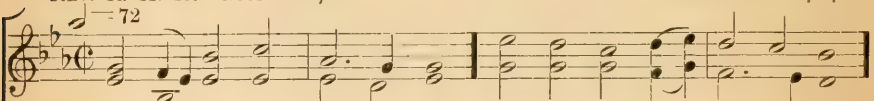
Holy Father, cheer our way

7.7.7.5.

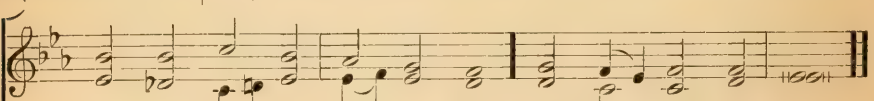
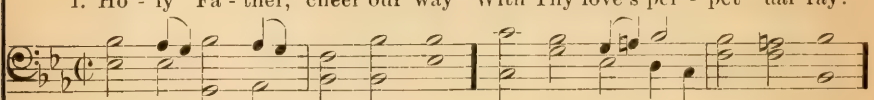
REV. R. H. ROBINSON. 1871

\* *Morgenglanz*  
GERMAN. 1704

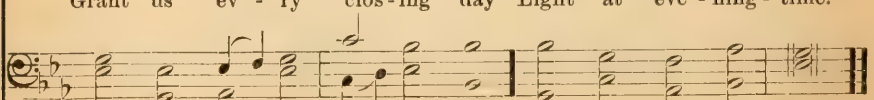
$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:



Grant us ev' - ry clos-ing day Light at eve - ning - time.



# Daily Prayer. Evening

- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears:  
Grant us in our later years  
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;

- Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee:  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.

## 10 The sun is sinking fast 6.4.6.6.

18th CENTURY  
CASWALL. Tr.

"Sol præceps rapitur"

St. Columba

H. S. IRONS. 1861

$\text{♩} = 100$

FIRST TUNE

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast;

- 5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His pow'r and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He forever mine.

## 10 Labente

SECOND TUNE

H. SMART. 1870

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; . .

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.



# Daily Prayer. Evening

11

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear

L. M.

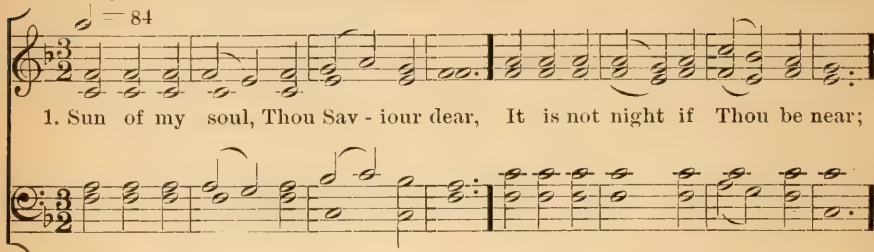
*Hursley*

REV. J. KEBLE. 1820

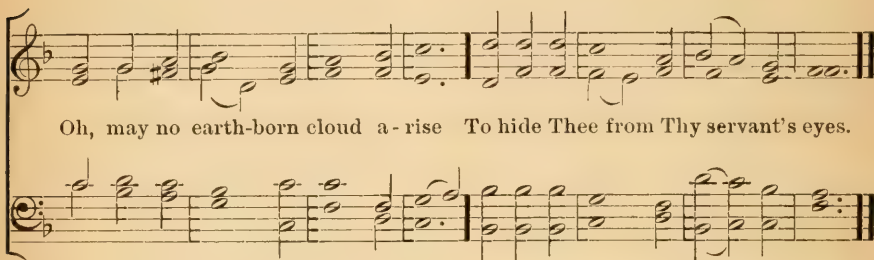
FIRST TUNE

P. RITTER. 1792

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

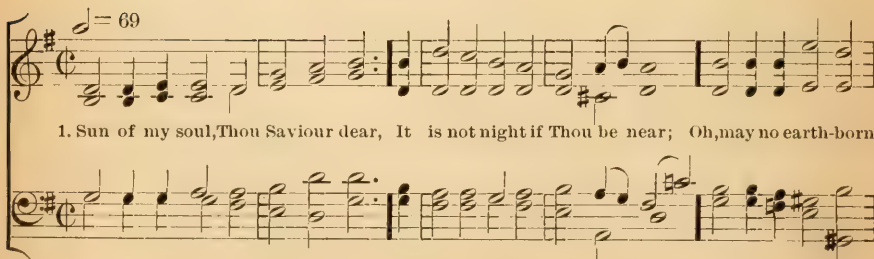
11

SECOND TUNE

*Keble*

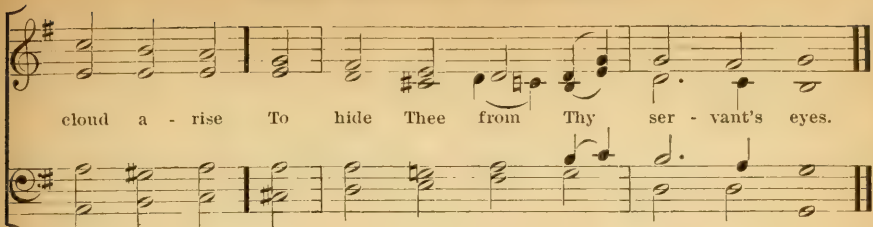
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1874

$\text{♩} = 69$



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born

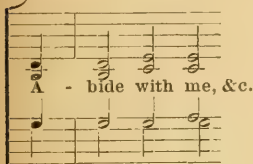
# Daily Prayer. Evening



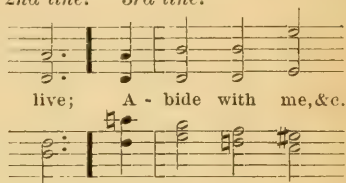
cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

3rd verse. 1st line.

end of 2nd line. 3rd line.



A - bide with me, &c.

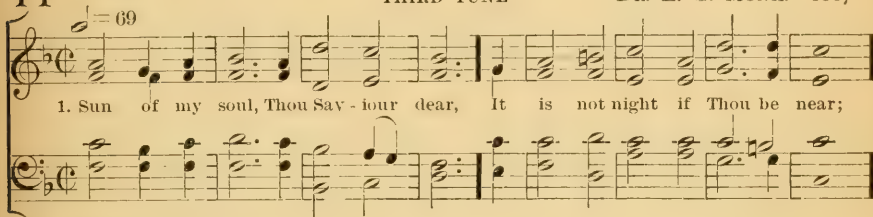


live; A - bide with me, &c.

11

THIRD TUNE

*Radley*  
DR. E. G. MONK. 1867



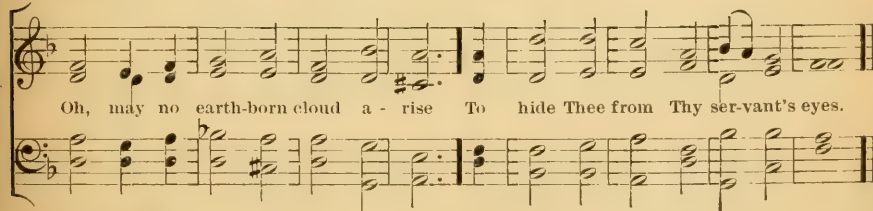
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - our dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Ver. 3.



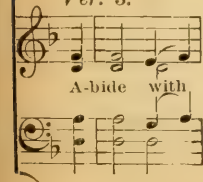
A - bide with

Ver. 3. live



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

Ver. 3.



A-bide with

# Daily Prayer. Evening

12

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

10s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1847

FIRST TUNE.

*Eventide*  
W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;  
What but, Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
pow'r?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with  
me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.  
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies:  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

12

SECOND TUNE

*Mecum*  
SIR J. GOSS. 1865

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness



# Daily Prayer. Evening

deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail,

. . and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, . . a - bide with me.

13 PH

Softly now the light of day

7s.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE. 1824

*Dulce*  
J. BARNEY. 1880

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

14

At even, ere the sun was set

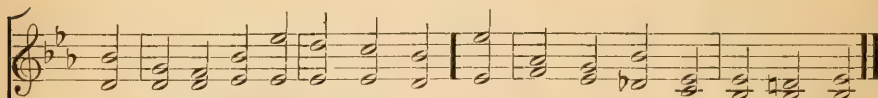
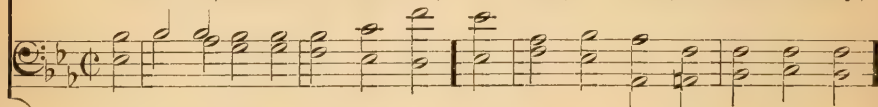
L. M.

REV. H. TWELLS. 1868

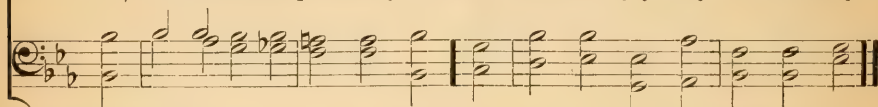
*St. Petros*  
REV. R. F. DALE. 1880



1. At ev-en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;



Oh, in what divers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free,  
And some have friends who give them  
pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they who fain would love Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,  
tried;  
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would  
hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

15

The shadows of the evening hours

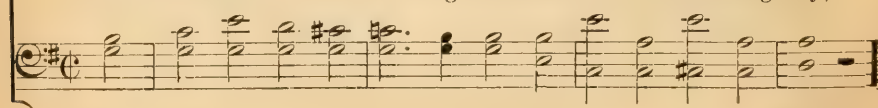
C. M.

A. A. PROCTER. 1858

*St. Leonard*  
DR. HILES. 1867



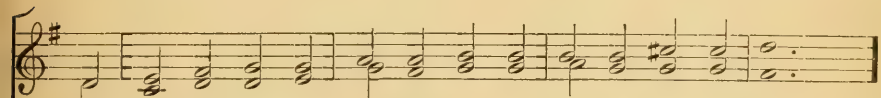
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the darkening sky;



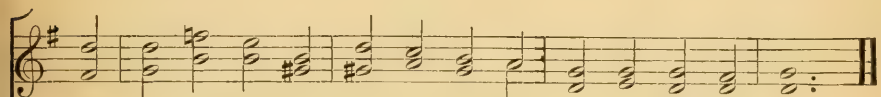
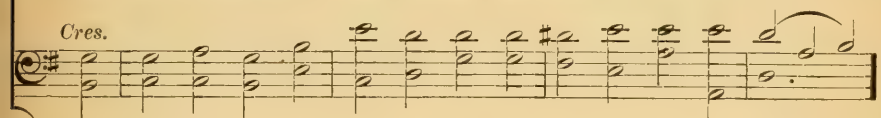
# Daily Prayer. Evening



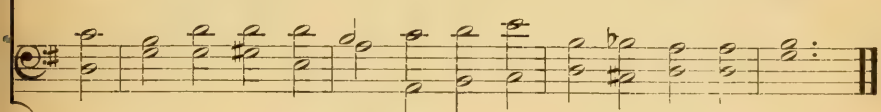
Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie.



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.



2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
O do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart;  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine:  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n,  
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!  
Upon our souls descend,  
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend:  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we labor, Lord,  
O give us now repose.



ST. ANATOLIUS. 800  
NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

St Anatolius 1  
A. H. BROWN. 1865

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!  
*mf*

*cres.* I pray Thee that of - fence - less *dim.* The hours of dark may be.

*p* O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night!  
*cres.* *dim.*

2 The joys of day are over:  
I lift my heart to Thee;  
And call on Thee that sinless  
The hours of gloom may be.  
O Jesu, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;  
I raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be:  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
Or sleep in death shall I,  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry  
"He could not make their darkness light,  
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
O God! for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go.  
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all!

St. Anatolius 2

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1865

SECOND TUNE

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

# Daily Prayer. Evening

*cres.* *dim.*

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

*p* *cres.*

O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!

16

THIRD TUNE

Nocturne  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1870

76

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!

# Daily Prayer. Evening

17

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing

8.7.8.7.

J. EDMESTON. 1820

FIRST TUNE

*Repose*  
DR. E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He Who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;  
Jesu then our refuge be,  
And in Paradise awake us,  
There to rest in peace with Thee.
- 5 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign;  
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
- 6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
Till the perfect day before us  
Breaks in everlasting light.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

17

SECOND TUNE

\* *Salvator*  
SIR J. GOSS. 1870

Stanzas 1, 2. *Unison*

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:

Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;

*p rall.*

Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.



# Daily Prayer. Evening

17

*Stanzas 3, 4. Harmony*

3. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,

The first system of musical notation for Stanza 3. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

An-gel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

The second system of musical notation for Stanza 3. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

4. Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us; Je - su then our re - fuge be,

The first system of musical notation for Stanza 4. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

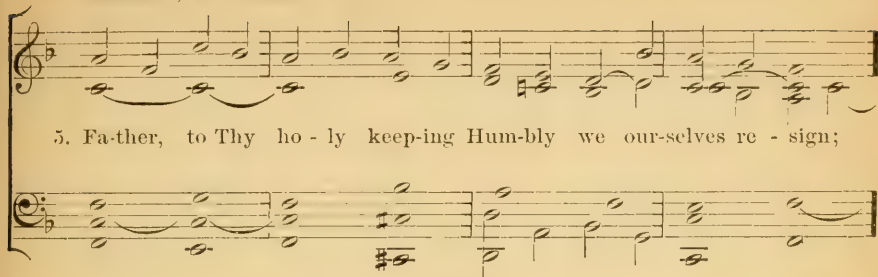
And in Par - a - dise a - wake us, There to rest in peace with Thee.

The second system of musical notation for Stanza 4. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

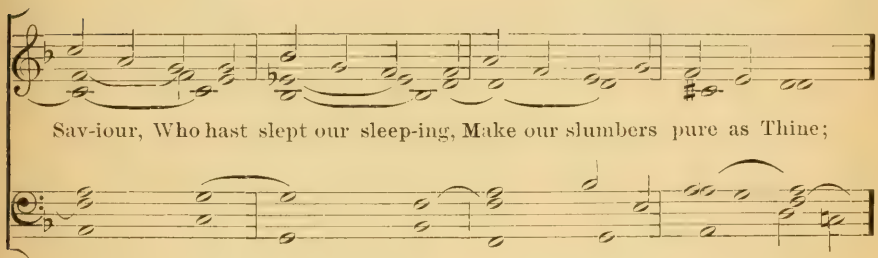
17

Stanzas 5, 6. Unison



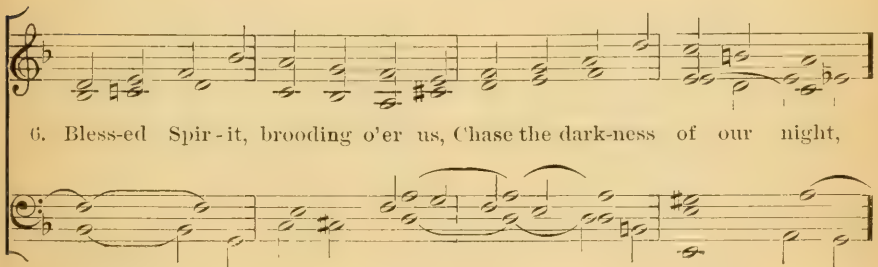
5. Fa-ther, to Thy ho - ly keep-ing Hum-bly we our-selves re - sign;

The first system of musical notation for Stanza 5. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, unison style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



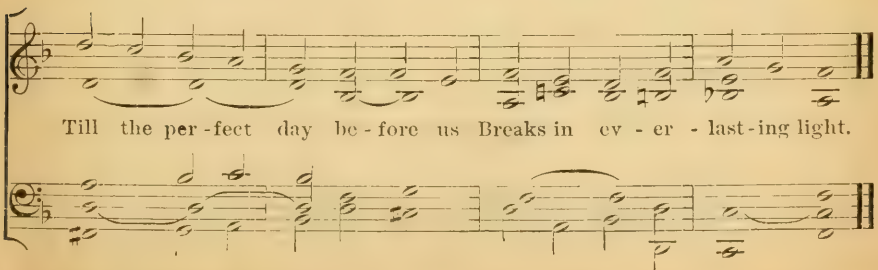
Sav-iour, Who hast slept our sleep-ing, Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

The second system of musical notation for Stanza 5. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



6. Bless-ed Spir-it, brooding o'er us, Chase the dark-ness of our night,

The first system of musical notation for Stanza 6. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, unison style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Till the per-fect day be-fore us Breaks in ev - er - last-ing light.

The second system of musical notation for Stanza 6. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

18 All praise to Thee, my God, this night **L. M.**

BISHOP KEN. 1700

*Canon*  
T. TALLIS. 1575

*72*

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, Oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,<br/>The ill that I this day have done;<br/>That with the world, myself, and Thee,<br/>I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br/>The grave as little as my bed;<br/>Teach me to die, that so I may<br/>Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> <p>4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,<br/>And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;<br/>Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make<br/>To serve my God when I awake.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br/>My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;<br/>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br/>No pow'rs of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,<br/>Forever chase dark sleep away,<br/>And hymns divine with angels sing,<br/>All praise to Thee, eternal King?</p> <p>7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;<br/>Praise Him, all creatures here below;<br/>Praise him above, angelic host:<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|---|--|

19 God, that madest earth and heaven **8.4.8.4.8.8.4.**

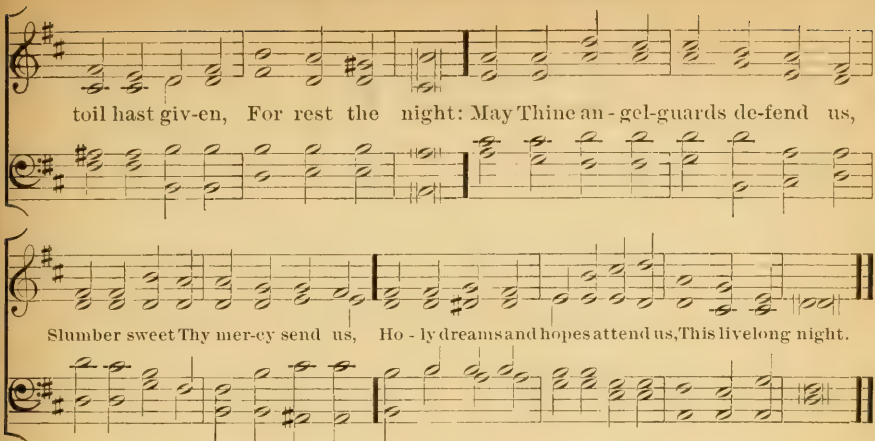
BISHOP HEBER. 1827  
ARCHB: WHATELY. 1855

*Temple*  
DR. E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

*84*

1. God, that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for

# Daily Prayer. Evening



toil hast giv-en, For rest the night: May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night.

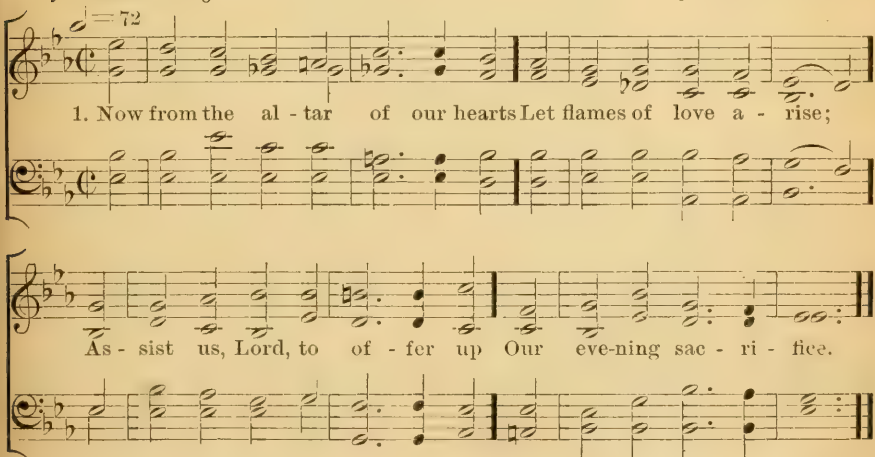
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

## 20 Now from the altar of our hearts

C.M.

J. MASON. 1683

*Holy Trinity*  
J. BARNEY. 1861



1. Now from the al-tar of our hearts Let flames of love a-rise;  
As-sist us, Lord, to of-fer up Our eve-ning sac-ri-fice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys  
Do a new song require;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.



# Daily Prayer. Evening

21

Before the ending of the day

L. M.

"Te lucis ante terminum."

ANCIENT  
NEALE. *Tr.*

*Jam lucis*  
ANCIENT

$\text{♩} = 88$  UNISON *ad lib.*

1. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray

That with Thy wont-ed fa - vor, Thou Wouldst be our guard and keep-er now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
From fears and terrors of the night;  
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally.

22

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go

8s.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1852

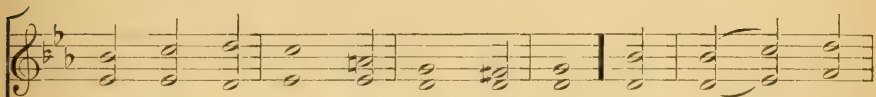
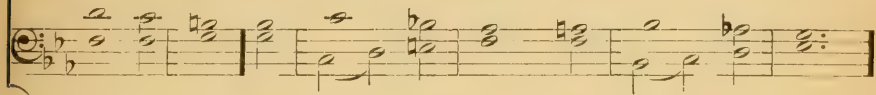
*In tenebris*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

1. Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to . . our

# Daily Prayer. Evening



minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow



With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long



day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light.



2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Through night and darkness near us  
be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

# Daily Prayer. Evening

23

Our day of praise is done

S. M.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

*Emmas*  
J. BARNBY. 1862

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Our day of praise is done; The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all.

- 2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire:  
But oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

*Also the following :*

389 Three in One, and One in Three,  
535 Now the day is over.  
642 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.

643 Inspirer and hearer of prayer.  
644 Great God, to Thee, my evening song.  
645 The day is past and gone.  
646 Through the day Thy love has spared us.  
647 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father.  
676 One sweetly solemn thought.

BP. CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1862

FIRST TUNE

*Rest*  
REV. J. S. B. HODGES. 1869

= 96

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;

On Thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations  
The heav'nly manna falls:  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.



# The Lord's Day

24

SECOND TUNE

Wordsworth  
R. REDHEAD. 1874

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden interscoted  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

# The Lord's Day

4 To-day on weary nations  
The heav'nly manna falls:  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

## 25 Hail! sacred day of earthly rest

8.6.8.4.

REV. G. THRING. 1863

*St. Cuthbert*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hail! sa - red day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,  
A ray of light divine  
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,  
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,  
That Thou, this day, hast given  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven.

# The Lord's Day

26

Come, let us all with one accord

8.8.6.

MEDÆVAL  
CHESTER. *Tr.*

"Omnes una celebremus."

\* *Magdalen College*  
DR. W. HAYES. 1740

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Come, let us all with one ac - cord A - dore and mag - ni -

- fy the Lord, And fes - tive ser - vice pay,

2 On this the day that God hath blest,  
The day of peace and heav'nly rest,  
The Lord's own holy day,

3 That saw primeval darkness break,  
And that more glorious life awake  
That lasteth evermore;

4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,  
And Christ, triumphant over all,  
His own to heav'n restore.

5 This day the peace that flows from  
heaven  
Was unto the Apostles given,  
When doors were closed at night;

6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame  
Upon the Church's teachers came,  
And filled their souls with light.

7 Still on this day with trumpet sound  
The Gospel notes are ringing round,  
To call the world to pray:

8 Then on this day let us adore  
Our God, and supplication pour,  
That, when worlds pass away,

9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls  
may rest  
In peace and joy, forever blest,  
Till the great Judgment Day.

27

Welcome, sweet day of rest

S. M.

DR. WATTS. 1709

FIRST TUNE.

*Barnes*  
F. E. L. BARNES. 1875

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a -

# The Lord's Day

- rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast,

And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - - - - men.

2 The King Himself comes near  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here may we seek, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of pray'r and praise  
His sacred courts within,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul will stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And wait to hail the brighter day  
Of everlasting bliss.

27

SECOND TUNE

*Vespertine*  
H. SMART. 1877

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.



# The Lord's Day

28

This is the day of Light

S. M.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1868

FIRST TUNE

*Swabia*  
GERMAN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

2 This is the day of Rest:  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer:  
Let earth to heav'n draw near:  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:  
Send forth Thy quick'ning breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death!

28

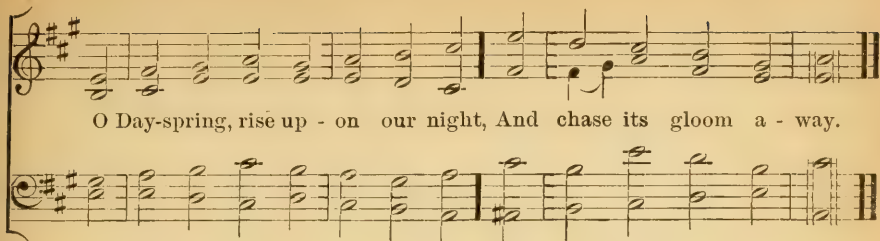
SECOND TUNE

*Dominica*  
SIR H. S. OAKELEY. 1880

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

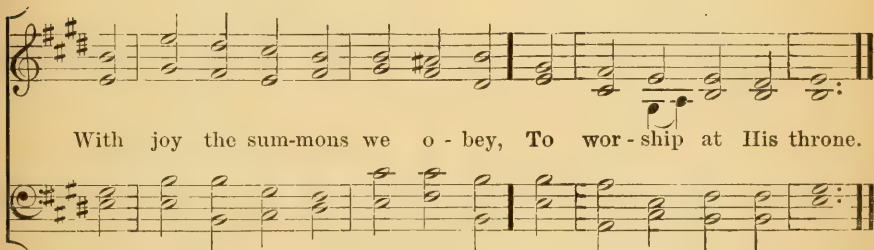
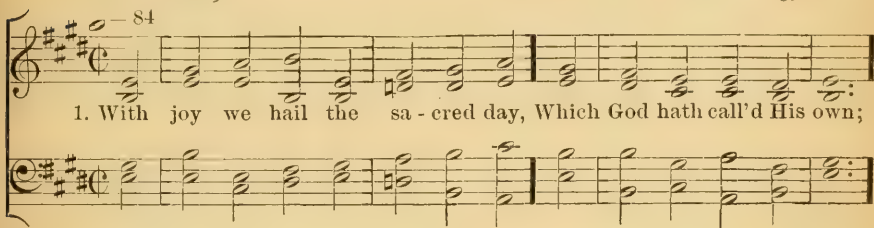
# The Lord's Day



29 *PH* With joy we hail the sacred day C. M.

H. AUBER. 1829

*Dundee*  
ENGLISH. 1592



- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
As here Thy servants throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell  
Within Thy Church below!  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with holy zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which Thou hast called Thine own:  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at Thy throne.

# The Lord's Day

30

To Thy temple I repair

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1812

*Hart*  
B. MILGROVE. 1770

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. To Thy tem-ple I re-pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;

While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue.

2 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at ev'ning let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."

31 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright C. M.

REV. J. MASON. 1683

*Bishopthorpe*  
J. CLARKE. 1700

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;

The la-b'rer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of pray'r and praise.

# The Lord's Day

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heav'nly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;  
And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;  
For, Lord, the day is Thine;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

32 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise 10s.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1866

FIRST TUNE

*Pax Dei*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac -

- cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee

ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.



# The Lord's Day

32

SECOND TUNE

*Benediction*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1865

100 *Voices in Unison* *mf* *cres.*

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Day'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a unison style for 100 voices. The first measure is marked *mf* and the second measure is marked *cres.* The lyrics '1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;' are written below the staff.

1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

The continuation of the first system of musical notation, showing the second measure and the beginning of the third measure. The lyrics 'We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.' are written below the staff.

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

*f* *dim.* *p*

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The first measure is marked *f*, the second measure is marked *dim.*, and the third measure is marked *p*. The lyrics '2. Grant us Thy peace thro' this approach-ing night, Turn Thou for' are written below the staff.

2. Grant us Thy peace thro' this approach-ing night, Turn Thou for

The continuation of the second system of musical notation, showing the second measure and the beginning of the third measure. The lyrics 'us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger' are written below the staff.

us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger

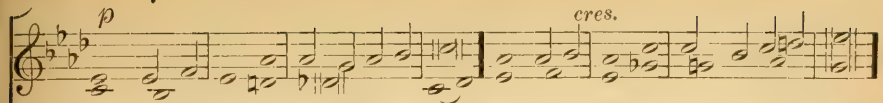
The continuation of the third system of musical notation, showing the second measure and the beginning of the third measure. The lyrics 'keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.' are written below the staff.

keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.

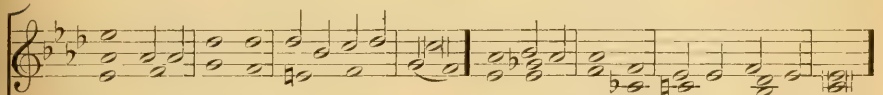
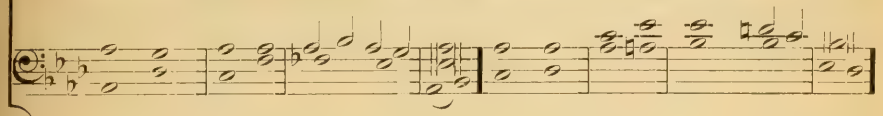
The continuation of the fourth system of musical notation, showing the second measure and the beginning of the third measure. The lyrics 'keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.' are written below the staff.

# The Lord's Day

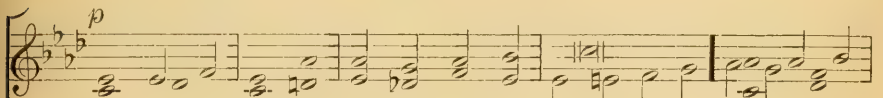
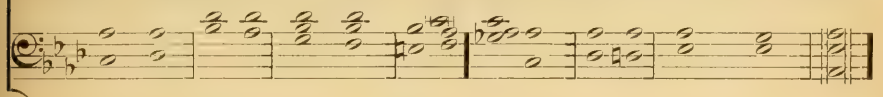
32



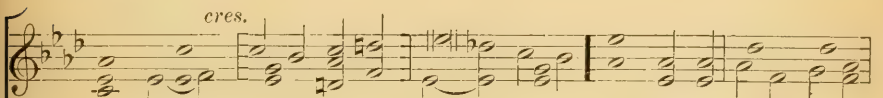
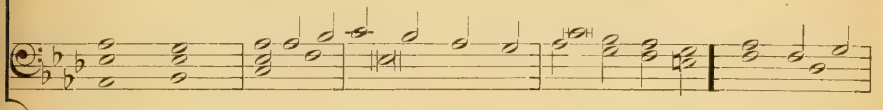
3. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;



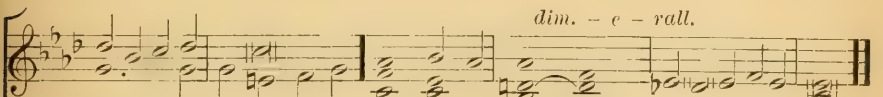
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.



4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, . . . . . Our balm in



sor - row, and our stay in strife; . . . Then, when Thy voice shall



bid our conflict cease, . . . Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.



# The Lord's Day

33

Almighty Father, bless the word

L. M.

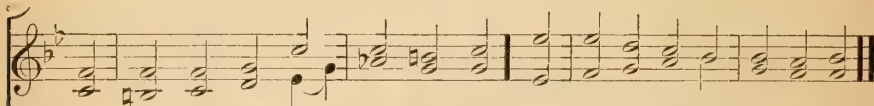
J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

*Mursell*

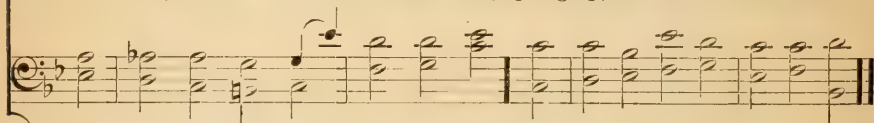
DR. GARRETT. 1868



1. Al-might - y Father, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;



Oh, may the pre - cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a-bun-dant fruit.



2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at last, in heav'n appear.

34

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing 8.7.8.7.4.7.

*St. Raphael*

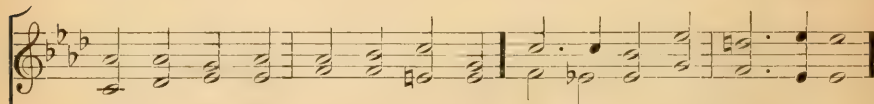
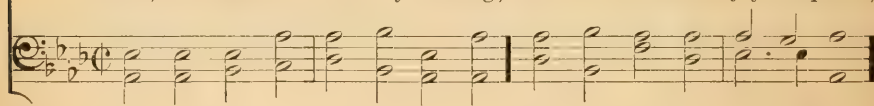
DR. FAWCETT. 1773

FIRST TUNE

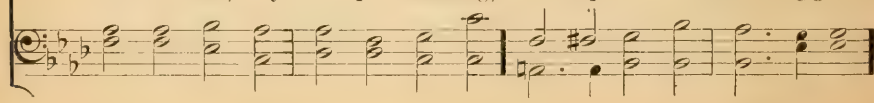
E. J. HOPKINS. 1863



1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;



Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace:



# The Lord's Day

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wild - er - ness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
Saviour, from the world away,  
Fear of death shall not appal us,  
Glad Thy summons to obey.  
May we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

34

SECOND TUNE

*Eton College*  
J. BARNEY. 1885

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:

*dim.*  
Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wild - er - ness.



## II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

### Advent

35

Hark! the voice eternal

6.5.

J. JULIAN. 1880

*Ruth*  
S. SMITH

— 100

1. Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj - es - ty,

Call - ing in - to be - ing Earth and sea and sky;

Hark! in count - less num - bers All the an - gel - throng

Hail cre - a - tion's morn - ing With one burst of song.

# Advent

High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light,

Reign, O King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fi - nite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,  
 Calm both earth and sea,  
 Noble in its grandeur  
 Stood man's purity;  
 Came the great transgression,  
 Came the sadd'ning fall,  
 Death and desolation  
 Breathing over all.  
 Still in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light.  
 Reigned the King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,  
 Through the troubled night,  
 Looking, longing, yearning  
 For the promised light.  
 Prophets saw the morning  
 Breaking far away,  
 Minstrels sang the splendor  
 Of that op'ning day.  
 Whilst in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reigned the King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent  
 Of the new-born King,  
 Joyously the watchers  
 Heard the angels sing.  
 Sadly closed the evening  
 Of His hallowed life,  
 As the noontide darkness  
 Veiled the last dread strife.  
 Lo! again in glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reigns the King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

5 Lo! again He cometh,  
 Robed in clouds of light,  
 As the Judge eternal,  
 Armed with pow'r and might.  
 Nations to His footstool  
 Gathered then shall be;  
 Earth shall yield her treasures,  
 And her dead, the sea.  
 Till the trumpet soundeth,  
 'Mid eternal light  
 Reign, Thou King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,  
 Prophet, Priest and King,  
 To Thy feet triumphant  
 Hallowed praise we bring.  
 Thine the pain and weeping,  
 Thine the victory;  
 Pow'r, and praise, and honor,  
 Be, O Lord, to Thee.  
 High in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reign, O King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.

THOMAS OF CELANO. 1230

"Dies iræ."

*Dies iræ 1*

IRONS. Tr.

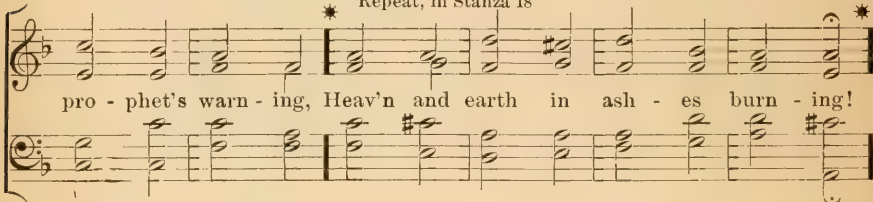
FIRST TUNE

REV. H. HAVERGAL. 1850

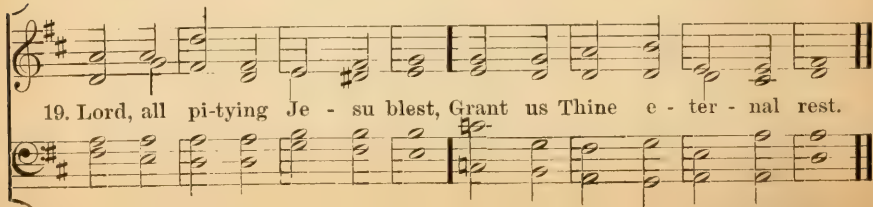
$\text{♩} = 54$



\* Repeat, in Stanza 18



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,<br/>When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,<br/>On Whose sentence all dependeth.</p> <p>3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;<br/>Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;<br/>All before the throne it bringeth.</p> <p>4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,<br/>All creation is awaking,<br/>To its Judge an answer making.</p> <p>5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,<br/>Wherein all hath been recorded:<br/>Thence shall judgment be awarded.</p> <p>6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,<br/>And each hidden deed arraigneth<br/>Nothing unavenged remaineth.</p> <p>7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?<br/>Who for me be interceding,<br/>When the just are mercy needing?</p> <p>8 King of majesty tremendous,<br/>Who dost free salvation send us,<br/>Fount of pity, then befriend us!</p> <p>9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation<br/>Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;<br/>Leave me not to reprobation!</p> <p>10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,<br/>On the cross of suff'ring bought me.<br/>Shall such grace be vainly brought me?</p> | <p>11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution<br/>Grant Thy gift of absolution,<br/>Ere that day of retribution.</p> <p>12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,<br/>All my shame with anguish owning;<br/>Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!</p> <p>13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;<br/>Thou the dying thief forgavest;<br/>And to me a hope vouchsafest.</p> <p>14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,<br/>Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,<br/>Rescue me from fires undying!</p> <p>15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!<br/>Nor among the goats abase me;<br/>But to Thy right hand upraise me.</p> <p>16 While the wicked are confounded,<br/>Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,<br/>Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.</p> <p>17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission,<br/>See, like ashes, my contrition;<br/>Help me in my last condition.</p> <p>18 Ah! that day of tears and mourning!<br/>From the dust of earth returning<br/>Man for judgment must prepare him;<br/>Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!</p> |
|---|--|



# Advent

36

SECOND TUNE

*Dies ira* 2  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

$\text{♩} = 63$  *mf*

1. Day of wrath! oh, day of mourning! See ful - fill'd the prophets' warning,

*f*

Heav'n and earth in ash - es burning! 2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,

*p* *f* *dim.*

When from heav'n the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all de - pend - - - eth.

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;  
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded:  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation  
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suff'ring bought me.  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!



*p* *cres.* *ten.*

15. With Thy fa-vored sheep, oh, place me! Nor a - mong the goats a - base me;

*rall.* *f*

But to Thy right hand up-raise me. 16. While the wicked are confounded,

*ff* *pp ritard.*

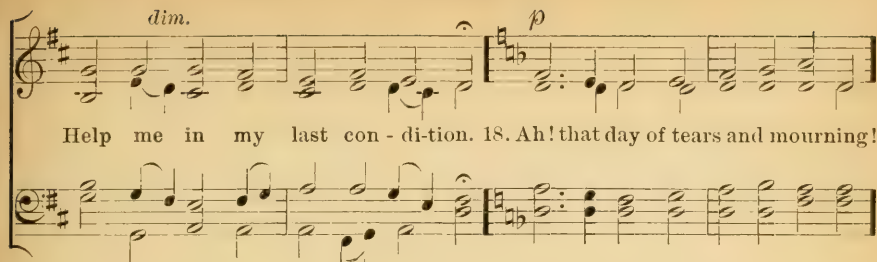
Doom'd to flames of woe un - bound-ed, Call me, with Thy Saints surround - ed.

*p* *cres.*

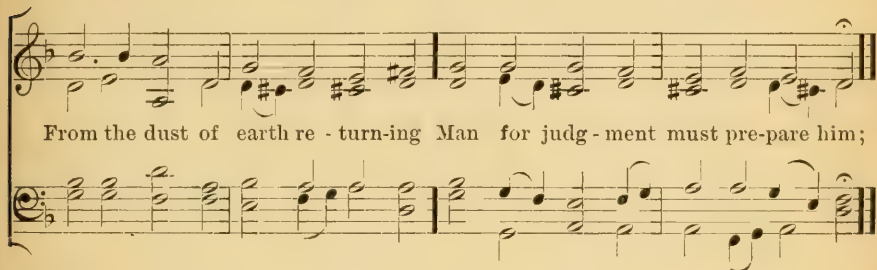
17. Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion, See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion:

# Advent

*dim.* *p*




Help me in my last con - di-tion. 18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning!



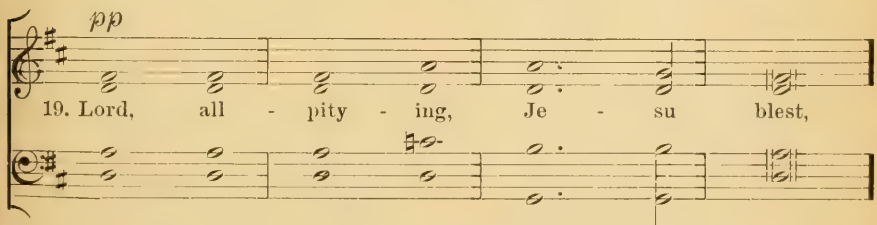
From the dust of earth re - turn-ing Man for judg - ment must pre-pare him;

*dim.*



Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him!

*pp*



19. Lord, all - pity - ing, Je - su blest,



Grant us Thine e - ter - - - nal rest.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit."

B. RINGWALDT. 1585  
DR. COLLYER. 1812

*Luther*  
GERMAN. 1530

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. } Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre -  
 } The Judge of man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry

- a seat - ted! ) The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store  
 seat - ed! )

The dead which they con - tained be fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him!

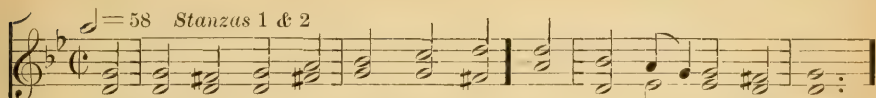
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold His wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.

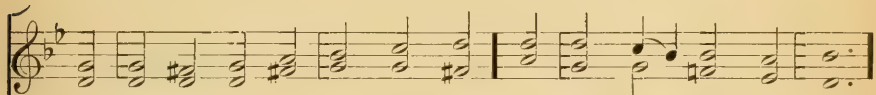
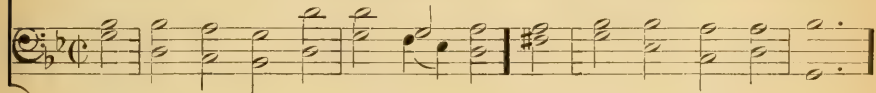
4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,  
 Thy boundless love declaring;  
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
 The Judge my nature wearing.  
 Beneath His cross I view the day  
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

# 38 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be D. C. M.

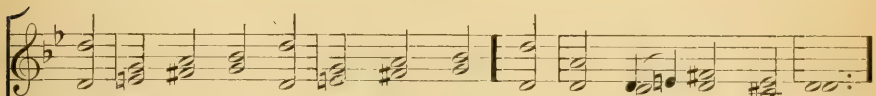
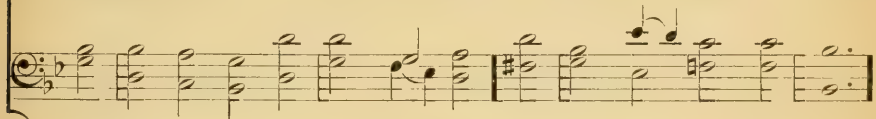
BP. G. W. DOANE. 1827

*Signum*  
C. GOUNOD. 1870

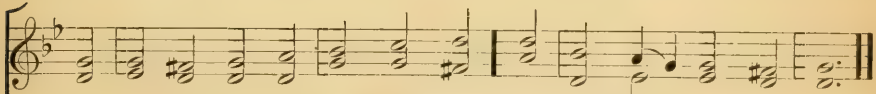
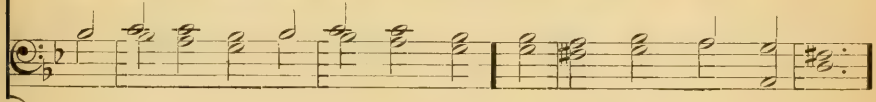
1. Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be Up - on the heav'n's displayed,



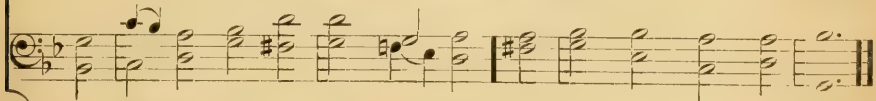
And earth and its in - hab - i - tants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid:



For, not in weak-ness clad, Thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear,



But girt with all Thy Fa - ther's might, His judg - ment to de - clare.



2 The terrors of that awful day

Oh, who can understand?

Or who abide, when Thou in wrath

Shalt lift Thy holy hand?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,

The sun in heav'n grow pale;

But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,

Thy faithful shall not fail.

(3d. Stanza on next page.)



38

3. Then grant us, Sav-iour, so to pass Our time in trem-bling here,  
That when up - on the clouds of heav'n Thy glo - ry shall ap - pear,  
Up - lift - ing high our joy - ful heads, In tri - umph we may rise,  
And en - ter, with Thine an - gel train, Thy pal - ace in the skies.

39

Lo, he comes with clouds descending

8.7.8.7.4.7.

C. WESLEY. 1758

*St. Thomas*

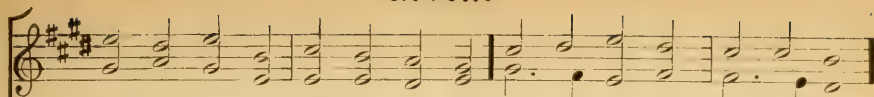
M. MADAN. 1760

FIRST TUNE

V. NOVELLO. 1800

1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;

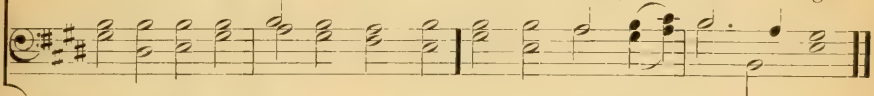
# Advent



Thousand an - gel - hosts at - tend - ing Swell the triumph of His train:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.



2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All His saints, by men rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air:

Alleluia!

See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
Alleluia!

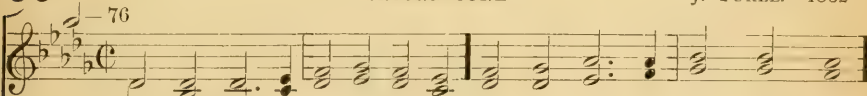
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

39

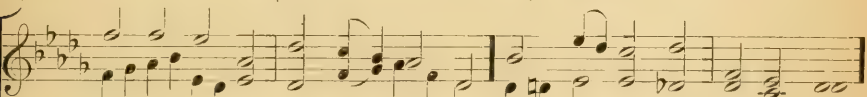
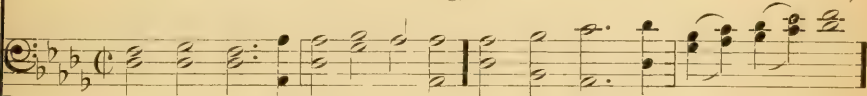
SECOND TUNE

*Westminster*

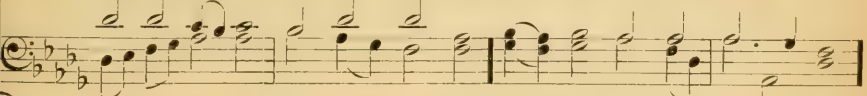
J. TURLE. 1862



1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;



Thousand an - gel - hosts at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.



Wake, awake, for night is flying

P. M.

P. NICOLAI. 1599

"Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme."

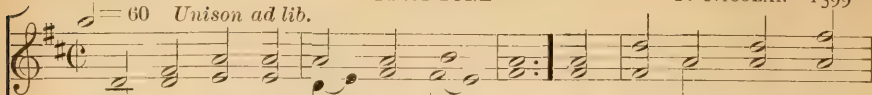
*Wachet auf*

WINKWORTH. Tr.

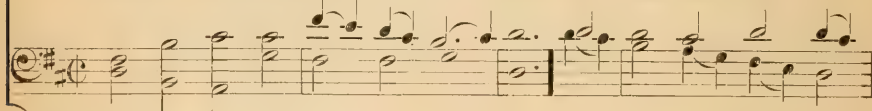
FIRST TUNE

P. NICOLAI. 1599

$\text{♩} = 60$  Unison ad lib.



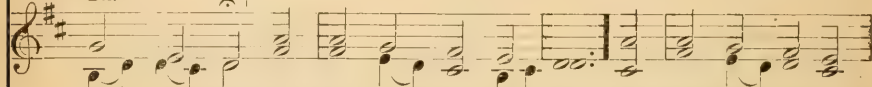
1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watchmen on the  
Midnight's sol - emn hour is toll - ing, His char - iot wheels are



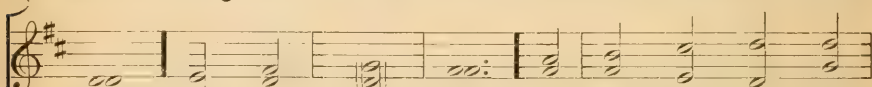
heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!  
near - er roll - ing; He comes; pre - pare, ye



2d.



Vir - gins wise. Rise up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom



meet: Al - le - lu - ia! Bear thro' the night your



well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar - riage rite.



# Advent

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;  
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come!  
All hail, Incarnate Lord,  
Our crown, and our reward!  
Alleluia!  
We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heav'ns adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.  
By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:  
We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

*Watchman*

E. H. THORNE. 1872

40

SECOND TUNE

*f*  $\text{♩} = 88$

1. Wake, awake, for night is fly-ing: The watchmen on the heights are crying,

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! Midnight's sol - emn hour is toll - ing,

*p* *cres.*  
His chariot wheels are near - er roll - ing; He comes; pre - pare, ye Vir - gins wise.

*ff* *mf*  
Rise up; with willing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!

*p* *cres.* *f* *ff*  
Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar-riage rite.



FIFTH CENTURY  
CASWALL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE.

*Merton*  
W. H. MONK. 1860

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heav'n;  
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven;

4 So when next He comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the world in fear,  
May He with His mercy shield us,  
And with words of love draw near.

SECOND TUNE

*Sonans*  
REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!"

# Advent

42

Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all

8s.

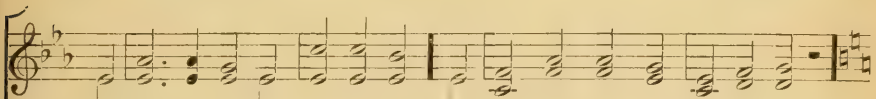
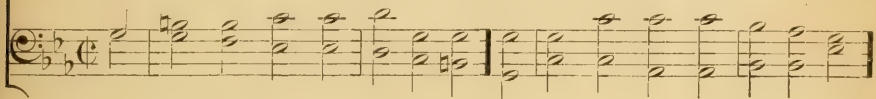
REV. L. TUTTIETT. 1854

*Credo*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1880

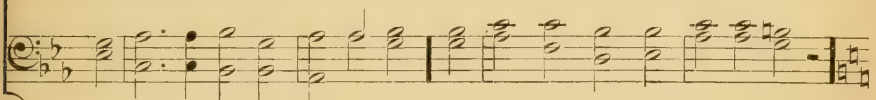
$\text{♩} = 63$



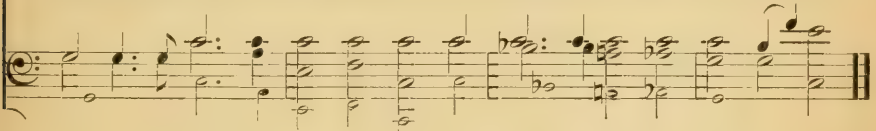
1. Oh, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful tho' Thine Advent be,



All shadows from the truth will fall, And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:



Oh, quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.



2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;  
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;  
For death is mighty all around;  
On ev'ry home his shadows fall,  
On ev'ry heart his mark is found:  
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain  
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. LAURENTI. 1700  
FINDLATER. Tr.

Munich  
GERMAN. 1711

"Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen."

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. { Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; }  
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near. }

The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning;  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until in songs of triumph  
Ye meet the angel choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesu, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee!

## On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry

L. M.

C. COFFIN (Paris) 1736  
CHANDLER. *Tr.**Winchester New*  
GERMAN. 1690

72

1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An -

- noun - ces that the Lord is nigh; A - wake, and heark - en,

for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be ev'ry Christian breast,  
And furnished for so great a guest;  
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flow'rs that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose Advent set Thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.



MEDIÆVAL. 1200

NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Veni Emmanuel*

ANCIENT

$\text{♩} = 92$  Voices in unison

1. Oh come, oh come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,

*Harm: ad lib.*

Un - til the Son of God . . ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -

- man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

# Advent

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and  
cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heav'nly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

45

SECOND TUNE

France  
C. GOUNOD. 1870

1. Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Is - ra - el; That mourns in

lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re -

- joice! Emman - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!.

O'er the distant mountains breaking 8.7.8.7.4.7.

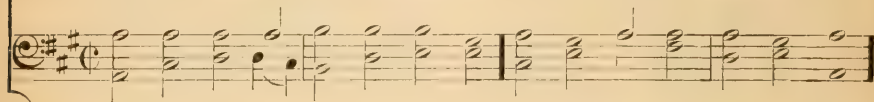
*Störl*

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

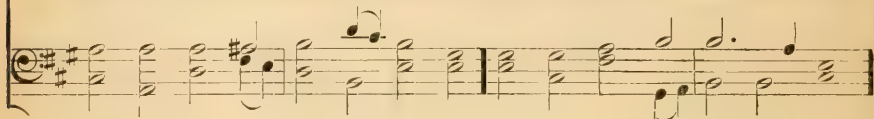
J. G. C. STÖRL. 1744



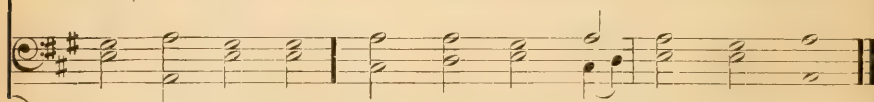
1. O'er the dis-tant mountains breaking Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;



Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;



'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way.



2 O Thou long-expected! weary  
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
 Where Thy light I do not see;  
 O my Saviour,  
 When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
 Spent the night, the day at hand;  
 Keep me in my lowly station,  
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
 O my Saviour,  
 In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,  
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
 Watching for Thy glad returning  
 To restore me to my home.  
 Come my Saviour,  
 Thou hast promised: quickly come.

# Advent

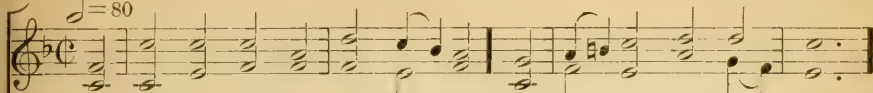
47 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

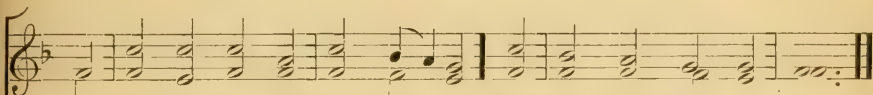
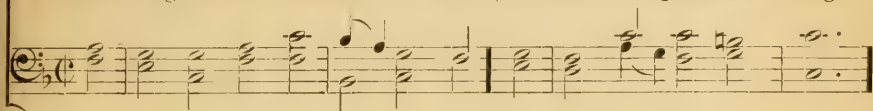
FIRST TUNE

\* St. George I  
N. HERMANN. 1560

$\text{♩} = 80$



1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav- iour comes, The Sav- iour pro- mised long:



Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song.



2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure:  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

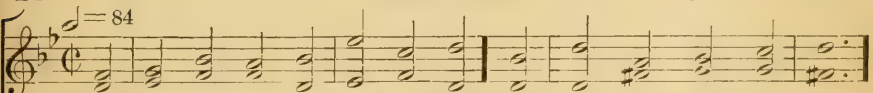
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim:  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.

47

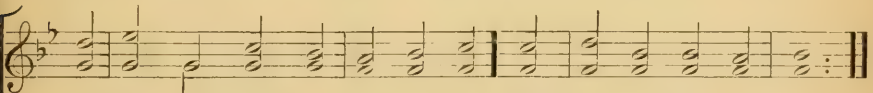
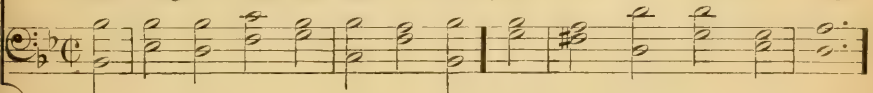
SECOND TUNE

Cloisters  
J. TURLE. 1862

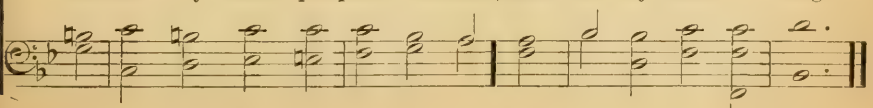
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav- iour pro-mis'd long:



Let ev - 'ry heart pre- pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song.





48

## Come, Thou long-expected Jesus

8.7.

*Bergen*

NORWEGIAN

C. WESLEY. 1745

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Come, Thou long-expect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,  
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone:  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

48

SECOND TUNE

*Stuttgart*

GERMAN. 1715

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

*Also the following :*

317 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.

318 Jesus came, the heavens adoring.  
405 The world is very evil.  
406 Brief life is here our portion.

# Christmas

49

Oh come, all ye faithful

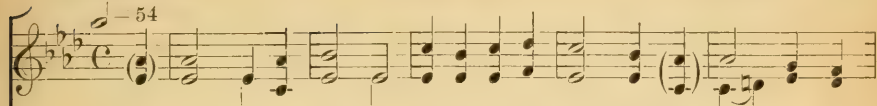
P. M.

"Adeste fideles."

17th CENTURY  
OAKELEY. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

\* *Adeste fideles*  
J. READING. 1680



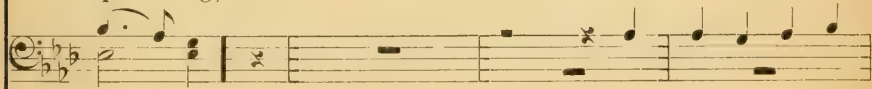
1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, joyful and tri-umphant; Oh come ye, oh
2. God of . . God, . . Light of . . Light, . . . Lo! He ab-
3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing, in ex-ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning; Je - su, to



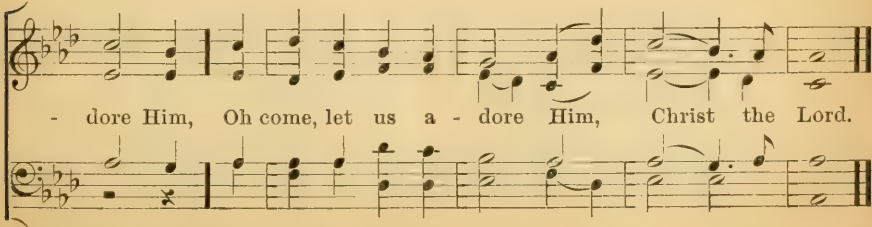
come ye, to Beth - le - hem: Come and be - hold Him born, the King of  
- hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ve - ry . . God, be - got-ten, not cre -  
- citizens of heav'n a - bove, Glo - ry to God . . in . . the . .  
Thee be . . glo - ry giv'n, Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -



An - gels: Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -  
- a - ted:  
high - est;  
- pear - ing;



- dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.



# Christmas

49

SECOND TUNE

*Barnby*  
J. BARNEY. 1866

*f* 58

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - umphant; Oh come ye, oh  
 2. God of . . God, . . Light . . of . . Light, . . . . Lo! He ab -  
 3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing, in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye  
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing; Je - su, to

*Org.*

come ye, to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born, the King of  
 - hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ve - ry . . God, be - got - ten, not cre -  
 - citizens of heav'n a - bove, Glo - ry to God . . in . . the . .  
 Thee be . . glo - ry giv'n, Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

*p*

An - gels: Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -  
 - a - ted:  
 high - est;  
 - pear - ing;

*Org.*

*f*

- dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

# Christmas

50

Come hither, ye faithful

6.5.

17th CENTURY

CASWALL-SCHAFF. Tr.

"Adeste fideles."

*Roxburghe*

H. SMART. (with additions)

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph - ant - ly sing! Come,

see in the man - ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem

has - ten With joy - ful ac - cord! Oh come ye, come hith - er, Oh

come ye, come hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father,  
He comes from the skies;  
To be born of a Virgin  
He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark! hark to the angels!  
All singing in heav'n,  
"To God in the highest  
All glory be giv'n!"  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,  
This day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honor  
Through heaven and earth;  
True Godhead incarnate!  
Omnipotent Word!  
Oh come, let us hasten  
Oh come, let us hasten  
Oh come, let us hasten  
To worship the Lord!



# Christmas

51

Hark! the herald angels sing

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739

FIRST TUNE

*Mendelssohn*

F. MENDELSSOHN. 1846

$\text{♩} = 84$  *Voices in unison*

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!

2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

With th'an - gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.

*Org. Ped.*

\* At 7th and 9th sections, Altos and Basses sing 2d Treble part.

# Christmas

3 Christ, by highest heav'n adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

6 Ris'n with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

51

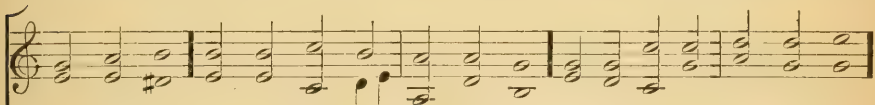
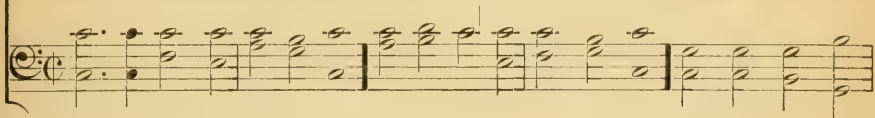
SECOND TUNE

Newcastle  
DR. IONS. 1857

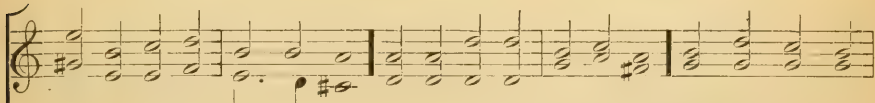
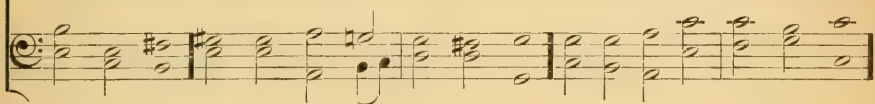
$\text{♩} = 96$



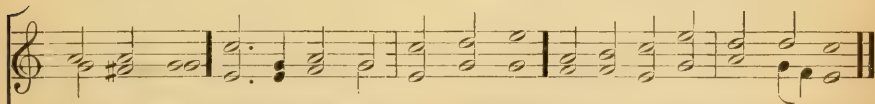
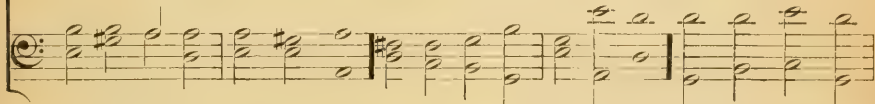
1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



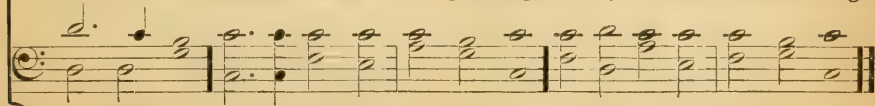
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-cil'd! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.



# Christmas

52

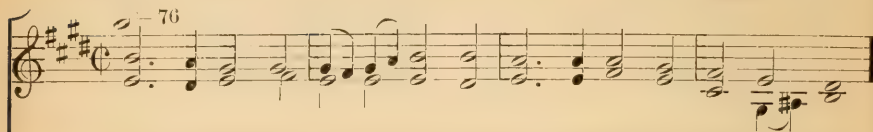
Of the Father's love begotten

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

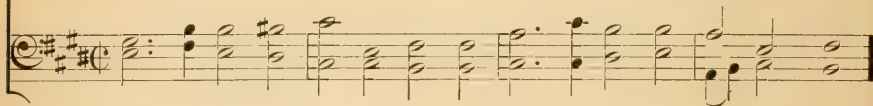
"Corde natus ex parentis."

PRUDENTIUS. 400  
NEALE. Tr.

\* Day-star  
E. SEDDING. 18..



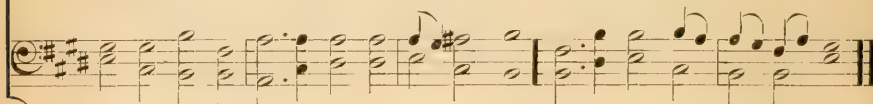
1. Of the Father's love be - got - ten, Ere the world's be - gan to be,



He the Alpha and O - meg-a, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that



are, that have been, And that fu-ture years shall see, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!



2 Oh, that ever-blesséd birthday,  
When the Virgin, full of grace,  
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,  
Bare the Saviour of our race;  
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,  
First displayed His sacred face,  
Evermore and evermore!

3 Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heavens!  
Praise Him, angels in the height!  
Ev'ry power and ev'ry virtue  
Sing the praise of God aright:  
Let no tongue of man be silent,  
Let each heart and voice unite,  
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,  
Thee let choirs of infants sing;  
Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
And the children answering:  
Let their guileless song re-echo,  
And their heart its praises bring,  
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be:  
Honor, glory, and dominion,  
And eternal victory,  
Evermore and evermore!

# Christmas

53

## Shout the glad tidings

P. M.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG. 1826

*Triumph*

J. H. CORNELL. 1872

Chorus.  $\text{♩} = 100$

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

*Semi-Chorus.*

- si - ah is king. 1. Si - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

Son of the Highest, how low - ly His birth! The brightest arch-an - gel in

*D.C.*

glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to redeem thee, Hereigns up - on earth.

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.



# Christmas

## 54 While shepherds watched their flocks by night C. M.

NAHUM TATE. 1703

FIRST TUNE

Winchester Old  
ENGLISH. 1592

♩ = 100

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,  
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:

- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to  
men  
Begin and never cease."

## 54

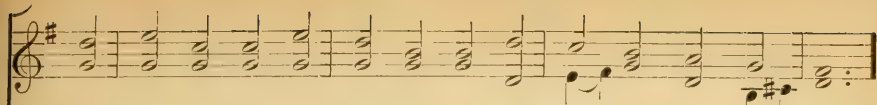
SECOND TUNE

Carol  
OLD ENGLISH

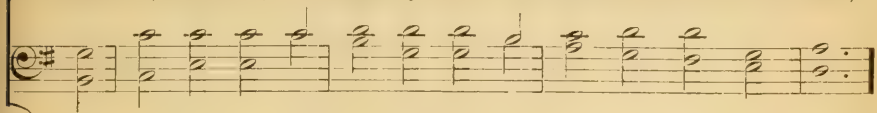
♩ = 92

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

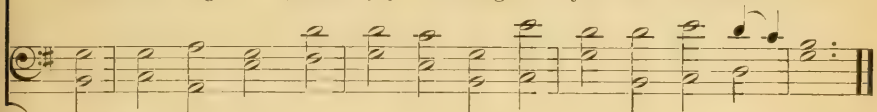
# Christmas



2. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seiz'd their troub - led mind;



"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.



55 PH

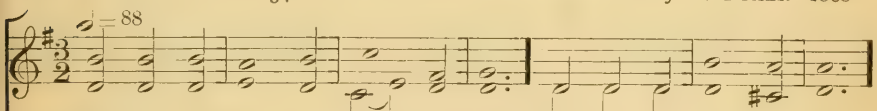
Calm on the listening ear of night

C. M.

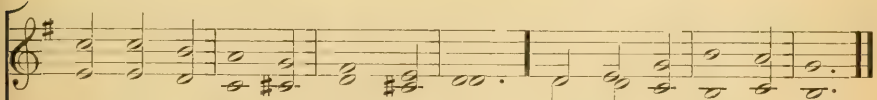
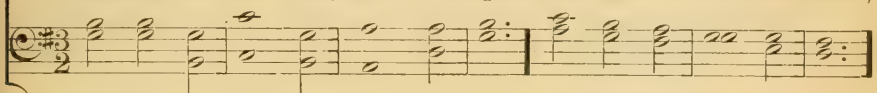
REV. E. H. SEARS. 1834

*St. Agnes*

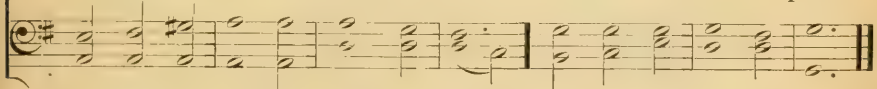
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868



1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains.



2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

3 The ans'ring hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,

And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heav'n's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born:  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

# Christmas

56

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn

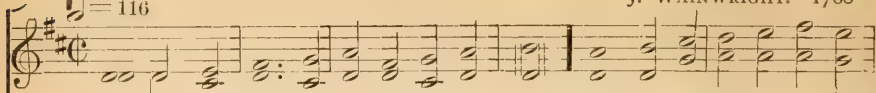
10s.

J. BYROM. 1773

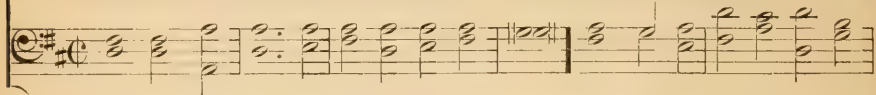
Stockport (or Yorkshire)

J. WAINWRIGHT. 1760

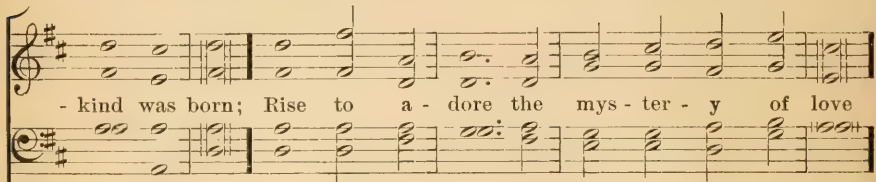
$\text{♩} = 116$



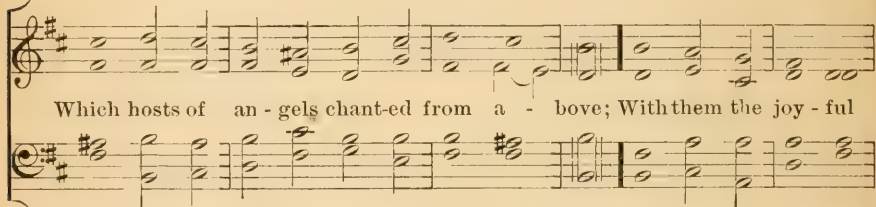
1. Christians, a-wake! sa-lute the hap-py morn Where-on the Saviour of man-



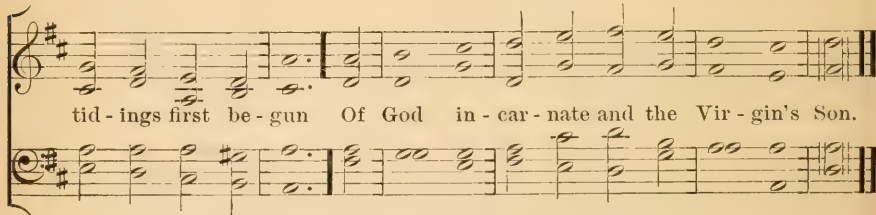
- kind was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love



Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful



tid-ings first be-gun Of God in-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard th'angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heav'n's whole arch with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:  
And found, with Joseph and the blesséd maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

# Christmas

- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, th'angelic thrones among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;  
He, that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

57 Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn

7s.

BP: CHR: WORDSWORTH. 1862

Herbert  
H. S. IRONS. 1865

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn; Un-to us a Child is born,

Un-to us a Son is giv'n, God Himself comes down from heav'n;

Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je-sus Christ to-day is born.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,  
Comes with mercies infinite,  
Joining in a wondrous plan  
Heav'n to earth, and God to man.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,  
Deigns for ever now to dwell;  
He on Adam's fallen race  
Sheds the fullness of His grace.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,  
Lifted by Him to the skies;  
Christ is Son of Man that we  
Sons of God in Him may be.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day,  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.



# Christmas

58

O little town of Bethlehem

P. M.

BP. PHILLIPS BROOKS

Midsomer Norton  
C. W. PEARCE. 1885

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.  
How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.

Or "Carol" Hymn 57, 2d Tune.

No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.  
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

72

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old,  
 From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;  
 Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;  
 The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heav'nly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world:  
 Above its sad and lonely plains  
 They bend on hov'ring wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow!

Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing:  
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years,  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heav'n and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

# Christmas

59

SECOND TUNE

\* *Angelicum*  
A. STELLA. 1870

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

*p* *cres.*

Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King; . .

The world in sol- emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heav'nly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lonely plains  
They bend on hov'ring wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!

- Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heav'n and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

# Christmas

60

Angels, from the realms of glory

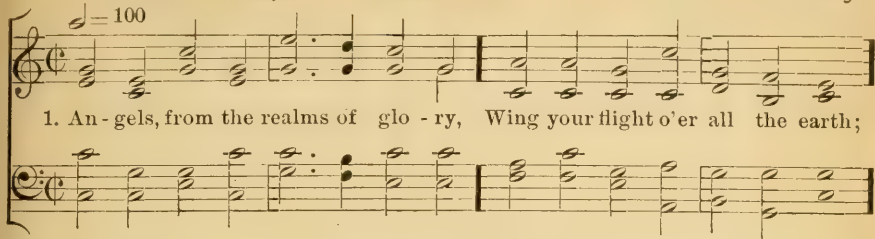
8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

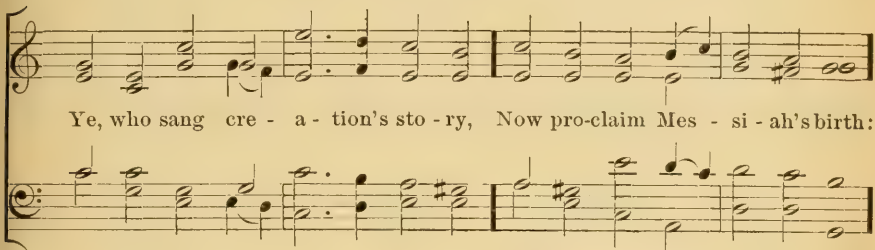
FIRST TUNE

*Regent Square*  
H. SMART. 1865

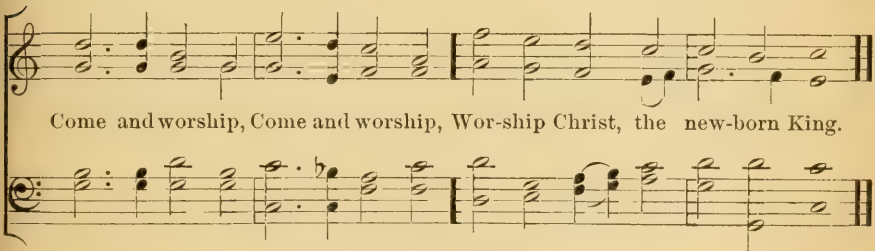
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:



Come and worship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

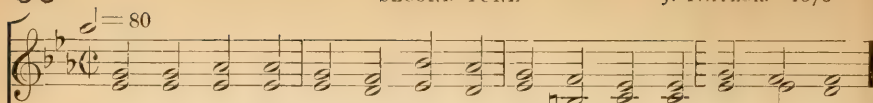


# Christmas

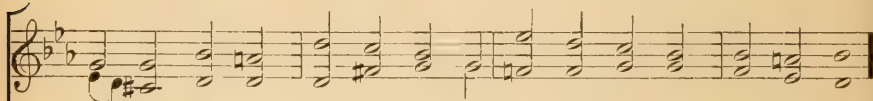
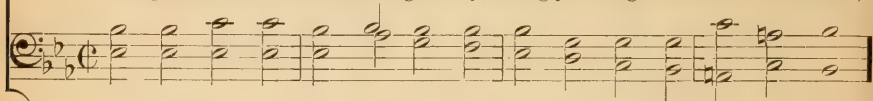
60

SECOND TUNE

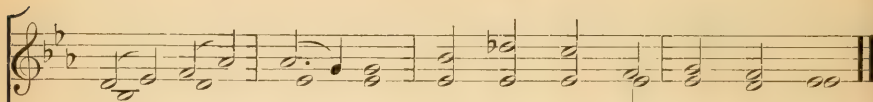
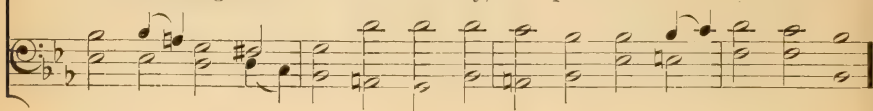
*Realms of Glory*  
J. NAYLOR. 1870



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:



Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new-born King.



2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

# Christmas

61

Hark! what mean those holy voices

8.7.

*Chope*

REV. J. CAWOOD. 1819

FIRST TUNE

♩ = 88

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es

Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic

host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy—  
“Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born; the great Anointed!  
Heav’n and earth His praises sing!  
Oh, receive Whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name to magnify,  
Till in heav’n ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high!”

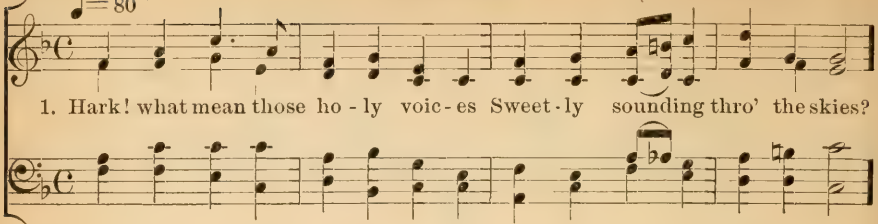
# Christmas

61

SECOND TUNE

*Excelsis*  
SAMUEL J. GILBERT. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$

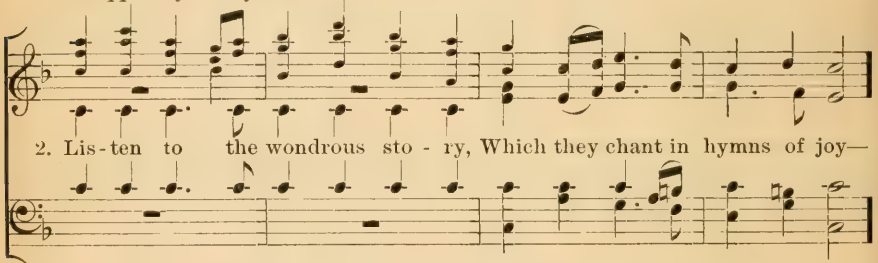


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?

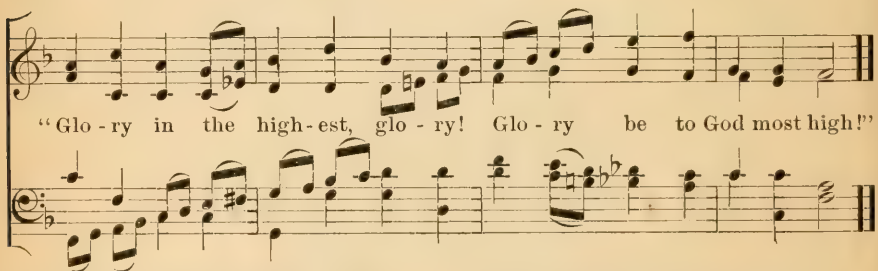


Lo! th' angel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.

*Swell pp. Refrain after each stanza.*



2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—



“Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!”

3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “Christ is born; the great Anointed!  
Heav'n and earth His praises sing!  
Oh, receive Whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name to magnify,  
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God on high!”

*Also the following :*

319 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.

320 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.  
538 All my heart this night rejoices.  
539 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.  
540 Once in royal David's city.

# Epiphany

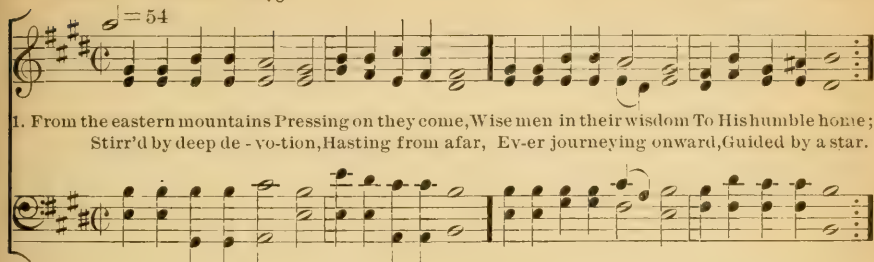
62

From the eastern mountains

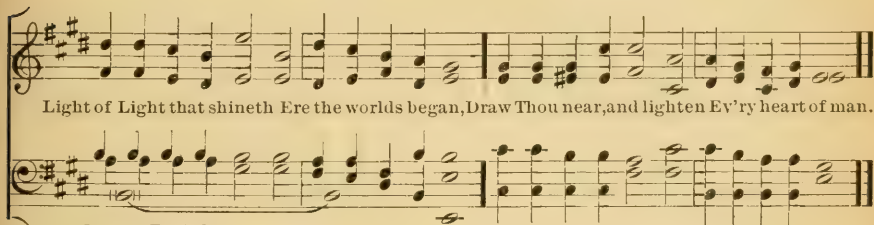
6.5.

REV. G. THRING. 1873

*Guiding Star*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1860



1. From the eastern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wisdom To His humble home;  
Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hastening from afar, Ev - er journeying onward, Guided by a star.



Light of Light that shineth Ere the worlds began, Draw Thou near, and lighten Ev'ry heart of man.

*Organ Pedal.*

2 There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous Light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,  
Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way,  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Lead them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

5 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding Star:—  
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until ev'ry nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesu, follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heav'nly home,  
Where nor sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.  
Light of Light, etc.

This Hymn may be sung without the Refrain, by omitting the repeat in the Tune: as a Processional, or not, as desired.



# Epiphany

63

Earth has many a noble city

8.7.

PRUDENTIUS. 400  
CASWALL. Tr.

"O sola magnarum urbium."

Redhead 143  
R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Earth has many a no - ble ci - ty; Bethlehem, thou dost all ex - cel:

Out of thee the Lord from heav - en Came to rule His Is - ra - el.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

64

When from the East the wise men came

L. M.

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1850

Sydney  
J. HOPKINS. 1885

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. When from the East the wise men came, Led by the Star of Beth - le - hem,

The gifts they bro't to Je - sus were Of gold and frank - in - cense and myrrh.

# Epiphany

2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,  
Proclaims a King of royal line;  
For David's son in David's town,  
Is born the heir of David's crown.

3 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows  
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—  
The deadly cup, that overran  
With anguish for the Son of Man.

3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,  
The presence of a God declare;  
Lo! kings in adoration fall,  
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;  
Our pray'rs to Thee, as incense, rise;  
Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:  
O King, O God, O Sacrifice!

65

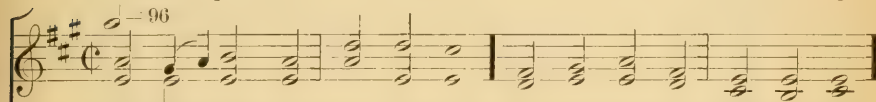
As with gladness men of old

7s.

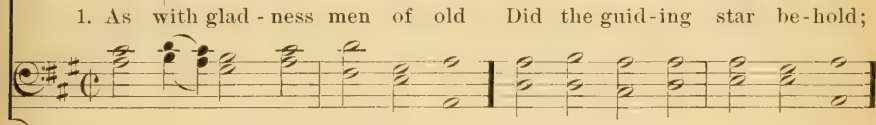

W. C. DIX. 1856

*Dix*  
C. KOCHER. 1838

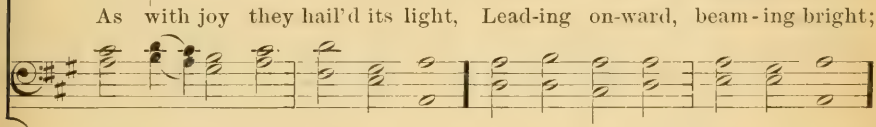

96



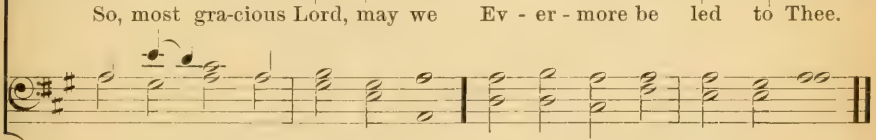
1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;

So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.



2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heav'n and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heav'nly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heav'nly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down,  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

# Epiphany

66

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning

P. M.

*Epiphany*

BISHOP HEBER. 1811

FIRST TUNE

E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

*♩ = 52*

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -  
- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

# Epiphany

66

SECOND TUNE

*Santa Laura*  
W. A. BARRETT. 1865

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -

- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

66

THIRD TUNE

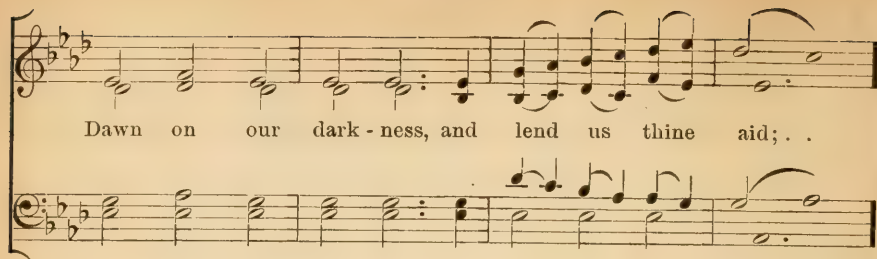
\* *St. Barnabas*  
DR. GAUNTLETT 1870

$\text{♩} = 76$

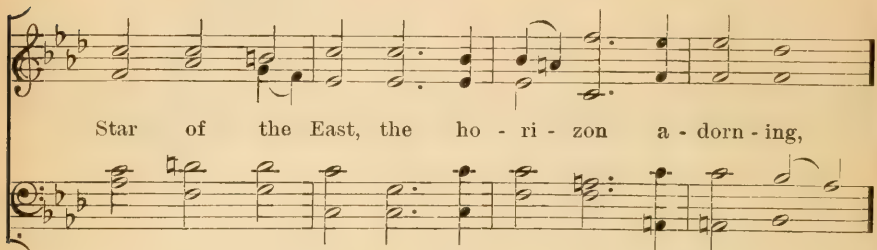
1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,



# Epiphany



Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; . .



Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,



Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

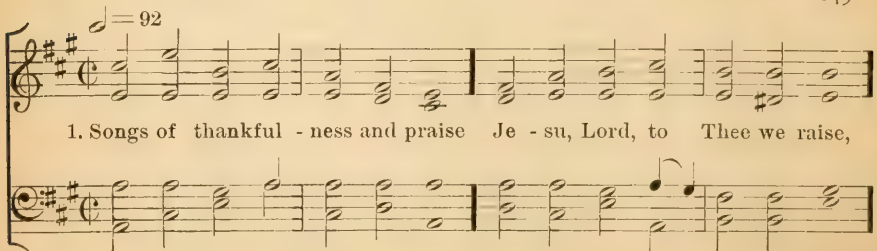
67

Songs of thankfulness and praise

7s.

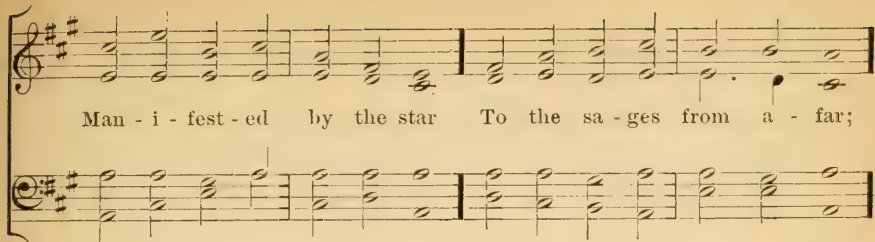
BP: CHR: WORDSWORTH. 1862

*St. Edmund*  
DR. STEGGALL. 1849

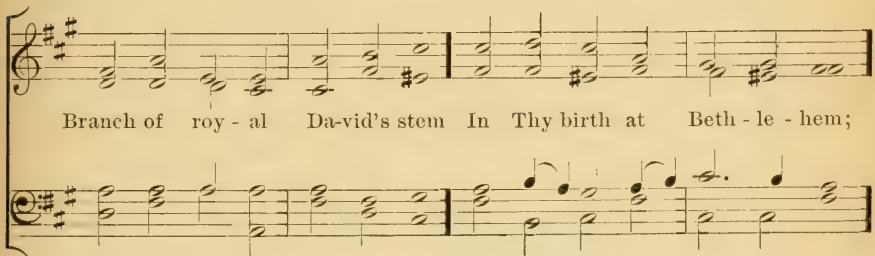


1. Songs of thankful - ness and praise Je - su, Lord, to Thee we raise,

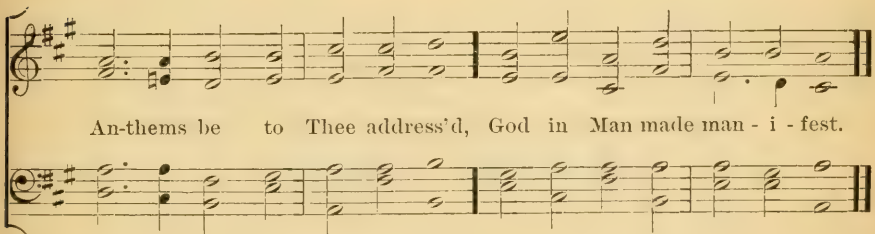
# Epiphany



Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far;



Branch of roy - al Da-vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;



An-thems be to Thee address'd, God in Man made man - i - fest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;  
And at Cana, wedding-guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest;  
Manifest in pow'r divine,  
Changing water into wine;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the devil's might;  
Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,  
Stars shall fall, the heav'ns shall flee;  
Christ will then like lightning shine,  
All will see His glorious sign:  
All will then the trumpet hear;  
All will see the Judge appear;  
Thou by all wilt be confessed,  
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Present in Thy holy Word;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou;  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in Man made manifest.

# Epiphany

68

O One with God the Father

7.6.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1871

*St. Anselm*  
J. BARNBY. 1868

84

1. O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might,

The bright - ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are streaming now;

The sha - dows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:  
O heavenly Light, arise!  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes!  
We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod:  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us  
With radiance of Thy grace;  
O Jesu, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face.  
We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of Righteousness.

# Epiphany

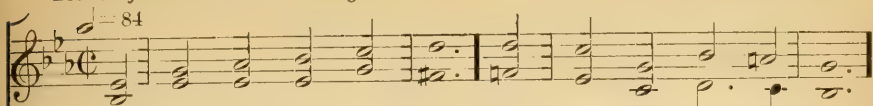
69

## Within the Father's house

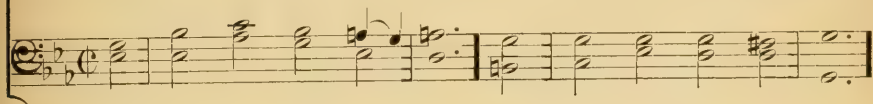
S. M.

BISHOP J. R. WOODFORD. 1863

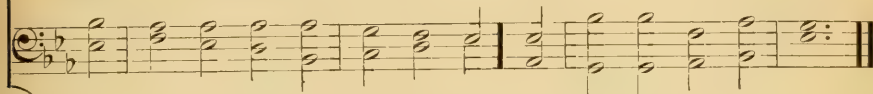
\* Ben Rhydding  
A. R. REINAGLE. 1850



1. With - in the Fa - ther's house The Son hath found His home;



And to His tem - ple sud - den - ly The Lord of Life hath come.



- 2 The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the earthly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.
- 4 The secret of the Lord  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pond'ring hearts await  
The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls  
And teach us by Thy grace,  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day;
- 7 Till we behold Thy face,  
And know, as we are known,  
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Co-equal Three in One.



# Epiphany

70

## Glory to Thee, O Lord

S. M.

REV. H. W. BEADON. 1863

*Allington*  
J. HOPKINS. 1880

84

1. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who by Thy might - y pow'r

Didst man - i - fest Thy glo - ry forth In Ca - na's mar - riage hour.

- 2 Thou spakest: it was done:  
Obedient to Thy word,  
The water redd'ning into wine  
Proclaimed the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw  
That wondrous mystery,  
The great beginning of Thy works,  
That kindled faith in Thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know  
Thine unseen presence true,  
When in the kingdom of Thy grace  
Thou makest all things new.

- 5 For by Thy loving hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,  
And Thou the heav'nly Bread.
- 6 Oh, may that grace be ours,  
Ever in Thee to live,  
And drink of those refreshing streams,  
Which Thou alone canst give:
- 7 So, led from strength to strength,  
Grant us, O Lord, to see  
The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
Thy great Epiphany.

71

## Fierce was the storm of wind

S. M.

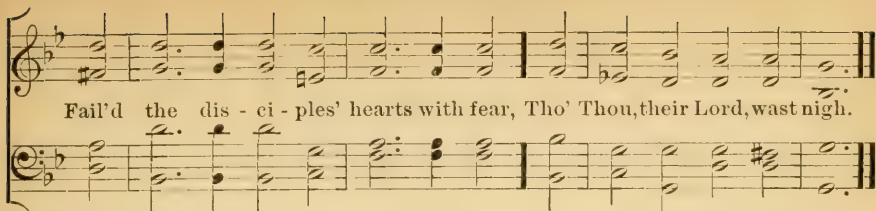
REV. H. W. BEADON. 1863

*Canterbury Old*  
ENGLISH. 1621

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg - ing waves ran high,

# Epiphany



Fail'd the dis - ci - ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

- 2 But at the stern rebuke  
Of Thy almighty word,  
The wind was hush'd, the billows ceas'd,  
And own'd Thee God and Lord.
- 3 So, now, when depths of sin  
Our souls with terrors fill,  
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,  
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."
- 4 When death's dark sea we cross,  
Be with us in Thy power,

- Nor let the water-floods prevail  
In that dread trial-hour.
- 5 And, when amid the signs,  
Which speak Thine Advent near,  
The roaring of the sea and waves  
Fills faithless hearts with fear;
- 6 May we all undismayed  
The raging tempest see,  
Lift up our heads and hail with joy  
Thy great Epiphany.

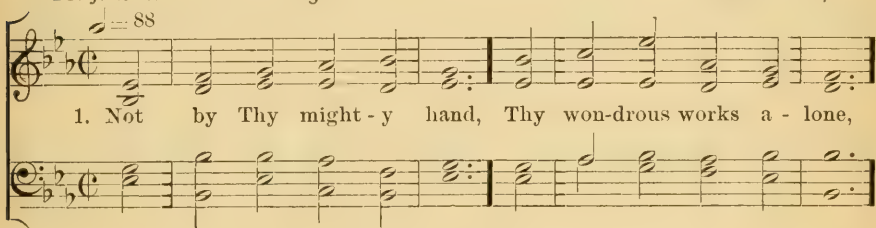
## 72 Not by Thy mighty hand

S. M.

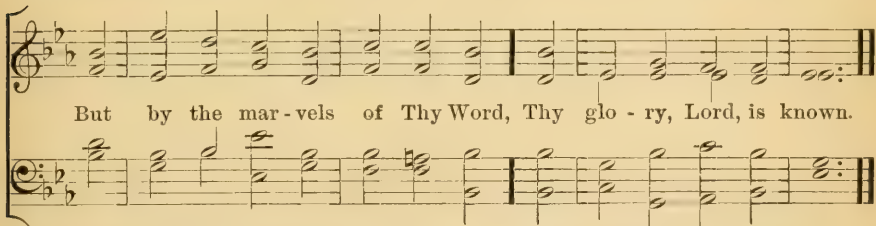
*Franconia*

GERMAN. 1720

Bp. J. R. WOODFORD. 1863



1. Not by Thy might - y hand, Thy won-drous works a - lone,



But by the mar - vels of Thy Word, Thy glo - ry, Lord, is known.

- 2 Forth from th' eternal gates,  
Thine everlasting home,  
To sow the seed of truth below,  
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.
- 3 And still from age to age,  
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been  
The bearer forth of goodly seed,  
The sower still unseen.
- 4 And Thou wilt come again,  
And heav'n beneath Thee bow,

- To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,  
Sower and reaper Thou.
- 5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,  
With Thine unsleeping eye,  
The children of the kingdom keep  
To Thy Epiphany;
- 6 That, when in Thy great day  
The tares shall severed be,  
We may be surely gathered in  
With all Thy saints to Thee.

*Also the following :*

- 323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
- 324 Joy to the world, the Lord is come.

- 325 Light of those whose dreary dwelling.
- 331 Watchman, tell us of the night.
- 332 God of mercy, God of grace,
- 542 Saw you never in the twilight.

# Septuagesima

73

## Alleluia, song of gladness

8.7.

11th CENTURY  
NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Dulce carmen*  
S. WEBBE. 1792

84

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that

can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of

God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
Alleluia joyful mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for a while forego:  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

# Septuagesima

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,  
Grant us blesséd Trinity,  
At the last to keep Thine Easter  
In our home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

73

SECOND TUNE

*Sodbury*  
A. H. BROWN. 1885

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that' are positioned below the treble staff.

can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them' are positioned below the treble staff.

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of' are positioned below the treble staff.

God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the hymn. The lyrics 'God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.' are positioned below the treble staff.



# Septuagesima

74

In exile here we wander

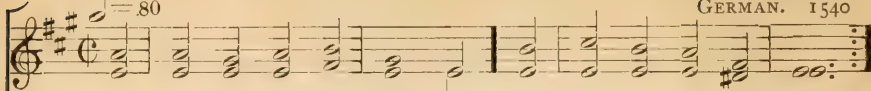
7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

REV. W. COOKE. 1872

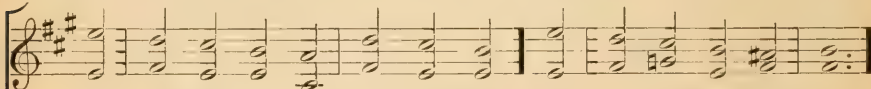
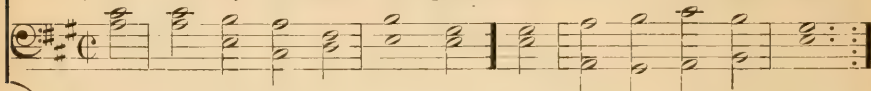
Kreuznach

GERMAN. 1540

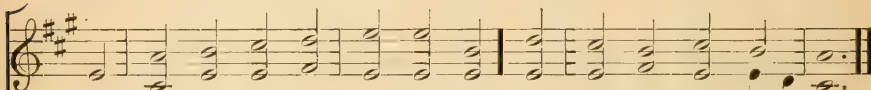
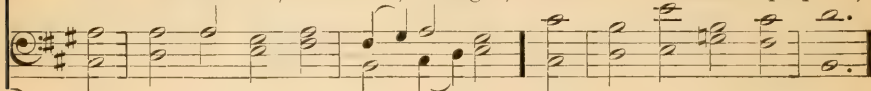
$\text{♩} = 80$



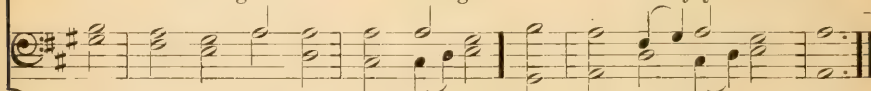
1. { In ex - ile here we wan - der In heav'n is our a - bode,— }  
 { The ci - ty of the an - gels, The ci - ty of our God. }



And here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest;



There God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest.



2 Through many sore temptations,  
 By many sorrows torn,  
 We strive to win the glory;  
 Our many falls we mourn.  
 But faith holds out the vision bright  
 Of our eternal home;  
 And hope assures that realm of light,  
 When we have overcome.

3 Jesu, our joy and gladness,<sup>1</sup>  
 To Thee for aid we flee:  
 Give tears of true contrition;  
 Our souls from guilt set free:—

And we shall rise in that great day,  
 In bodies like to Thine,  
 And with Thy saints, in bright array,  
 Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,  
 Who here as exiles groan,  
 God's praises shall be telling  
 Before His glorious throne:  
 There in our endless home shall rest,  
 From strife and sorrow free,  
 And join the anthem of the blest,  
 Forever, Lord, to Thee.

75

Lord of the hearts of men

S. M.

C. COFFIN. 1736

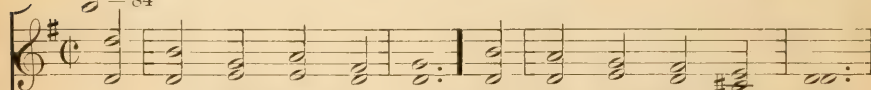
WOODFORD. Tr.

"Supreme motor cordium."

\* Columbia

F. LINLEY. 1799

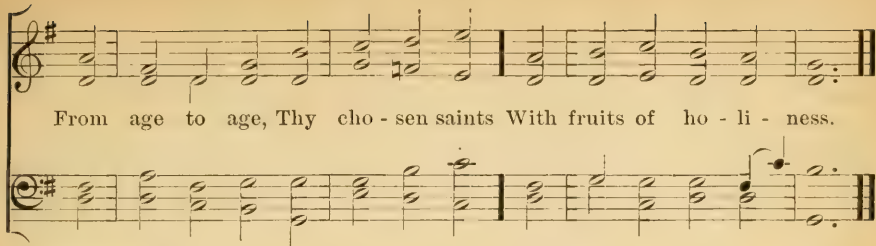
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Lord of the hearts of men, Thou hast vouchsaf'd to bless,



# Septuagesima



From age to age, Thy cho - sen saints With fruits of ho - li - ness.

2 Here faith, and hope and love  
Reign in sweet bond allied;  
There, when this little day is o'er,  
Shall love alone abide.

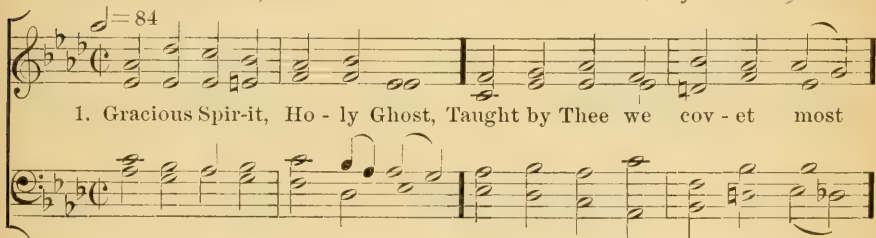
3 Here, bearing the good seed,  
'Mid cares and tears we come;  
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring  
Our harvest-treasures home.

4 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,  
The fruits Thyself dost love;  
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat  
Crown Thine own gifts above.

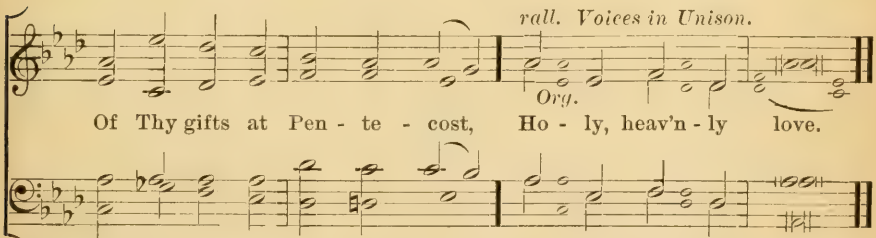
## 76 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost 7.7.7.5.

Bp. C. WORDSWORTH, 1862

*Charity*  
SIR J. STAINER, 1868



1. Gracious Spir-it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most



*rall. Voices in Unison.*  
*Org.*  
Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;

Love in heav'n will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see  
Joining hand in hand, agree,  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heav'nly love.

# Septuagesima

77

Thou, Who on that wondrous journey **8.5.8.5.**

DEAN ALFORD. 1866

*Quinquagesima*  
T. EVANCE JONES. 1867

*♩ = 76*

1. Thou, Who on that won-drous jour - ney Sett'st Thy face to die,

*rall.*

By Thy ho - ly, meek ex - am - ple Teach us char - i - ty!

2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering  
Didst not put from Thee;  
O most loving of the loving,  
Give us charity!

3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,  
On God's throne on high,  
Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,  
Grant us charity!

4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise;  
Hope, with upward eye;  
But more blest than both, and greater,  
Send us charity!

*Also the following*

592 Jesus Christ is passing by.

## Lent

78

Lord! Who throughout these forty days **C. M.**

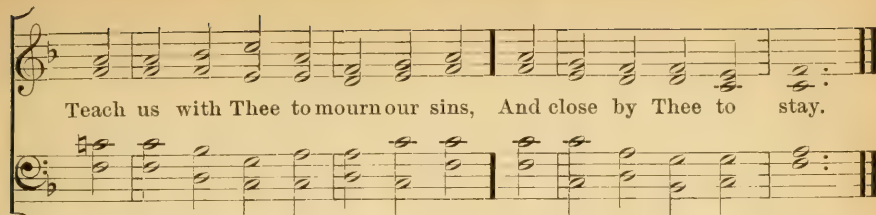
C. F. HERNAMAN. 1873

*St. Flavian*  
ENGLISH. 1563

*♩ = 76*

1. Lord! Who thro'-out these for - ty days, For us didst fast and pray,

# Lent



Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay.

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,  
And didst the vic'try win,  
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,  
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,  
So teach us, gracious Lord,  
To die to self, and chiefly live  
By Thy most holy Word.

4 And through these days of penitence,  
And through Thy Passion-tide,  
Yea, evermore, in life and death,  
Jesu! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life  
Of suff'ring overpast,  
An Easter of unending joy  
We may attain at last!

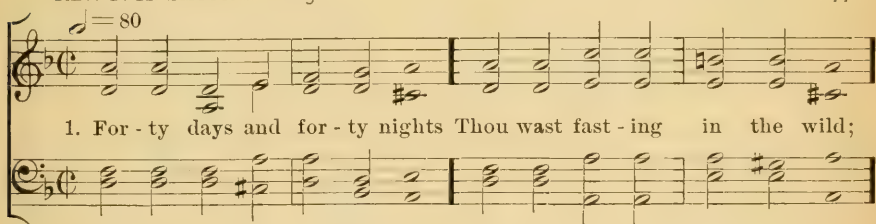
79

## Forty days and forty nights

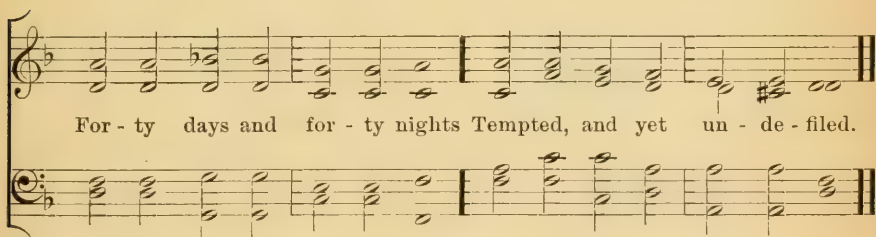
7s.

REV. G. H. SMYTTAN. 1856

Heinlein  
M. HEINLEIN. 1677



1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;



For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side;  
That with Thee we may appear  
At th' eternal Easter-tide.

# Lent

80

Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee

L. M.

REV. J. THRUPP. 1853

*Manna*  
J. BARNBY. 1862

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. A - while in spir - it, Lord, to Thee In -  
to the des - ert would we flee; A - while up - on the  
bar - ren steep Our fast with Thee in spir - it keep:

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn  
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,  
And in our hearts to feel and own  
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,  
Thou knowest our infirmity;  
Be Thou our helper in the strife,  
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray  
"Give us our bread from day to day,"  
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,  
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

81

Christian! dost thou see them

6.5.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 700  
NEALE. Tr.

Ὁ ἅγιος βλέπεις

*St. Andrew of Crete*  
REV. DR. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Christian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,



# Lent

How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?

*Unison in verses 1, 2, 3.*

*Harmony.*

Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;

In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goaded into sin?  
Christian! never tremble;  
Never be downcast;  
Gird thee for the battle,  
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian! answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray!"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

REV. S. J. STONE. 1865

FIRST TUNE

*Langran*  
J. LANGRAN. 1865

♩ = 88

1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and

long to en-ter in: But there no e-vil thing may find a home:

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

# Lent

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

82

SECOND TUNE

*Dalkcith*  
T. HEWLETT

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at

heav'n and long to en - ter in: But there no e - vil thing may

find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

C. WESLEY. 1749

*Neumark*  
G. NEUMARK. 1657

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Wea - ry of wand'ring from my God, And now made will - ing

to re - turn, I hear and bow me to the rod;

For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn: I have an Ad - vo -

- cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, full of pard'ning grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin;  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face:  
 Open Thine arms and take me in;  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore;  
 Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

# Lent

84

O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.

8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

*Derry*  
REV. J. B. DYKES

69

1. O Thou, the con - trite sin - ners' friend, Who,

lov - ing, lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone my

*pp*

hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh, plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heav'n for me.



BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1852

*Bedford*  
W. WHEALL. 1729

66

1. O Je - su, Sav - iour of the lost, My

rock and hid - ing - place, By storms of sin and

sor - row tost, I seek Thy shelt' - ring grace.

- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
Pursued by foes, I come;  
A sinner, save me, or I die;  
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,  
Let storms come on amain;  
There danger never, never harms;  
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,  
And all Thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee.

# Lent

86

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry **L. M.**

DR. WATTS. 1720

*Cannons*  
G. F. HANDEL. 1750

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though  
all my sins be - fore Thee lie, Be - hold them not with  
an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin:  
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song:  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness,

# Lent

87

With broken heart and contrite sigh

L. M.

\* *Uffingham*

C. ELVEN. 1852

J. CLARKE. 1700

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem-bling

sin - ner, Lord, I cry: Thy pard' - ning grace is

rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and His cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me,

# Lent

88 PH

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day

P. M.

REV. J. WILLIAMS. 1842

FIRST TUNE.

*St. Philip*  
W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us, Thy Spirit pour,  $\text{♩}$   
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter wee  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransom'd ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love shall then be known  
By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

88

SECOND TUNE

*Newark*  
REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.

# Lent

89

Saviour! when in dust to Thee

7s.

SIR R. GRANT. 1815

FIRST TUNE

\* *Litany* 1  
J. L. HATTON. 1860

*♩ = 69 Voices in Unison.*

1. Sav-iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' ad - or - ing knee,

When, re - pen - tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be - low;

*dim.*

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-lemn lit - a - ny!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the mighty tempter's power:  
Turn, oh, turn a fav'ring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!



# Lent

4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

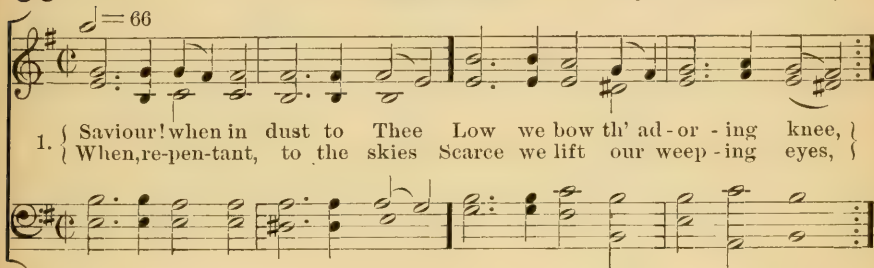
5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
Oh! from earth to heav'n restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

89

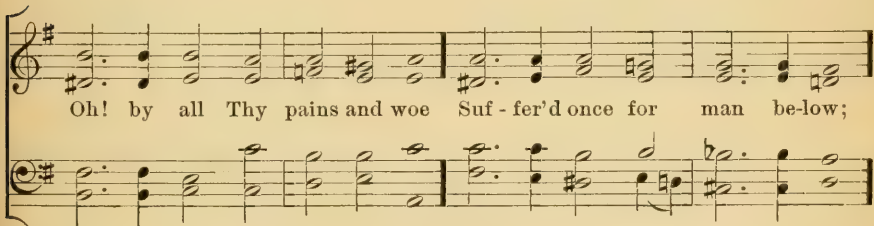
SECOND TUNE

*Litany 2*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1870

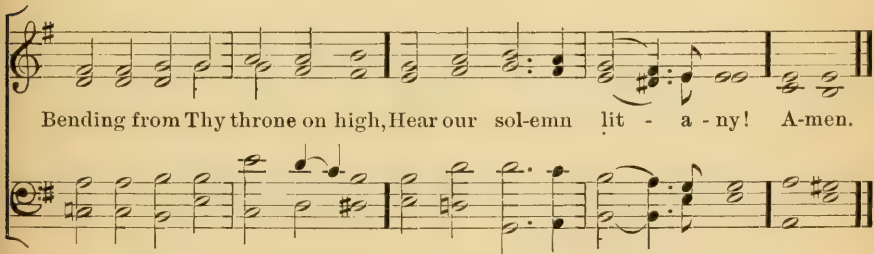
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. { Saviour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' ad-or - ing knee, }  
{ When, re-pen-tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes, }



Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be-low;



Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny! A-men.

*Also the following :*

338 O gracious God in Whom I live.  
340 In the hour of trial.  
347 Sinful sighing to be blest.  
349 Out of the deep I call.  
350 Jesu, Lord of life and glory.  
351 Have mercy, Lord, on me.  
354 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.  
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.  
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.

359 In the cross of Christ I glory.  
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.  
528 God the Father, God the Son. Litany.  
529 Father, hear Thy children's call. Litany.  
590 To-day Thy mercy calls us.  
591 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.  
604 Thy life was given for me.  
607 Love of Jesus, all divine.  
608 Lo! the voice of Jesus.  
612 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.  
614 Lord Jesus, think on me.  
620 Onward, Christian, through the region.

# Holy Week

90

All glory, laud, and honor

7.6.

ST. THEODULPH. 821  
NEALE. Tr.

"Gloria, laus et honor."

*St. Theodulph*  
M. TESCHNER. 1600

$\text{♩} = 100$  Fine.

1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! }  
 { To Whom the lips of child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

D. C.

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

3 The company of angels  
 Are praising Thee on high;  
 And mortal men, and all things  
 Created, make reply.  
 All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
 With palms before Thee went:  
 Our praise and pray'rs and anthems  
 Before Thee we present.  
 All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion  
 They sang their hymns of praise:  
 To Thee, now high exalted,  
 Our melody we raise.  
 All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
 Accept the pray'rs we bring,  
 Who in all good delightest,  
 Thou good and gracious King.  
 All glory, etc.

# Holy Week

91

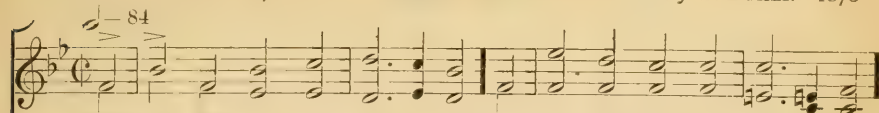
Ride on! ride on in majesty

L. M.

DEAN MILMAN. 1827

FIRST TUNE

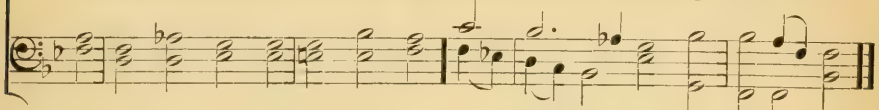
*St. Drostan*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870



1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;



O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.



2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!

In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!

The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!

Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

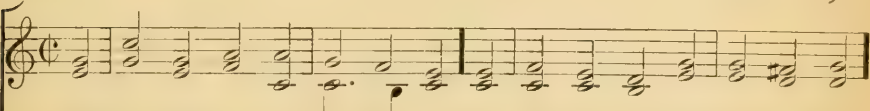
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!

In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

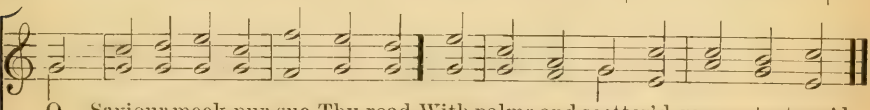
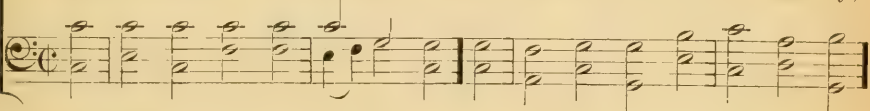
91

SECOND TUNE

*Winchester New*  
GERMAN. 1690



1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;



O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.



# Holy Week

92 O Thou, Who through this holy week C. M.

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1842

*St. Flavian*  
ENGLISH. 1563

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O 'Thou, Who thro' this ho-ly week Didst suf-fer for us all;

The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall:

- 2 We cannot understand the woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear:  
O Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes are there.
- 3 Thy feet the path of suff'ring trod,  
Thy hand the vict'ry won:  
What shall we render to our God  
For all that He hath done?
- 4 To God, the blessed Three in One,  
All praise and glory be:  
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won  
The victory through Thee.

93 Go to dark Gethsemane 7s.

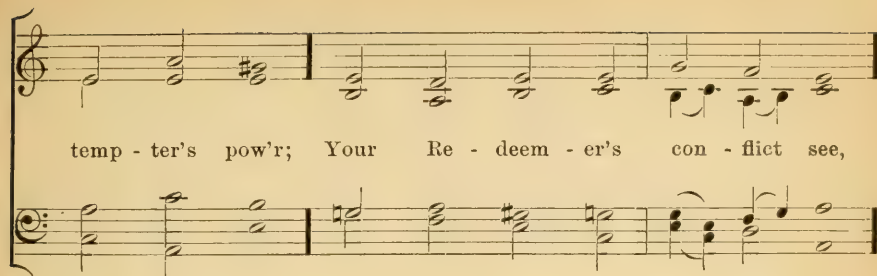
J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

*Gethsemane*  
W. H. MONK. 1861

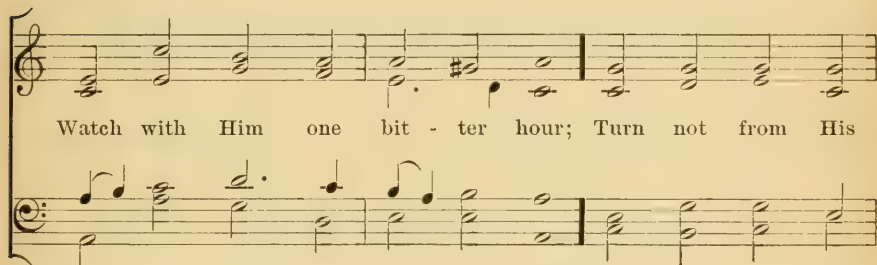
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, Ye that feel the

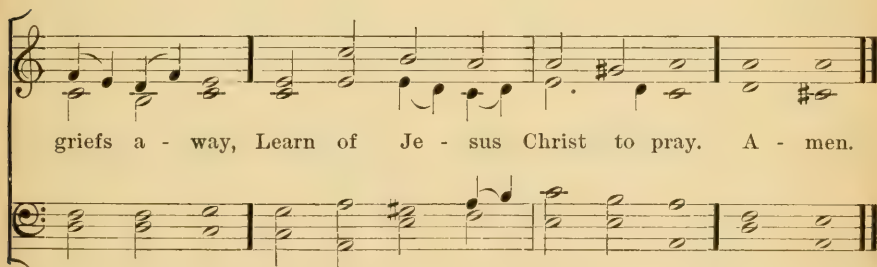
# Holy Week



temp - ter's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,



Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His



griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
God's own Sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished," hear Him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die,



"Vexilla regis prodeunt."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575

NEALE. Tr.

*Breslau*

GERMAN. 1630

*♩ = 69 Unison ad lib.*

1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The

cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in flesh, our

flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side  
By soldier's spear was opened wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old,  
How God the heathen's King should be;  
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,  
How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

# Holy Week

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,  
He weighed the price for sinners due,  
The price which none but He could pay,  
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done:  
As by the cross Thou dost restore,  
So rule and guide us evermore.

95

Lord Jesus! when we stand afar

L. M.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1854

*Melchior*  
M. VULPIUS. 1609

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord Je - sus! when we stand a - far, And  
gaze up - on Thy ho - ly . . cross, In love of Thee, and  
scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss!

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,  
With outstretch'd arms, in mortal woe see:  
Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below;
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see;  
And in the myst'ry of Thy death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

## Behold the Lamb of God

P. M.

M. BRIDGES. 1848

FIRST TUNE

St. John  
REV. DR. DYKES. 1889

♩ = 84

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not

be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour let me take,

My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pierc - éd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious blood  
My soul I cast:  
Wash me and make me clean within,  
And keep me pure from ev'ry sin,  
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!  
All hail, incarnate Word,  
Thou everlasting Lord,  
Saviour most blest;

Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us with all Thy blesséd saints,  
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Worthy is He alone,  
That sitteth on the throne  
Of God above;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
All light and love.

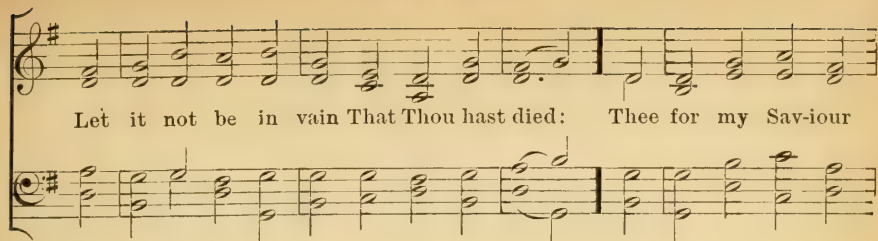
SECOND TUNE

Ecce Agnus  
OLD MELODY

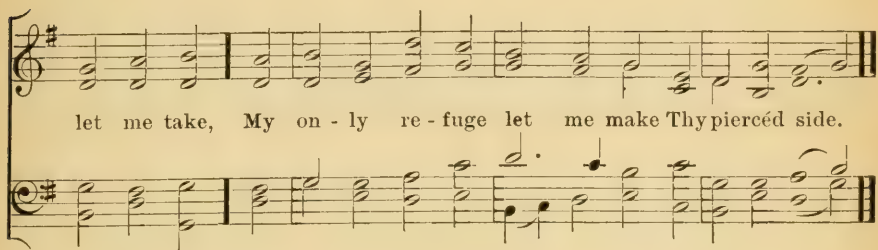
♩ = 76

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain,

# Holy Week



Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav-iour



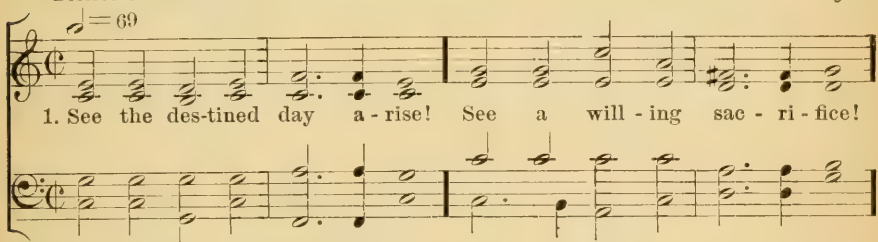
let me take, My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy piercé side.

## 97 See the destined day arise

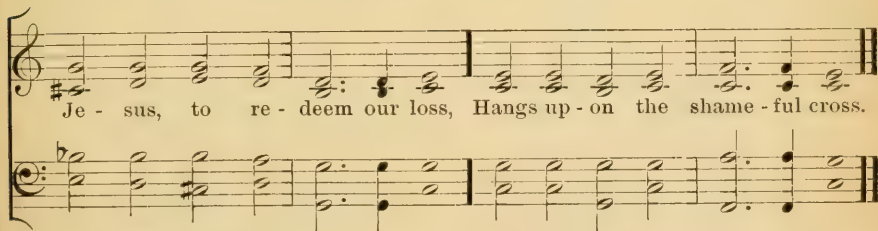
7s.

BISHOP MANT. 1800

*Redhead* 47  
R. REDHEAD. 1850



$\text{♩} = 69$   
1. See the des-tined day a - rise! See a will - ing sac - ri - fice!



Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.

- 2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
Ev'ry pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing Thy life of woe?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain  
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,  
And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,  
Mingled from Thy side with blood;  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
In that sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin and promised good.

# Holy Week

98

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle

8.7.

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi prælium."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575

CASWALL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Prælium*

H. LAHEE. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle, Tell His triumph far and wide;

Tell aloud the wondrous story Of His Body crucified;

How upon the cross a victim, Vanquishing in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,  
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second tree prepare,  
Destined, many ages later,  
That first evil to repair.

3 So, when now at length the fullness  
Of the time foretold drew nigh,  
God the Son, the world's Creator,  
Left His Father's throne on high,  
From the Virgin's womb appearing  
Clothed in our humanity.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood  
In our mortal flesh attain;  
Then of His free choice He goeth  
To a death of bitter pain;  
He, the Lamb upon the altar  
Of the cross, for us was slain.

5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,  
See the thorns upon His brow;  
Nails His tender flesh are rending;  
See, His side is pierced now;  
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of blood and water flow.



# Holy Week

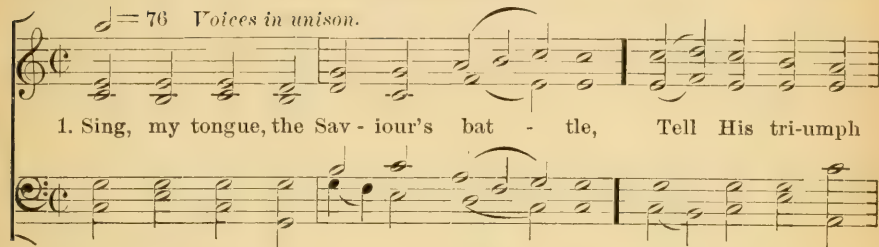
6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be:  
Honor, glory and dominion  
And eternal victory.

98

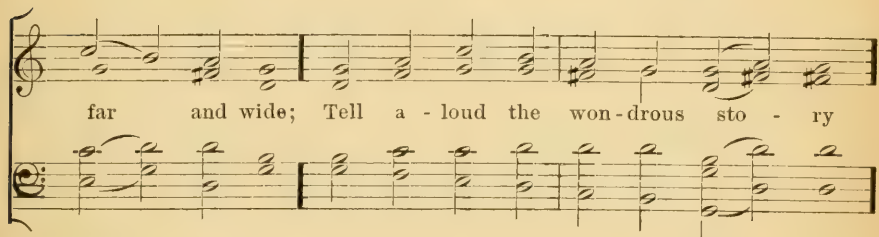
SECOND TUNE

\* *Pange lingua*  
ANCIENT

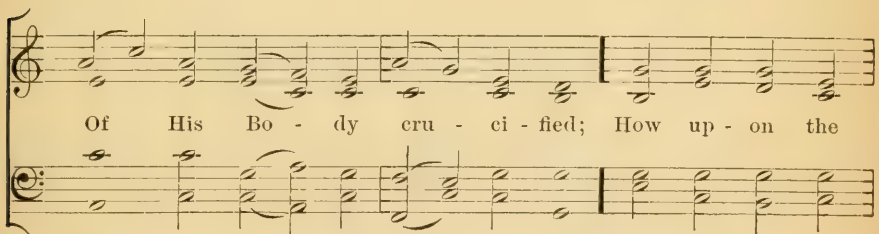
$\text{♩} = 76$  *Voices in unison.*



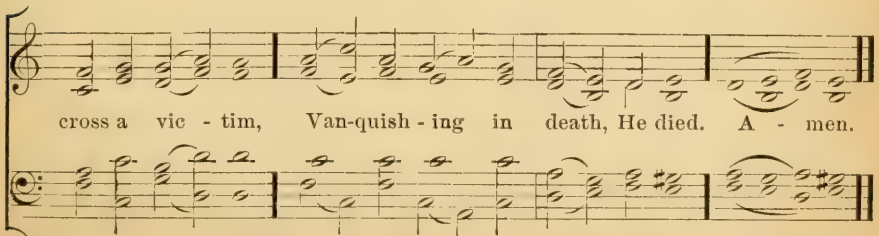
1. Sing, my tongue, the Sav - iour's bat - tle, Tell His tri-umph



far and wide; Tell a - loud the won - drous sto - ry



Of His Bo - dy cru - ci - fied; How up - on the



cross a vic - tim, Van - quish - ing in death, He died. A - men.

# Holy Week

99

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising

8.7.

"Prome vocem, mens, canoram."

SANTOLIUS MAGLORIANUS. 1650

BAKER. *Tr.*

*St. Denys*

W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 82$

1. Now, my soul, thy voice up-raising, Tell in sweet and  
mourn-ful strain How the Cru-ci-fied, en-dur-ing  
Grief, and wounds, and dy-ing pain, Free-ly of His  
love was of-fered, Sin-less was for sin-ners slain.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury,  
For the sins which we deplore,  
By His livid stripes He heals us,  
Raising us to fall no more;  
All our bruises gently soothing,  
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;  
So He makes His people free;  
Not a wound whence blood is flowing  
But a fount of grace shall be;  
Yea, the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the tree.

# Holy Week

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,<br/>         Though His foes have seen Him die;<br/>         Blood and water thence are streaming<br/>         In a tide of mystery;<br/>         Water from our guilt to cleanse us,<br/>         Blood to win us crowns on high.</p> | <p>5 Jesu, may those precious fountains<br/>         Drink to thirsting souls afford:<br/>         Let them be our present healing,<br/>         And at length our great reward;<br/>         So a ransomed world shall ever<br/>         Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.</p> |
|--|--|

100 PH We sing the praise of Him Who died L. M.

T. KELLY. 1815

*Angels'*  
 O. GIBBONS. 1623

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the cross:

The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
 In shining letters, God is love:  
 He bears our sins upon the tree:  
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross — it takes our guilt away;  
 It holds the fainting spirit up;  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
 It takes its terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The angels' theme in heav'n above.

# Holy Week

101

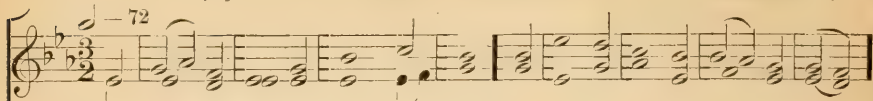
When I survey the wondrous cross

L. M.

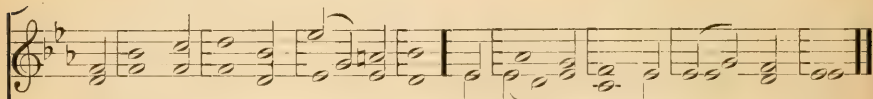
DR. WATTS. 1709

FIRST TUNE

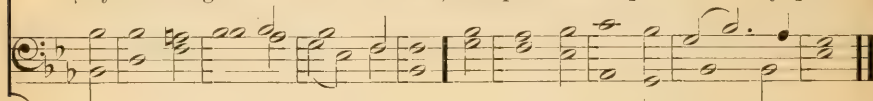
*Rockingham*  
DR. MILLER. 1790



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

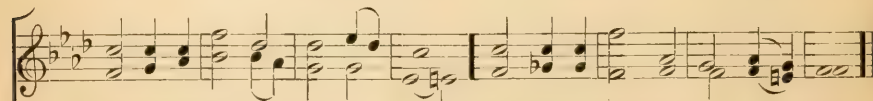
101

SECOND TUNE

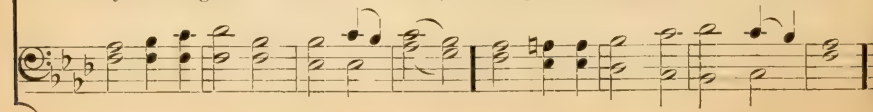
*Horsley 2*  
REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



# Holy Week

102

## O Sacred Head surrounded

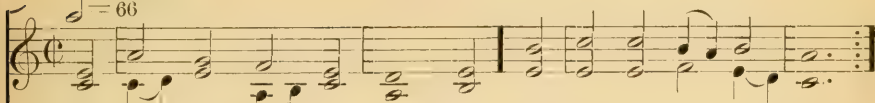
7.6.

ST. BERNARD. 1150  
BAKER. *Tr.*

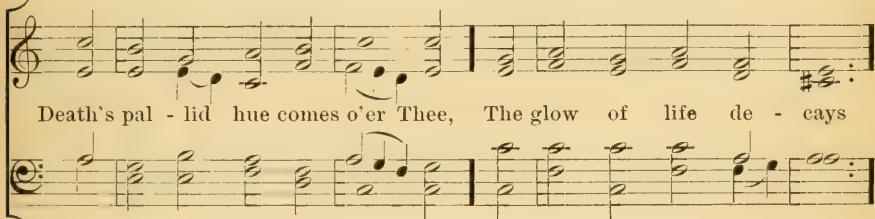
*Passion*  
H. L. HASSLER. 1613

"Salve, caput cruentatum."

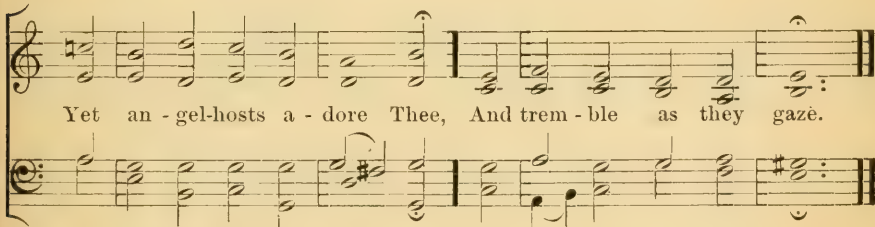
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. { O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn! }  
{ O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn! }



Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays



Yet an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigor,  
Bereaving Thee of life;  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be:  
Beneath Thy cross abiding  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying;  
Oh, show Thy cross to me:  
And to my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.



# Holy Week

103

At the cross her station keeping

8.8.7.8.8.7.

"Stabat mater dolorosa."

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. 1300  
CASWAIL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Stabat*  
MODERN FRENCH

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing Stood the mourn-ful

moth - er weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord;

For her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Bow'd with an - guish

deep - ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Now was she, that mother blessed  
Of the sole-begotten One;  
Deep the woe of her affliction,  
When she saw the crucifixion  
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,  
Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep ?  
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

# Holy Week

4 For His people's sins chastiséd,  
She beheld her Son despiséd,  
Scourged, and crowned with thorns  
entwined;  
Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
And in death by all forsaken,  
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesu, may her deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;  
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
May with Thee acceptance find.

103

SECOND TUNE

*Mater*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 52$  *mf* *Slowly, and with expression.* *p*

1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing Stood the

*eres.*

mourn - ful moth - er weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing

*f* *dim.*

Lord; For her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Bow'd with

*p* *rall.*

an - guish deep - ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pier - ing sword.

HON. & REV. W. SHIRLEY. 1770

*Batty*  
GERMAN. 1735

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing,

Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and health and

peace pos - sess - ing Through the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.

2 Here I kneel, in wonder viewing  
Mercy poured in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, for pardon suing,  
Make and plead my peace with God.

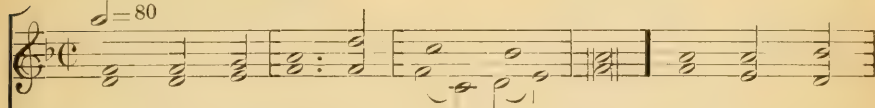
3 Truly blesséd is the station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Loving much, and much forgiven,  
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,  
For the griefs that wrought our peace;  
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,  
In my heart Thy love increase.

$\text{♩} = 80$



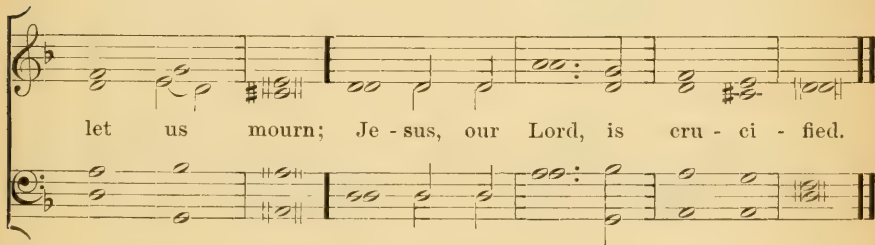
1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while, And tar - ry



here the cross be - side; Oh come, to - geth - er



let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.



- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love;  
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

# Holy Week

## THE STORY OF THE CROSS

106

In His own raiment clad

6.4.6.3.

REV. E. MONRO

*Gem*  
A. H. MESSITER, 1892

### PARTS 1, 2

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. In His own rai-ment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sorrowing By His side.

### PART 3

9. On the cross lift - ed Thy face we scan, Bear-ing that cross for us, Son of Man.

### PART 4

19. Child of My grief and pain, Watch'd by My love; I came to call thee to Realms a - bove.

### PART 5

$\text{♩} = 100$

23. Oh, I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Thro' the deep shades of life To the goal.



# Holy Week

## I.—THE QUESTION

- 1 In His own raiment clad,  
With His blood dyed;  
Women walk sorrowing  
By His side.
- 2 [Heavy that cross to Him,  
Weary the weight;  
One Who will help Him waits  
At the gate.
- 3 See! they are travelling  
On the same road;  
Simon is sharing with  
Him the load.]
- 4 Oh, whither wandering  
Bear they that tree?  
He Who first carries it,  
Who is He?

## II.—THE ANSWER

- 5 Follow to Calvary;  
Tread where He trod,  
He Who forever was  
Son of God.
- 6 [You who would love Him stand,  
Gaze at His face:  
Tarry awhile on your  
Earthly race.
- 7 As the swift moments fly  
Through the blest week,  
Read the great story the  
Cross will teach.]
- 8 Is there no beauty to  
You who pass by,  
In that lone figure which  
Marks that sky?

## III.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS

- 9 On the cross lifted  
Thy face we scan,  
Bearing that cross for us,  
Son of Man.
- 10 Thorns form Thy diadem,  
Rough wood Thy throne;  
For us Thy blood is shed,  
Us alone.
- 11 No pillow under Thee  
To rest Thy head;  
Only the splintered cross  
Is Thy bed.
- 12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,  
Thy side the spear;  
No voice is nigh to say  
Help is near.
- 13 Shadows of midnight fall,  
Though it is day:  
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand  
Far away.
- 14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;  
Sunk on Thy breast  
Hangeth Thy bleeding head  
Without rest.

- 15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,  
Who mocks at Thee:  
Can it, my Saviour, be  
All for me?
- 16 Gazing, afar from Thee,  
Silent and lone,  
Stand those few weepers Thou  
Callest Thine own.
- 17 I see Thy title, Lord,  
Inscribed above;  
"Jesus of Nazareth,"  
King of Love.]
- 18 What, O my Saviour!  
Here didst Thou see,  
Which made Thee suffer and  
Die for me?

## [IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS

- 19 Child of My grief and pain,  
Watched by My love;  
I came to call thee to  
Realms above.
- 20 I saw thee wandering  
Far off from Me:  
In love I seek for thee;  
Do not flee.
- 21 For thee My blood I shed,  
For thee alone;  
I came to purchase thee,  
For Mine own.
- 22 Weep thou not for My grief  
Child of My love;  
Strive to be with Me in  
Heav'n above.]

## V.—OUR CRY TO JESUS

- 23 Oh, I will follow Thee,  
Star of my soul,  
Through the deep shades of life  
To the goal.
- 24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne  
Each day by me;  
Mind not how heavy, if  
But with Thee.
- 25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,  
Make us Thine own,  
Give no companion, save  
Thee alone.
- 26 Grant through each day of life  
To stand by Thee;  
With Thee, when morning breaks  
Ever to be.

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

### *Also the following :*

- 360 O Jesu, Lord most merciful.
- 361 Christ, the Life of all the living.
- 362 Glory be to Jesus.
- 364 O Jesu, we adore Thee.
- 365 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.
- 530 Jesu, in Thy dying woes.
- 544 There is a green hill far away.

# Easter Even

107

Resting from His work to-day

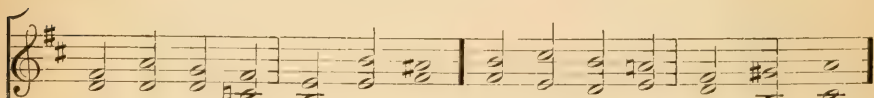
7s.

REV. T. WHYTEHEAD. 1842

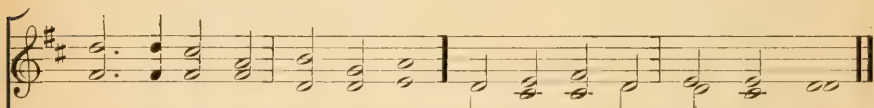
*St. Bruno*  
J. HULLAH. 1867



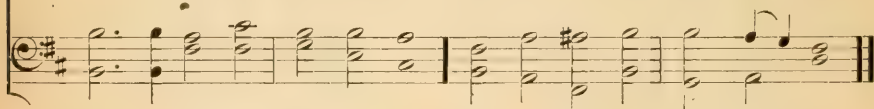
1. Rest - ing from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;



Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,



Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone.



2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend:  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalméd cell  
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around;  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

# Easter Even

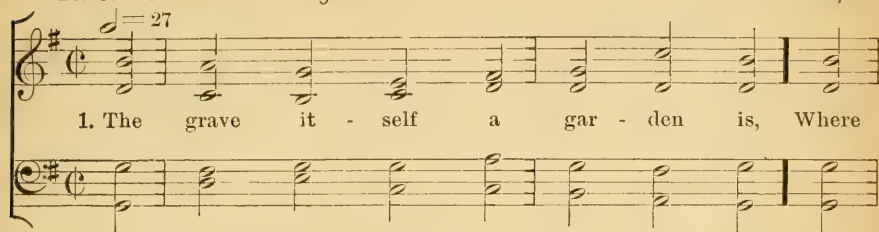
108

The grave itself a garden is

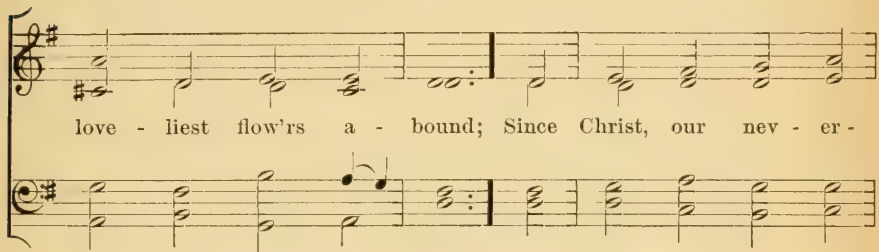
C. M.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1863

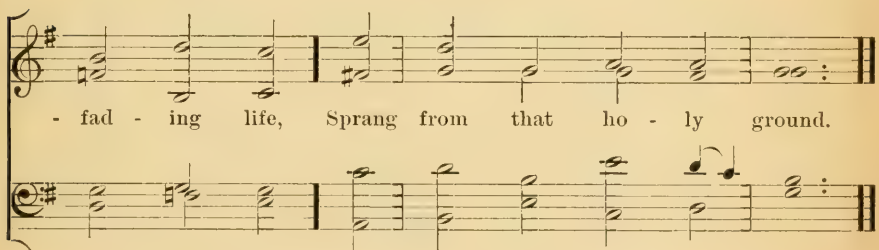
*Bertha*  
B. TOURS. 1870



1. The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where



love - liest flow'rs a - bound; Since Christ, our nev - er -



- fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground.

- 2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,  
That we, O Lord, may have  
A holy, happy rest in Thee,  
A Sabbath in the grave.
- 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,  
And buried in the grave,  
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,  
Omnipotent to save.
- 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,  
And buried were with Thee,  
That we might live with Thee to God,  
And ever blest might be.
- 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death  
May we, with Thee, arise  
To an eternal Easter-day  
Of glory in the skies!

# Eastertide

109

Welcome, happy morning!

11s.

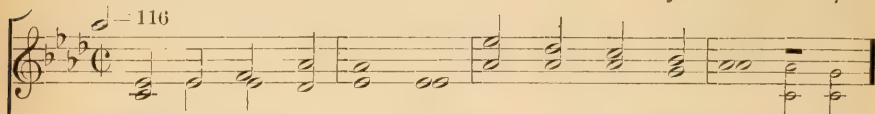
"Salve, festa dies."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575

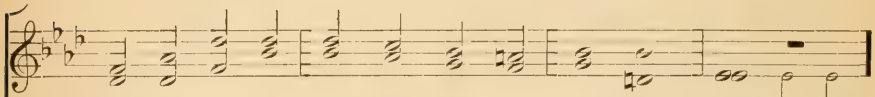
ELLERTON *Tr.*

*Salve*

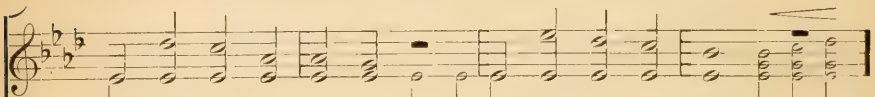
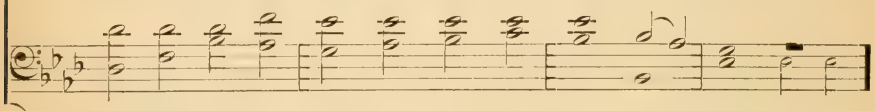
J. B. CALKIN. 1870



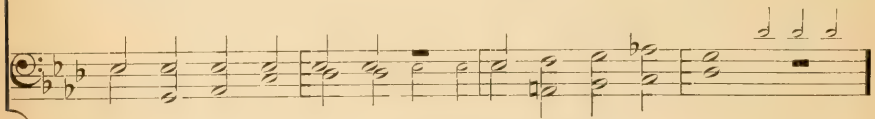
1. "Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;



Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day!



Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev - er - more!



Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore!



# Eastertide

REFRAIN. *Voices in Unison.*

*ff* "Welcome, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;

*simile*

Hell to - day is van - quish'd, heav'n is won to - day.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of length'ning light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise O buried Lord!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

Both the first and second lines of verse 1 are to be sung as a refrain after each verse.



*Ἀσώμεν πάντες λαοί*

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 750

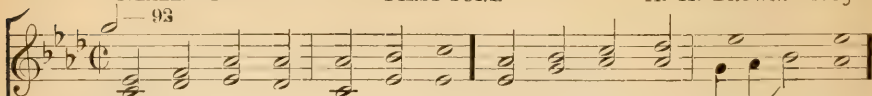
NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

St. John Damascene

A. H. BROWN. 1865

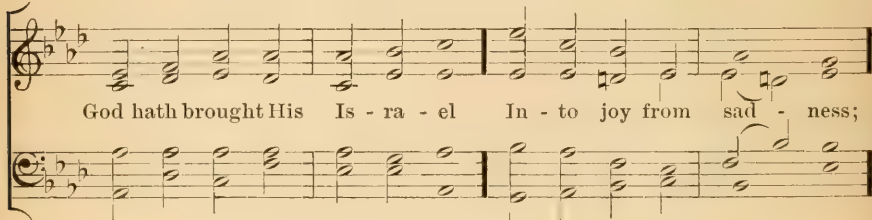
93



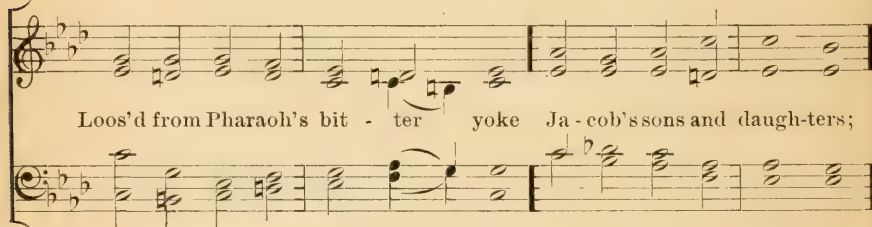
1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;



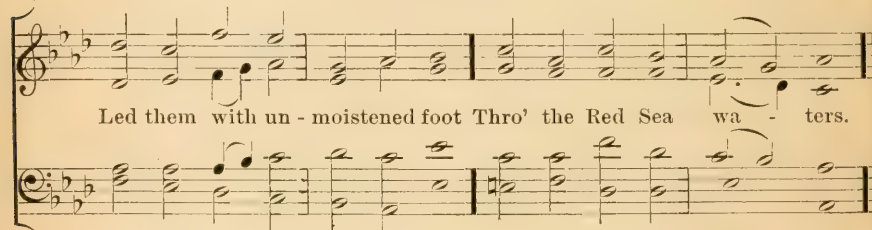
God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;



Loos'd from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;



Led them with un-moistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.



- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;  
Christ hath burst His prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.
- 3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;

- Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.
- 4 Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold Thee as a mortal:  
But to-day amidst Thine own  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That Thy peace which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.

# Eastertide

110

SECOND TUNE

*St. Kevin*

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

*Stately.* ♩ = 88

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri-umphant glad - ness; God hath brought His

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness; Loos'd from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke

Ja - cob's sons and daughters; Led them with unmoisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.

111

Christ the Lord is risen to-day

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739

*Redhead.* 45  
13th CENTURY

♩ = 92

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;

- Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

# Eastertide

112

Jesus Christ is risen to-day

7s.

C. B. 1749

FIRST TUNE

Worgan  
ENGLISH. 1708

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umphant ho - ly day, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing  
Alleluia!

# Eastertide

4 Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Alleluia!

112

SECOND TUNE

*Paschal*  
REV. J. S. B. HODGES. 1890

$\text{♩} = 92$

I. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!

# Eastertide

113

Christ is risen! Christ is risen

P. M.

REV. ARCHER GURNEY. 1862

*Resurrexit*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His".

bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!".

Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He".

suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; . . .

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; . . .".



# Eastertide

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is

He . . . Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en!

Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!

2 See, the chains of death are broken;  
 Earth below and heav'n above  
 Joy in each amazing token  
 Of His rising, Lord of love;  
 He for evermore shall reign  
 By the Father's side,  
 Till He comes to earth again,  
 Comes to claim His bride.  
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
 Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;  
 Heav'n, with joy and holy longing  
 For the Word incarnate, cries,  
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!  
 Gleam, ye starry train!  
 All creation, find a voice:  
 He o'er all shall reign."  
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen,  
 O'er the universe to reign.

# Eastertide

114

Christ the Lord is risen again

7s.

"Christ ist erstanden."

M. WEISS. 1531

WINKWORTH. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

Wirttemberg

J. ROSENMÜLLER. 1650

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain; Christ hath bro - ken

ev - ry chain; Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry,

Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!

2 He Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say  
Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia!

# Eastertide

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing, by night and day,  
Alleluia.

114

SECOND TUNE

*Redhead 61*  
R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ hath bro - ken ev - ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia!

Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!

# Eastertide

115

The day of resurrection

7.6.

Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 750

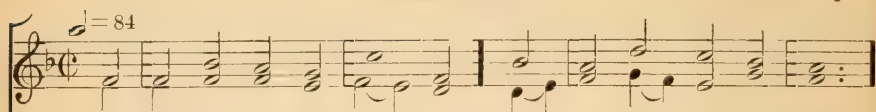
NEALE. *Tr.*

FIRST TUNE

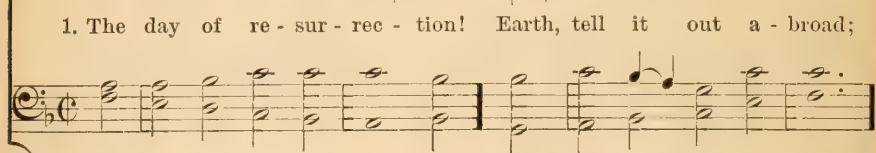

*Dorking*

G. COOPER. 1850

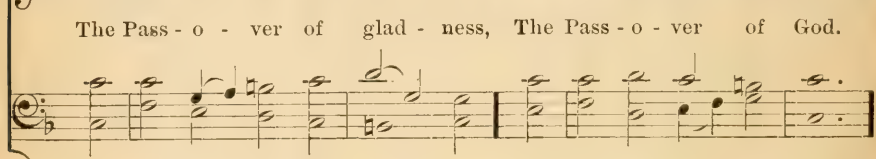
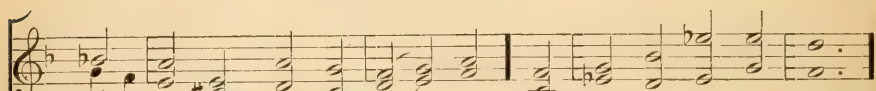
$\text{♩} = 84$



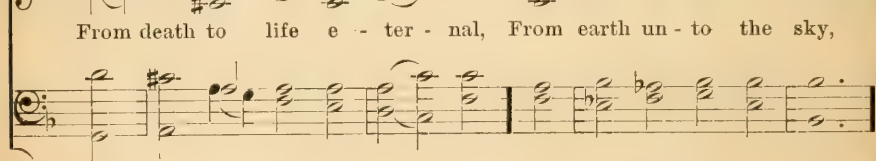

1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;

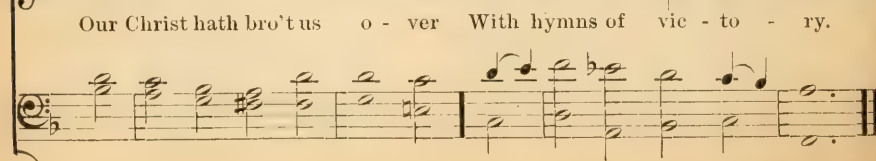
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God,

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath bro't us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.



# Eastertide

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, list'ning to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

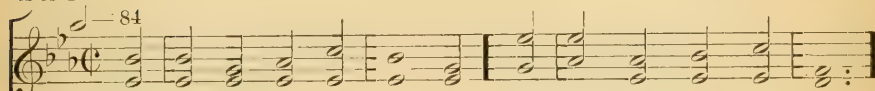
3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes together blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

115

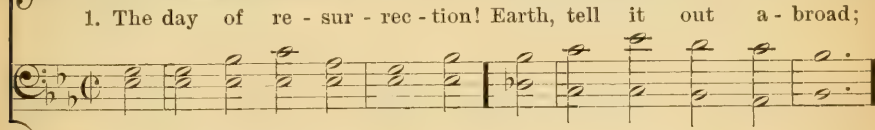
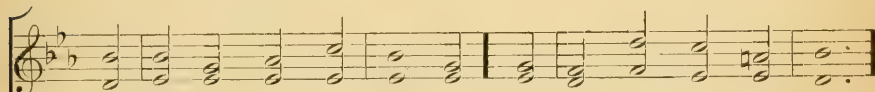
SECOND TUNE

*Lancashire*  
H. SMART. 1870


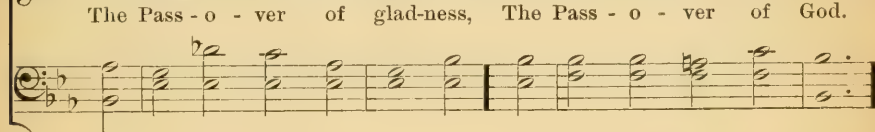
— 84




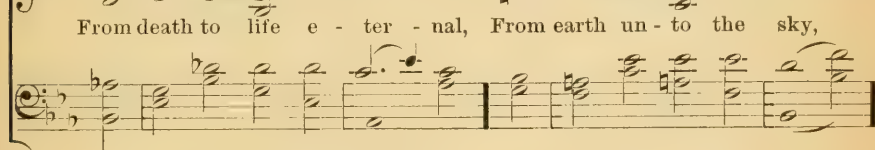
1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;

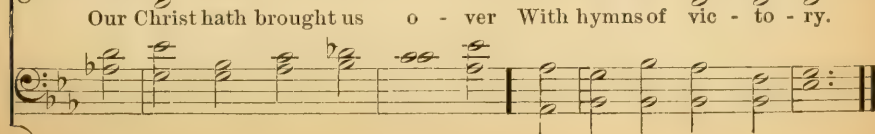
The Pass - o - ver of glad-ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.





# Eastertide

116

Angels, roll the rock away!

P. M.

T. SCOTT. 1769

\* Brown (St. Austin)

A. H. BROWN. 1884

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh - ty Prey!

See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with in - mor - tal bloom.

Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise  
Your eternal song of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.  
Alleluia! alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory as of old to Thee,  
Now and evermore, shall be.  
Alleluia! alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

117

He is risen, He is risen

8.7.8.7.7.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1846

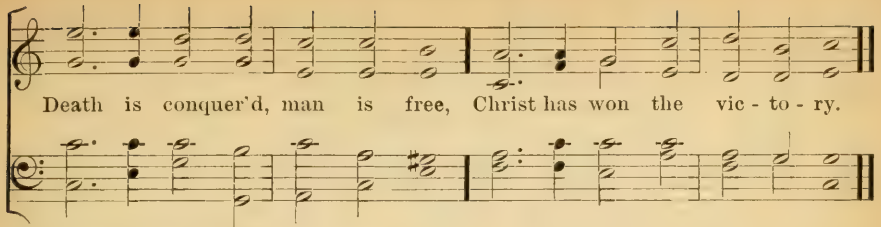
FIRST TUNE

Neander  
J. NEANDER. 1680

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. { He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice: }  
{ He has burst His three days' pri - son; Let the whole wide earth re - joice: }

# Eastertide



Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

- 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
 With glad smile and radiant brow:  
 Lent's long shadows have departed;  
 All His woes are over now,  
 And the passion that He bore:  
 Sin and pain can vex no more.
- 3 Come, with high and holy hymning,  
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;  
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming

- Yonder glorious morning ray,  
 Breaking o'er the purple East,  
 Symbol of our Easter feast.
- 4 He is risen, He is risen;  
 He hath opened heaven's gate:  
 We are free from sin's dark prison,  
 Risen to a holier state;  
 And a brighter Easter beam  
 On our longing eyes shall stream

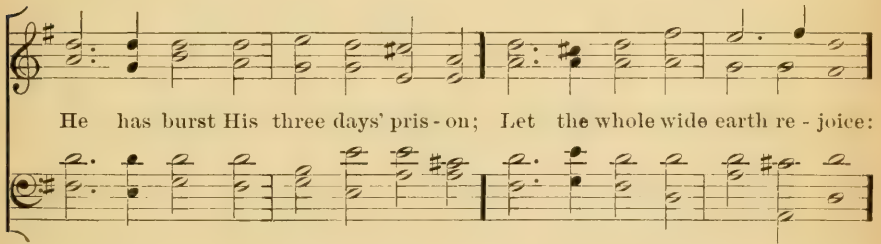
117

SECOND TUNE

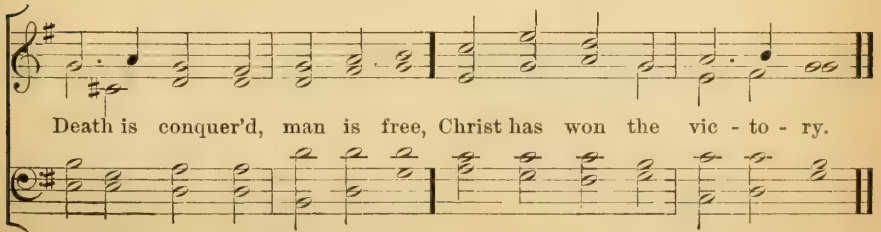
\* *Aster*  
 DR. E. G. MONK. 1857



1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice:



He has burst His three days' pris - on; Let the whole wide earth re - joice:



Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

# Eastertide

118

At the Lamb's high feast we sing

7s.

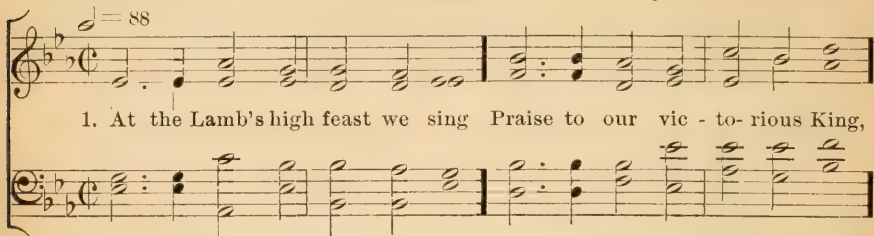
"Ad regias Agni dapes."

AMBROSIAN. 600  
CAMPBELL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Incarnation*  
J. B. CALKIN. 1866

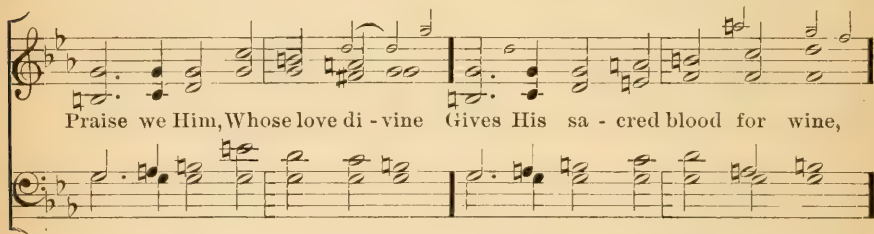
$\text{♩} = 88$



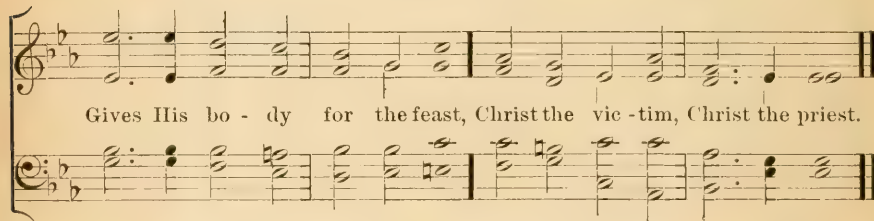
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,



Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pier - ed side;



Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,



Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath Thee lie;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light:  
Now no more can death appall,  
Now no more the grave enthrall;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

# Eastertide

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy;  
From sin's pow'r do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;  
Holy Father, praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit, ever be.

118

SECOND TUNE

Salzburg 1  
J. ROSENMÜLLER. 1650

84

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic-torious King,

Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;

Praise we Him, Whose love di-vine Gives His sa-cred blood for wine,

Gives His bo-dy for the feast, Christ the vic-tim, Christ the priest.

# Eastertide

119

Lift up, lift up your voices now!

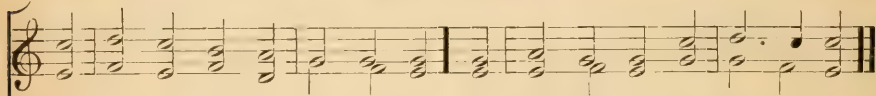
L. M.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

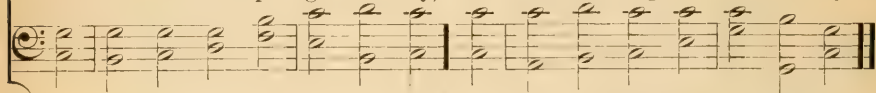
Redhead 4  
R. REDHEAD. 1850



1. Lift up, lift up your voice - es now! The whole wide world re - joice - es now:



The Lord hath triumph'd glo - rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious-ly!



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;<br/>In vain the watch kept ward and guard;<br/>Majestic from the spoiled tomb,<br/>In pomp of triumph Christ is come!</p> <p>3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;<br/>A countless host He frees from woe,<br/>And heav'n's high portal open flies,<br/>For Christ has ris'n, and man shall rise.</p> <p>4 And all He did, and all He bare,<br/>He gives us as our own to share;</p> | <p>And hope and joy and peace begin,<br/>For Christ has won, and man shall win.</p> <p>5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,<br/>And lead thro' death to realms of light;<br/>We safely pass where Thou hast trod;<br/>In Thee we die to rise to God.</p> <p>6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,<br/>Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;<br/>And ever with the heav'nly host<br/>Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|--|--|

120

Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky

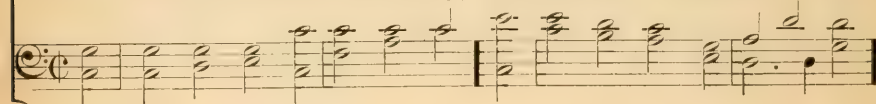
8.8.8.4.

N. LE TOURNEAUX. 1686 "Aurora lucis dum novæ."  
COOKE. Tr.

Strand  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1872



1. Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky; The Lord has ris'n with vic - to - ry:



Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia.





# Eastertide

2 The Prince of Life with death has striv'n,  
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,  
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:  
Alleluia.

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,  
Has giv'n a glorious harvest birth:  
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth  
Alleluia.

4 Our bodies, mould'ring to decay,  
Are sown to rise to heav'nly day;  
For He by rising burst the way:  
Alleluia.

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
And fleshly passions crucifies,  
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:  
Alleluia.

6 Oh grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
And love the things above the sky:  
Alleluia.

7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,  
Who has for us the triumph won,  
And Holy Ghost,— the Three in One:  
Alleluia.

121

The strife is o'er, the battle done

P. M.

"Alleluia! finita jam sunt praelia."

12th CENTURY  
POTT. Tr.

\* Victory  
PALESTRINA. 1550

116 *f* *cres.* *ff*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Ory. *f*

*Voices in unison*

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

*In Harmony.*

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!

2 The pow'rs of death have done their  
worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
Let shout of holy joy outburst.  
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead:  
All glory to our risen Head!  
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!  
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants  
free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee  
Alleluia!

# Eastertide

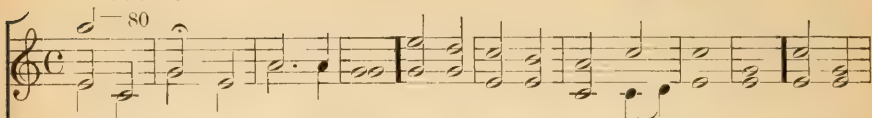
122

Jesus lives! thy terrors now

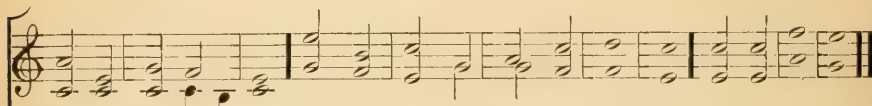
7.8.

C. F. GELLERT. 1757  
Cox. Tr.

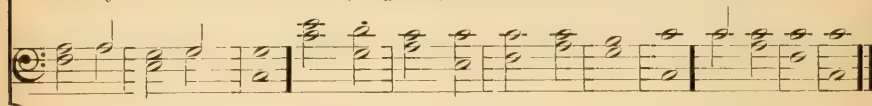
*St. Albinus*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860



1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no long-er, death, ap - pall us: Je-sus



lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!



2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Naught from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He has gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

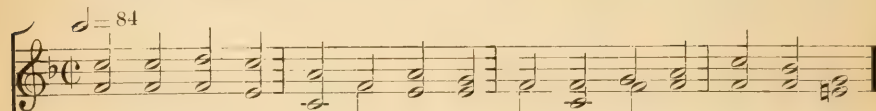
123

Alleluia! Alleluia!

8.7.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

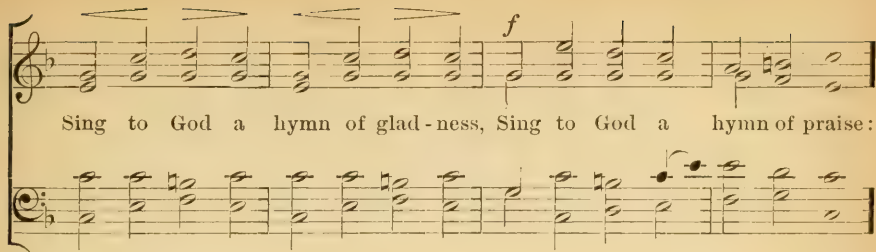
*St. Andrew*  
J. BARNEY. 1870



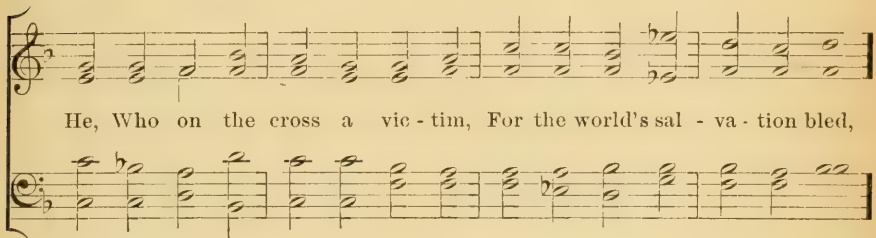
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voic-es heav'n-ward raise;



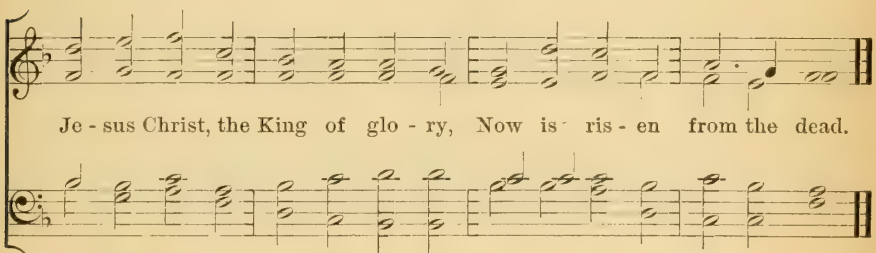
# Eastertide



Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:



He, Who on the cross a vic-tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is - ris - en from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
 Christ from death to life is born,  
 Glorious life, and life immortal,  
 On this holy Easter morn:  
 Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer  
 By His mighty enterprise,  
 We with Him to life eternal  
 By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits  
 Of the holy harvest-field,  
 Which with all its full abundance  
 At His second coming yield:  
 Then the golden ears of harvest  
 Will their heads before Him wave,  
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
 From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!  
 Shed upon us heav'nly grace,  
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
 From the brightness of Thy face:  
 That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,  
 We on earth may fruitful be,  
 And by angel-hands be gathered,  
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Glory be to God on high;  
 Alleluia to the Saviour  
 Who has won the victory;  
 Alleluia to the Spirit,  
 Fount of love and sanctity;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 To the Triune Majesty.

# Eastertide

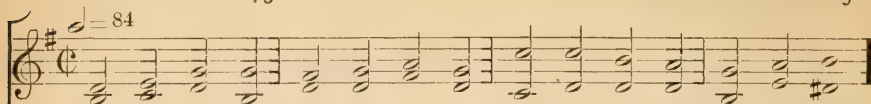
124

Sing, with all the sons of glory

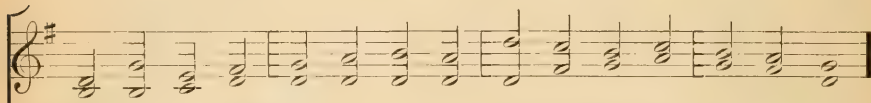
8.7.

REV. DR. IRONS. 1873

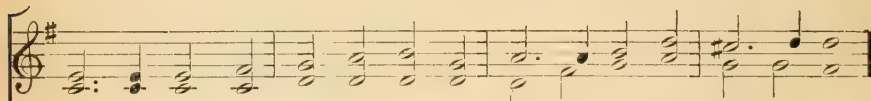
*Sponsa*  
S. NOTTINGHAM. 1885



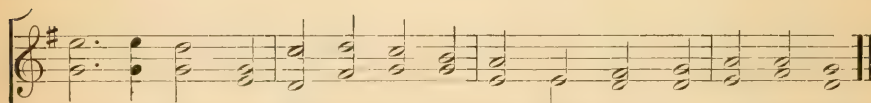
1. Sing, with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the re-sur-rec-tion-song!



Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the "for-mer days" be-long.



Ev-en now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,



And, in God's own like-ness wak-ing, Man shall know e-ter-nal peace.



2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding  
All that eye has yet perceived!  
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
Never that full joy conceived.  
God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
There on high our welcome waits;  
Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,  
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" Heav'n rejoices;  
Jesus lives Who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices;  
Child of God, lift up thy head.  
Patriarchs from distant ages,  
Saints all longing for their heaven,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
All await the glory given.

# Eastertide

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders  
 Crowd on faith — what joy unknown,  
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
 Saints shall stand before the throne!  
 Oh! to enter that bright portal,  
 See that glowing firmament,  
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
 "Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

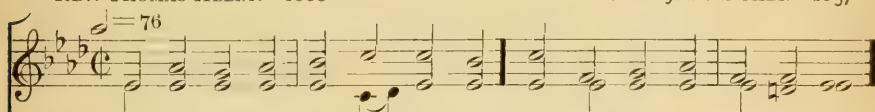
125

Hark! ten thousand voices sounding

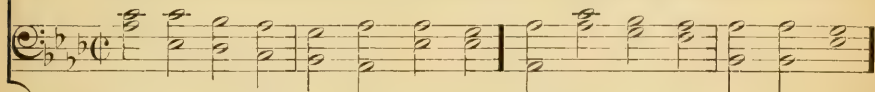
8.7.

REV. THOMAS KELLY. 1806

*Arundel*  
 REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. Hark! ten thousand voic - es sound-ing Far and wide throughout the sky;



'Tis the voice of joy a - bounding, Je - sus lives, no more to die!



2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,  
 Lives to claim His great reward;  
 Angels round the Victor hover,  
 Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected  
 Now becomes the Victor's seat;  
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected,  
 Angels worship at His feet!

4 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore Him,  
 All obey His sov'reign word;  
 Day and night they cry before Him,  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

*Also the following:*

243 On the resurrection morning.  
 366 To Him, Who for our sins was slain.  
 367 Jesus, our risen King.

368 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
 448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
 455 O God of God! O Light of Light!  
 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.



# Ascensiontide

126

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph

8.7.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

*Rex gloria*  
H. SMART. 1868

84

1. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in roy - al state,  
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'nly pal - ace gate!  
Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces . Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,  
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the tramp of jubilee ?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He hath gained the victory!  
He Who on the cross did suffer,  
He Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan;  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

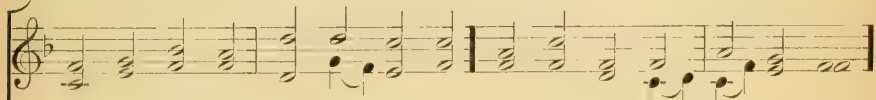
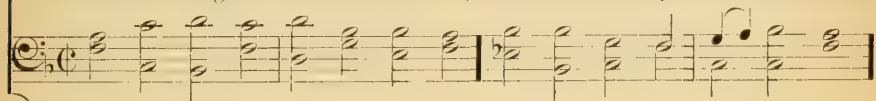
3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;  
He Who walked with God and pleas'd Him,  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated,  
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

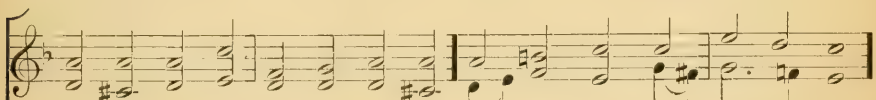
5 Thou hast raised our human nature  
On the clouds to God's right hand:  
There we sit in heav'nly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand.  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,  
We by faith behold our own.



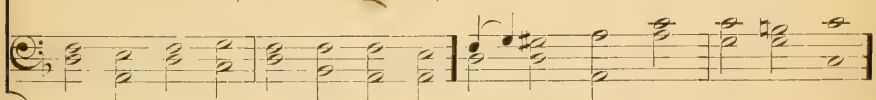
I. Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Past the blue sky's ut - most bound;



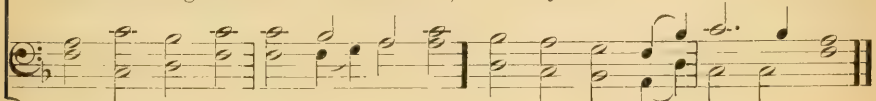
Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Clouds of an - gels close Him round.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia loud they cry:



Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Glo - ry be to God on high!



- 2 Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,  
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!  
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,  
On God's throne He lives again;  
Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,  
Claims the fruit of all His pain:  
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
- 3 Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,  
Cloven tongues of fire appear.  
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,  
Lo! the rushing wind is here!

- Mighty armies forth with banners  
Conquering and to conquer go:  
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,  
He shall reign o'er all below.
- 4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
All His foes before Him fall;  
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
He shall triumph over all.  
King of kings shall men behold Him,  
Lord of lords for evermore:  
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
Bow before Him, and adore!

# Ascensiontide

128

Hail the day that sees Him rise

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739

FIRST TUNE

*Ascension*  
W. H. MONK. 1860

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia.

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia.

Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia.

En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia.

# Ascensiontide

2 There for Him high triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
He hath conquer'd death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.

Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above;  
See! He shows the prints of love;  
Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His Church below.

Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heav'n its Lord receives,  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads,  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
He the first-fruits of our race.

Alleluia!

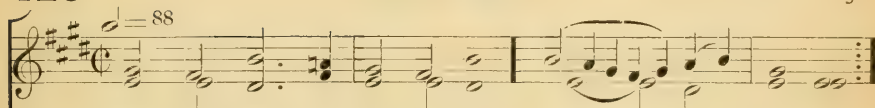
6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
Far above the starry height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee above the skies.

Alleluia!

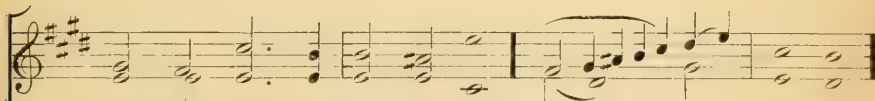
128

SECOND TUNE

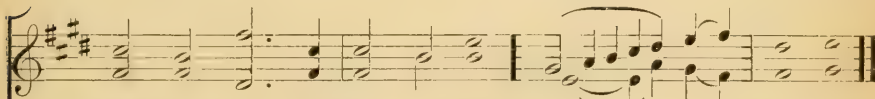
*St. Salvador*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1865



1. { Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - - le - lu - ia! }  
To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - - le - lu - ia! }



Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - - le - lu - ia!



En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - - le - lu - ia!

# Ascensiontide

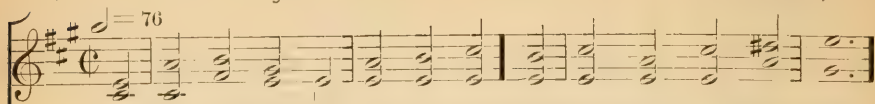
129

The eternal gates lift up their heads

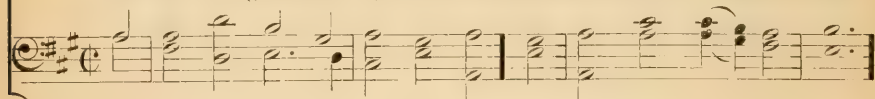
C. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

*St. Magnus*  
J. CLARK. 1700



1. Th' e-ter-nal gates lift up their heads, The doors are o-pen'd wide;



The King of glo-ry is gone up Un-to His Fa-ther's side.



- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepar'd a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies;  
A light still breaks behind the clouds  
That veil Thee from our eyes.

- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,  
And let Thy grace be given,  
That while we linger yet below,  
Our hearts may be in heaven;
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore with Thee.

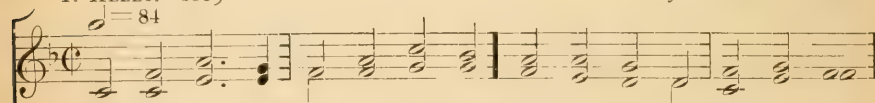
130

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious

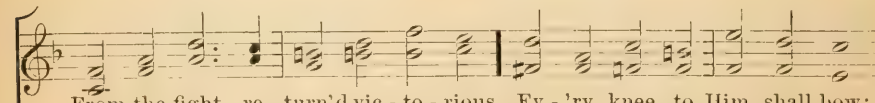
8.7.8.7.4.7.

T. KELLY. 1809

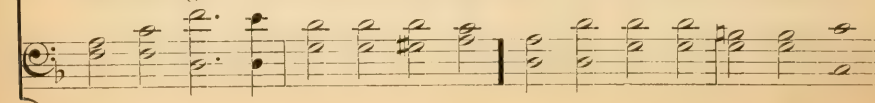
\* *Kensington (new)*  
J. TILLEARD. 1860



1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;



From the fight re-turn'd vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;





# Ascensiontide

*rall.*

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings;  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,

- Own His title, praise His name:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

## 131 O Saviour, Who for man hast trod L. M.

C. COFFIN. 1736

"Opus peregristi tuum."

*Isley*  
J. BISHOP. 1702

69

1. O Sav-iour, Who for man hast trod The wine press of the wrath of God,

- As-cend, and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us to die.

- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet;  
Ten thousand thousands round Thee  
sing,  
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:  
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"  
O God and Man! the Father's throne  
Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd,  
Within the veil art entered now, [Thou

- To offer there Thy precious blood  
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen  
bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Through all her members draws from  
Her hidden life of sanctity. [Thee
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heav'n-ward bear;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign.

# Ascensiontide

132

Our Lord is risen from the dead

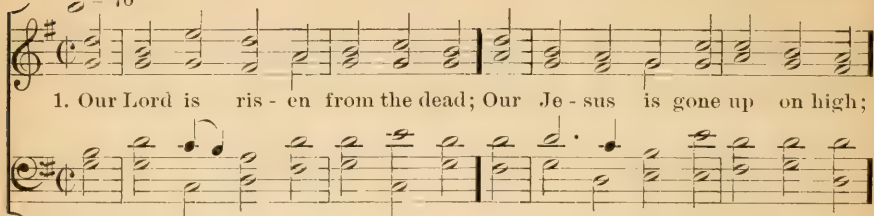
L. M.

C. WESLEY. 1740

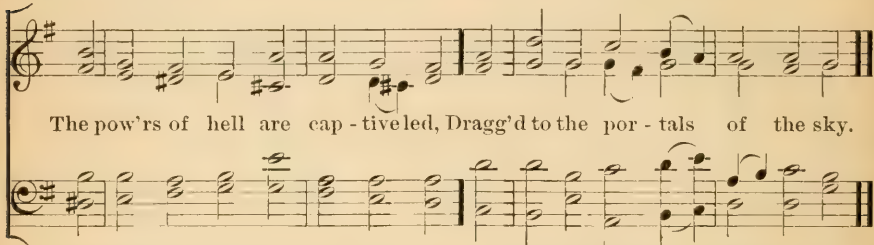
*Cologne*

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1850

$\text{♩} = 76$



The pow'rs of hell are cap - tived, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.



- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene:  
He claims those mansions as His right;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:

- "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
The Lord, of boundless pow'r possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, forever blest.

*Also the following :*

- 367 Jesus, our risen King.
- 370 Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.
- 371 Christ, above all glory seated.
- 372 The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.
- 373 Thou art gone up on high
- 374 Crown Him with many crowns.
- 450 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
- 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
- 545 Golden harps are sounding.

# Whitsuntide

133

Hear us, Thou that broodedst

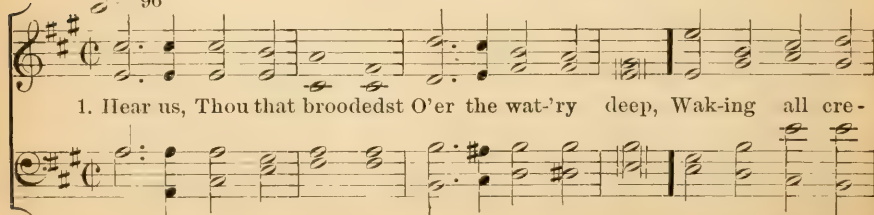
6.5.

REV. G. THRING. 1873

*Hermas*

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871

$\text{♩} = 96$



# Whitsuntide

a - tion From its pri - mal sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it, breath - ing

Breath of life di - vine, Breathe in - to our spir - its, Blending them with

Thine. Light and Life im - mor - tal! Hear us as we raise

Hearts, as well as voic - es, Ming - ling pray'r and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth  
 In a cloudless sky,  
 May we feel Thy presence,  
 Holy Spirit, nigh;  
 Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
 Keep it cloudless still,  
 Through the day before us,  
 Perfecting Thy will.  
 Light and Life immortal! etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest  
 In the noontide heat,  
 Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
 To our Saviour's feet;  
 There to find a refuge  
 Till our work is done,  
 There to fight the battle,  
 Till the battle's won.  
 Light and Life immortal! etc.

4 If the day be falling  
 Sadly as it goes,  
 Slowly in its sadness  
 Sinking to its close,  
 May Thy love in mercy,  
 Kindling, ere it die,  
 Cast a ray of glory  
 O'er our evening sky.  
 Light and Life immortal! etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
 Whensoever it be,  
 Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
 Quick'ning life in Thee:  
 Life, that gives us, living,  
 Life of heav'nly love,  
 Life, that brings us, dying,  
 Life from heav'n above.  
 Light and Life immortal! etc.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1872

*Comforter*  
ARTHUR E. CROOK. 1889

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. To Thee, O Com - fort - er di - vine, For

all Thy grace and pow'r be - nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

- 2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place  
In God's great covenant of grace,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win  
The wand'ring from the ways of sin,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Thee, Whose faithful pow'r doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown  
By ev'ry promise made our own,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,  
Our faithful Leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,  
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,  
And God the Father ever One,  
Sing we Alleluia!

G. RAWSON. 1854

*Lux Vespera*  
G. W. WHITE. 1880

♩ - 80

1. Come to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

Ho - ly Ghost the in - fi - nite, Com - fort - er di - vine.

- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;  
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;  
Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter divine.
- 3 Orphan are our souls and poor;  
Give us from Thy heav'nly store  
Faith, love, joy for evermore,  
Comforter divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
Make Thy temple in each breast;  
There Thy presence be confest  
Comforter divine.
- 6 With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter divine.
- 7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;  
Earnest of the bliss on high;  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.
- 8 Search for us the depths of God;  
Upwards, by the starry road,  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter divine.



ANON: 1774

FIRST TUNE

♩ = 80

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love,

Oh, shed Thine in - fluence from a - bove;

And still from age to age con - vey . .

3d Stanza.

prove;

The won - ders of this sa - cred day.

Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love.

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung:  
Let all the list'ning earth be taught  
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heav'nly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;  
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

136

SECOND TUNE

*Cantionale*  
GERMAN. 1651

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, Oh,

shed Thine in - fluence from a - bove; And still from age to

age con - vey The won - ders of this sa - cred day.

*Also the following :*

289 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.  
375 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.  
376 Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.  
379 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
380 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.  
381 Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.  
382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
524 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

# Trinity Sunday

137

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord

L. M.

REV. J. W. EASTBURN. 1810

St. Gregory  
GERMAN. 1698

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,  
For ev-er be Thy Name ador'd, Thy glo-ries let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstacy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our ev'ry thought, our ev'ry song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

138

O God of life, Whose power benign

8s.

REV. A. T. RUSSELL. 1848

Newport  
W. H. LONGHURST. 1866

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O God of life, Whose pow'r be-nign Doth o'er the world in  
mer-cy shine, Ac-cept our praise, for we are Thine.

# Trinity Sunday

2 O Father, uncreated Lord,  
Be Thou in ev'ry land adored,  
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care  
Doth us for heav'nly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy, Blessed Trinity,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;  
In us, O God, exalted be.

139

Father of all, Whose love profound

L. M.

REV. E. COOPER. 1805

*St. Lawrence*  
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

— 69

1. Fa - ther of all, Whose love pro - found A

ran - som for our souls hath found, Be - fore Thy throne we

sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'n-ing love ex - tend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

# Trinity Sunday

140

Hark! the loud celestial hymn

7.8.7.8.7.7.

*Tribute*

C. A. WALWORTH

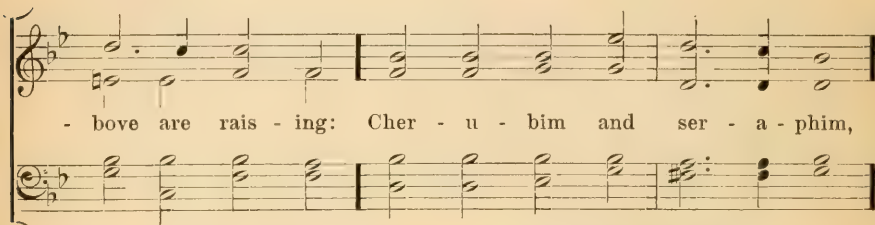
FIRST TUNE

E. J. HOPKINS. 1872

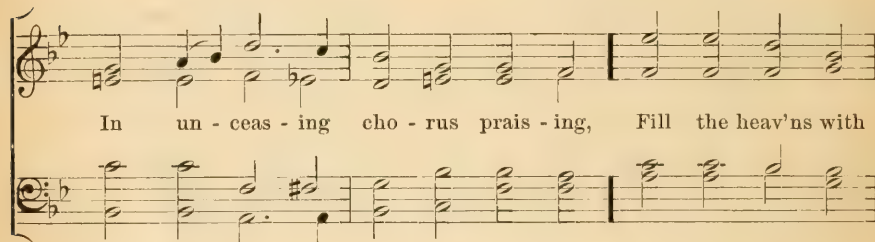
84



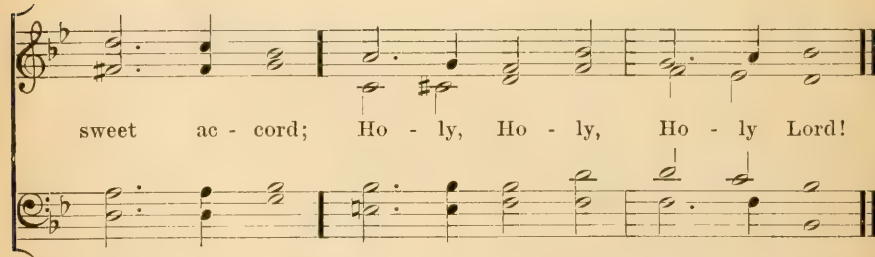
1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -



- bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,



In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with



sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!

## 2 Lo! the apostolic train

Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!  
Prophets swell the loud refrain,  
And the white-robed martyrs follow;  
And from morn to set of sun,  
Through the Church the song goes on.

## 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,

Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;  
While in essence only One,  
Undivided God, we claim Thee;  
And, adoring, bend the knee,  
While we own the mystery.



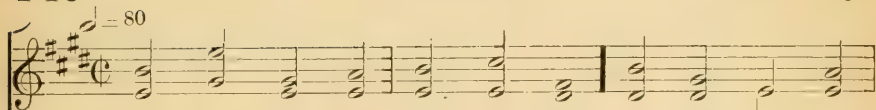
# Trinity Sunday


4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,  
By a thousand snares surrounded:  
Keep us without sin to-day,  
Never let us be confounded.  
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;  
Never, Lord, abandon me.

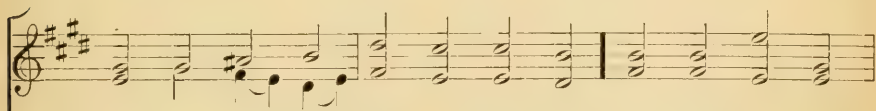
140


SECOND TUNE

*Incarnation*  
H. SMART. 1875

  
1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -

  
- bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,

  
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with

  
sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!

# Trinity Sunday

141

We give immortal praise

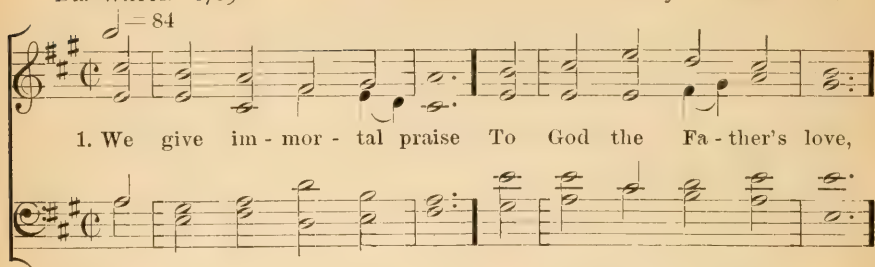
6.6.6.6.8.8.

*St. Godric*

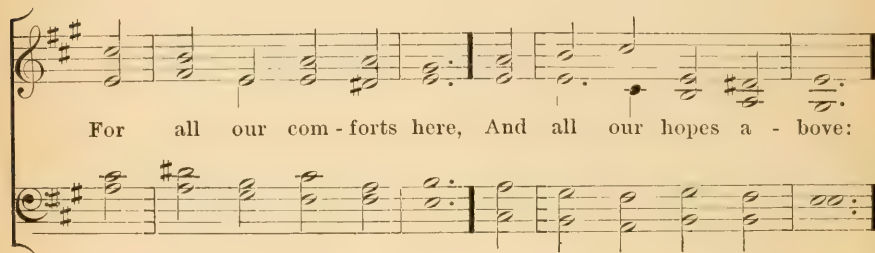
DR. WATTS. 1709

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

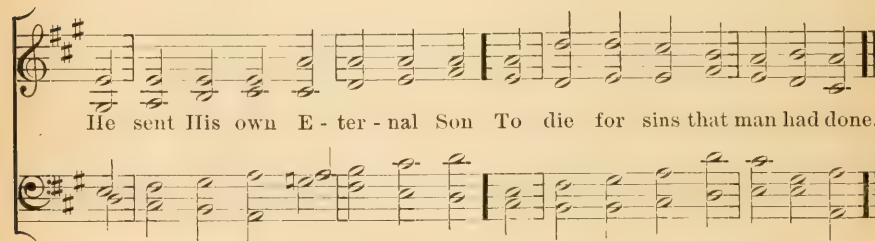
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love,



For all our com - forts here, And all our hopes a - bove:



He sent His own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs

Immortal glory too,

Who saved us by His blood

From everlasting woe:

And now He lives, and now He reigns,

And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise

And endless worship give,

Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:

His work completes the great design,

And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee

Be endless honors done;

The sacred Persons Three,

The Godhead only One;

Where reason fails with all her powers,

There faith prevails, and love adores.

# Trinity Sunday

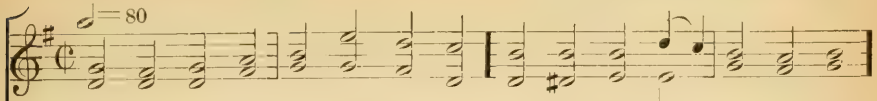
142

Sound aloud Jehovah's praises 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

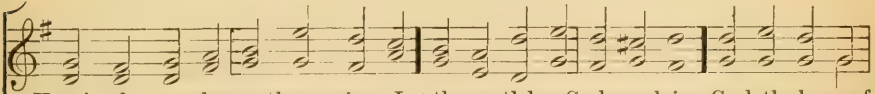
*Fides*

REV. H. A. MARTIN. 1870

REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1874



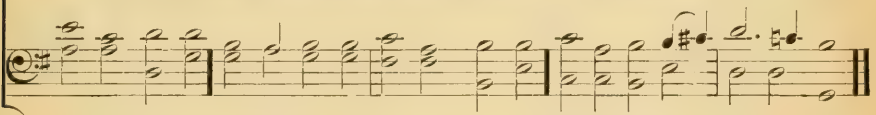
1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's prais-es, Tell a-broad the aw - ful Name;



Heav'n the ceaseless anthem raises, Let the earth her God proclaim: God, the hope of



ev - 'ry nation, God, the source of con-so - la-tion, Ho-ly, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!



2 This the Name from ancient ages  
Hidden in its dazzling light;  
This the Name that kings and sages  
Pray'd and strove to know aright,  
Through God's wondrous Incarnation  
Now reveal'd the world's salvation,  
Ever blessed Trinity!

3 Into this great Name and holy,  
We all tribes and tongues baptize;  
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,  
Homeward, heav'nward, bids them  
Gathers them from every nation, [rise;  
Bids them join in adoration  
Of the blessed Trinity!

4 In this Name the heart rejoices,  
Pouring forth its secret prayer:  
In this Name we lift our voices,  
And our common faith declare;  
Off'ring humble supplication,  
Thanks, and praise, and veneration  
To the blessed Trinity!

5 Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One,  
Praise from all in earth and heaven  
Unto Thee be ever given  
Holy, blessed Trinity!

*'Also the following:*

383 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.  
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.  
385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

386 Holy Father, great Creator.  
388 Come, Thou Almighty King.  
389 Three in One, and One in Three.  
546 Great Creator, Lord of all.  
617 Glory be to God the Father.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. ANDREW

143

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

8.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1853

*St. Andrew*

E. H. THORNE. 1885

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me;"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

## ST. THOMAS

144

O Thou, Who didst, with love untold

C. M.

MRS. TOKE. 1851

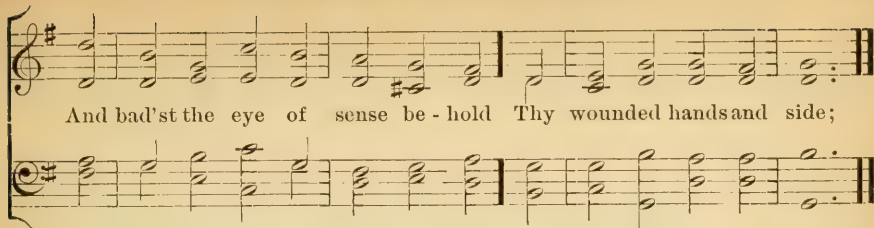
*Abbey*

SCOTCH. 1615

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Thou, Who didst, with love un - told, Thy doubting ser - vant chide,

# Other Feasts and Fasts



And bad'st the eye of sense be - hold Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,  
To own Thee God and Lord,  
And from this hour of darkness draw  
A fuller faith's reward.

3 And while that wondrous record now  
Of unbelief we hear,  
Oh, let us only lowlier bow  
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare  
Thy loving heart to grieve;  
But at the last their blessings share  
Who see not, yet believe!

*Also the following :*

426 We walk by faith, and not by sight.

## ST. STEPHEN

145

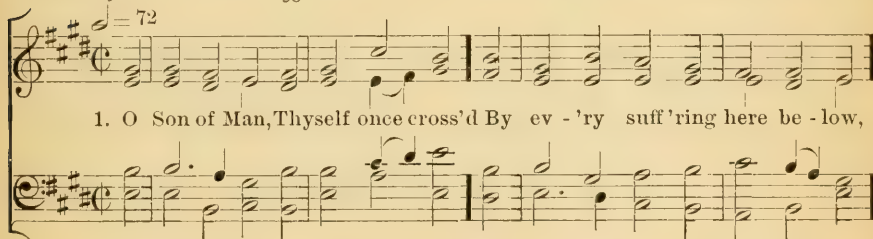
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed

L. M.

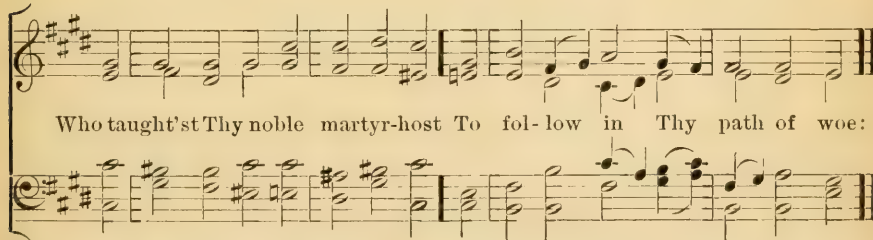
*Onward*

REV. J. F. THURPP. 1853

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1. O Son of Man, Thyself once cross'd By ev - 'ry suff'ring here be - low,



Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host To fol - low in Thy path of woe:

2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast  
Its light upon Thy champion's face,  
Revealing to his eyes at last  
The marvels of the holiest place:

3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand  
Beside the throne of God on high,  
To succor with Thy strong right hand  
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,  
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,  
That longs Thy face in heav'n to seek,  
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,  
Which asks forgiveness for our foes;  
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,  
And, dying, finds in Thee repose.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

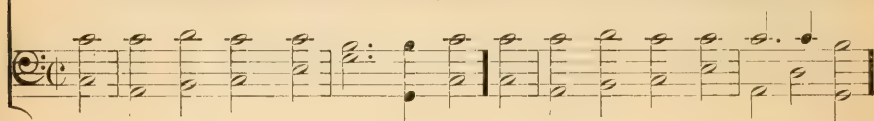
146 O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace **L. M.**

BISHOP HERBER. 1825

*Redhead 4*  
R. REDHEAD. 1850



1. O Thou, Who gav'st Thy ser - vant grace On Thee the liv - ing Rock to rest,



To look on Thine un - veil - ed face, And lean on Thy pro - tect - ing breast;



2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still	3 And when the toils of life are done,
To feel Thy presence from above,	And nature waits Thy just decree,
And in Thy word and in Thy will	To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;	And look in certain hope to Thee.

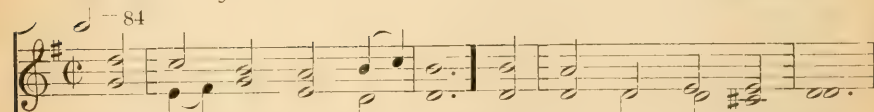
4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,  
Whom as their King the saints adore,  
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,  
Be laud and glory evermore.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS

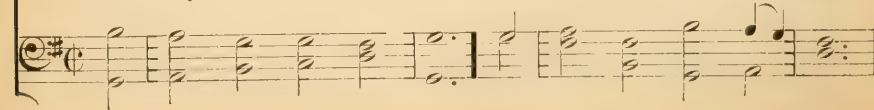
147 Glory to Thee, O Lord **S. M.**

MRS. TOKE. 1852

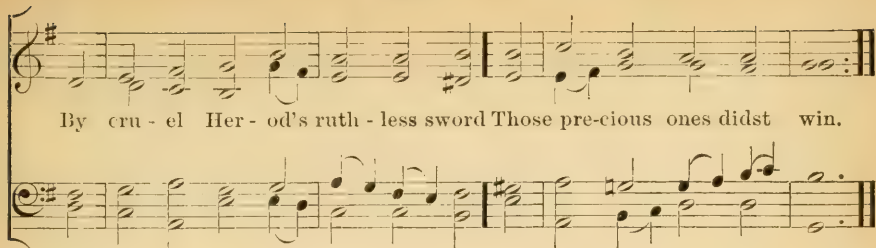
*St Ethelwald*  
W. H. MONK. 1860



1. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who, from this world of sin,



# Other Feasts and Fasts



By cru - el Her - od's ruth - less sword Those pre - cious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They passed unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to Thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reached the quiet land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin  
We shrank not from Thy sight.

5 Lord, help us ev'ry hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
In life to glorify Thy power,  
In death to praise Thy Name.

## THE CIRCUMCISION

148

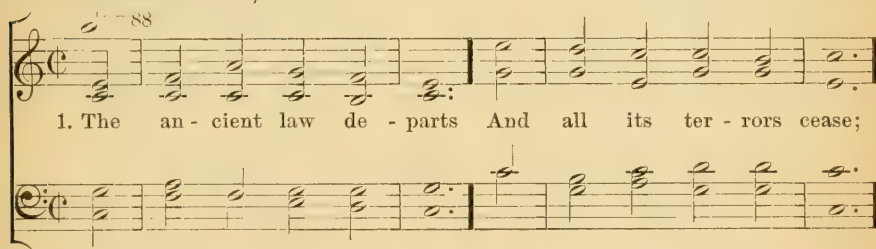
The ancient law departs

S. M.

"Debilis cessent elementa legis."

ABBE BESNAULT. 1720

*St. George*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860



1. The an - cient law de - parts And all its ter - rors cease;



For Je - sus makes with faith - ful hearts A co - ve - nant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,  
True Brightness undefiled,  
He bears for us the shame of sin,  
A holy spotless child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,  
At which we bend the knee;  
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!  
Our Jesus deign to be.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

149

Jesus! Name of wondrous love

7s.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1854

*Redhead* 45  
R. REDHEAD. 1850

*88*

1. Je - sus! Name of won-drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

- 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:  
To the maiden mother told,  
Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.

- 5 Jesus! only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human Name of God above;  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

*Also the following :*

- 321 To the Name of our salvation.
- 322 Conquering kings their titles take.

## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

150

We sing the glorious conquest

7.6.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

*Munich*  
GERMAN. 1711

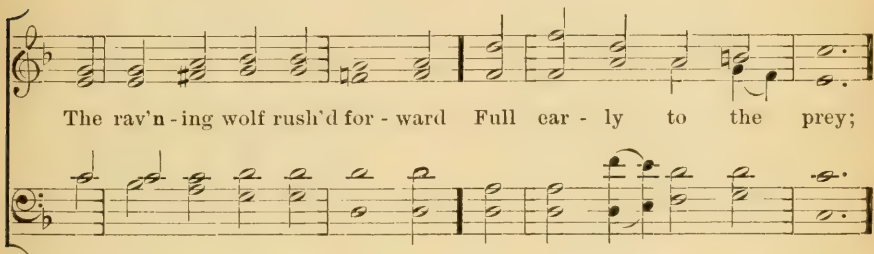
*92*

1. We sing the glo - rious con - quest Be - fore Da - mas - cus gate,

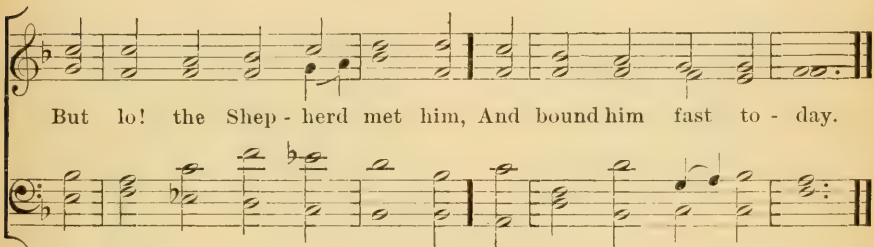
# Other Feasts and Fasts



When Saul, the Church's spoil - er, Came breathing threats and hate;



The rav'n - ing wolf rush'd for - ward Full ear - ly to the prey;



But lo! the Shep - herd met him, And bound him fast to - day.

2 Oh, glory most excelling  
That smote across his path!  
Oh, light that pierced and blinded  
The zealot in his wrath!  
Oh, voice that spake within him  
The calm, reproving word!  
Oh, love that sought and held him  
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ord'ring all things  
In order strong and sweet,  
What nobler spoil was ever  
Cast at the Victor's feet?  
What wiser master-builder  
E'er wrought at Thine employ  
Than he, till now so furious  
Thy building to destroy?

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,  
Still in her darkest hour  
Of weakness and of danger,  
To trust Thy hidden power:  
Thy grace by ways mysterious  
The wrath of man can bind,  
And in Thy boldest foeman  
Thy chosen saint can find.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## THE PURIFICATION

151

In His temple now behold Him

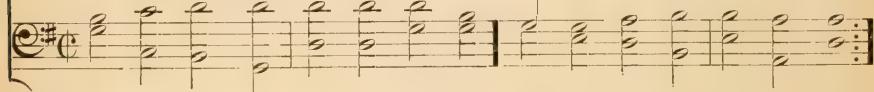
8.7.

REV. H. J. PYE. 1851

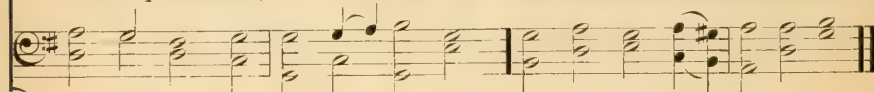
*Simeon*  
H. E. DIBDIN. 1843



1. { In His tem-ple now be-hold Him; See the long ex-pect-ed Lord! }  
{ An-cient pro-phets had fore-told Him; God hath now ful-fill'd His word. }



Now to praise Him, His re-deem-ed Shall break forth with one ac-cord.



2 In the arms of her who bore Him,  
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,  
While His aged saints adore Him,  
Ere in perfect faith they die:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,  
Thou, Who didst for us endure,  
Make us see Thy great salvation,

Seal us with Thy promise sure;  
And present us in Thy glory  
To Thy Father cleans'd and pure.

4 Prince and author of salvation,  
Be Thy boundless love our theme!  
Jesus, praise to Thee be given  
By the world Thou didst redeem,  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
Lord of majesty supreme!

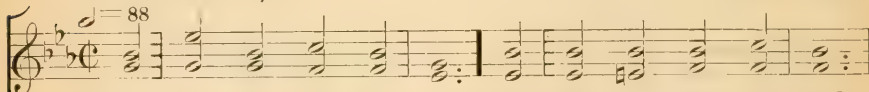
152

Rejoice ye sons of men

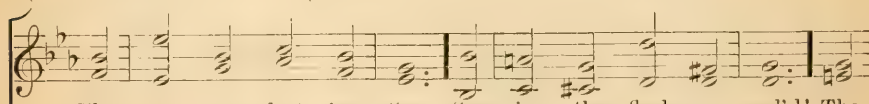
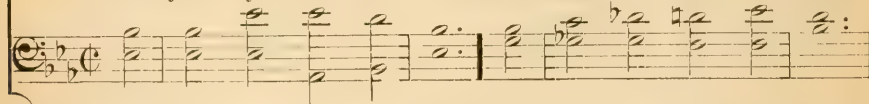
6.6.6.6.8.8.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1871

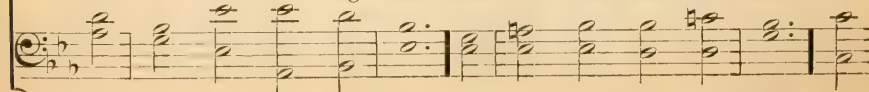
*Anna*  
T. MORLEY. 1880



1. Re-joice ye sons of men! Your bright-est prais-es yield!

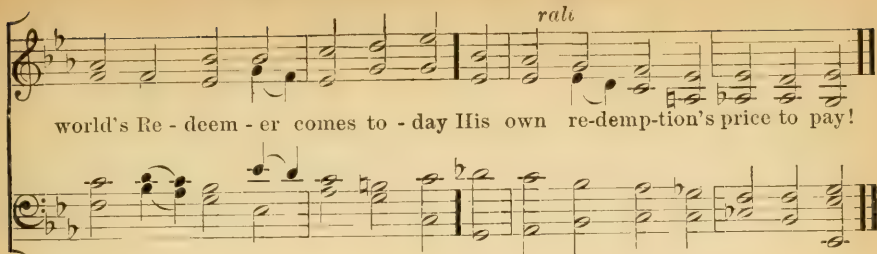


The ev-er-last-ing Son See in the flesh re-veal'd! The





# Other Feasts and Fasts



2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms  
The holy burden bear;  
He sees with raptured eye  
His true salvation there.  
The weary waiting now is past:  
The long-expected comes at last.

3 The aged saint's embrace  
The blessed mother saw.  
And on his words so strange  
She mused with silent awe.  
What conflict for her child is stored?  
And what for her this piercing sword?

4 O Saviour, in Thy courts  
We all our sins confess:  
But Thou didst once for us  
Fulfill all righteousness.  
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be  
Presented pure and clean in Thee!

5 And when, O God made Man,  
Upon our waiting eye,  
In glorious might revealed,  
Salvation draweth nigh;  
In that great day Thy servants bless,  
And be "the Lord our Righteousness"!

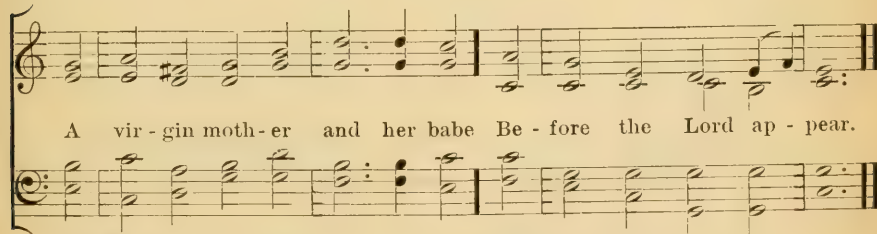
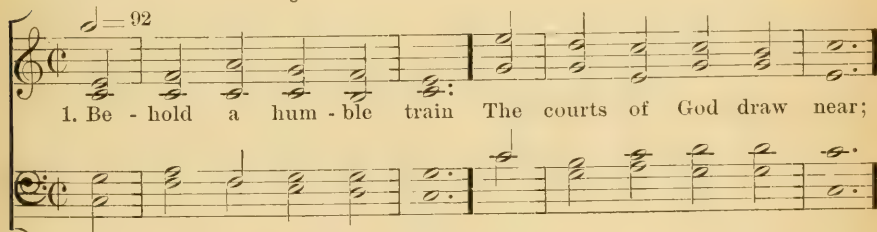
153

## Behold a humble train

S. M.

REV. E. HARLAND. 1863

St. George  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860



2 O wondrous, blessed sight!  
To faithful eyes made known,  
That lowly babe—the mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines  
With glory far more bright  
Than e'er the former temple saw,  
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,  
The symbol of the Lord;  
But here the Lord Himself appears,  
The true, incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more  
With pow'r and grace divine;  
Our hearts Thy living temples make,  
Wholly and ever Thine.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

154

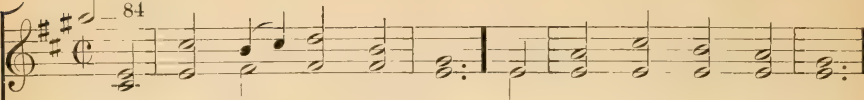
Hail to the Lord Who comes

6s.


REV. J. ELLERTON. 1880

*St. Veronica*  
DR. CHAMPNEYS. 1880

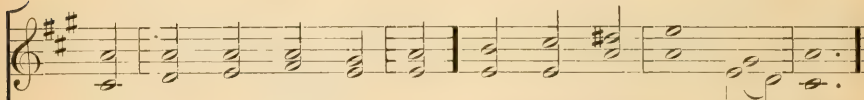
84



1. Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His tem - ple gate;



Not with His an - gel host, Not in His king - ly state;



No shouts pro - claim Him nigh, No crowds His com - ing wait;

2 But, borne upon the throne  
Of Mary's gentle breast,  
Watched by her duteous love,  
In her fond arms at rest:  
Thus to His Father's house  
He comes, the heavn'ly guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born  
Whose ransom-price they pay!  
The Son, before all worlds;  
The Child of man, to-day;  
That He might ransom us  
Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth.  
Thy children wait for Thee!  
Come to Thy temples here,  
That we, from sin set free,  
Before Thy Father's face  
May all presented be!

*Also the following :*

63 Within the Father's house.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. MATTHIAS

155

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom

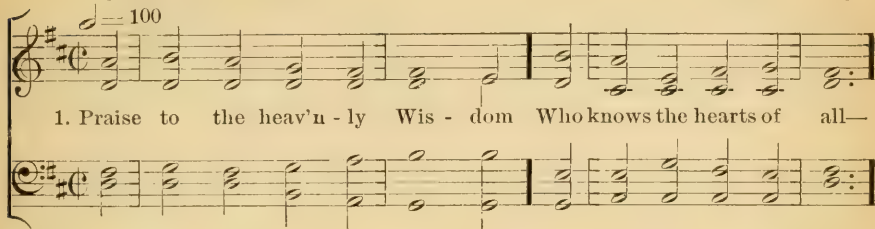
7.6.

*Voice*

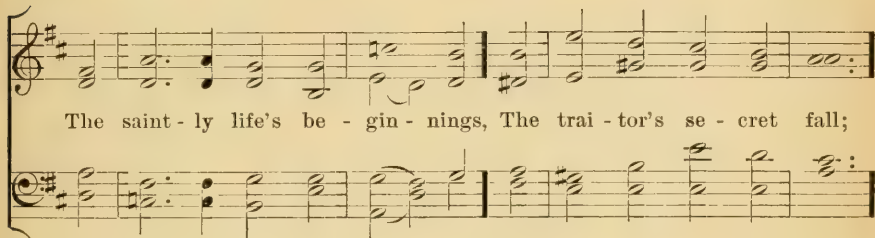
REV J. ELLERTON. 1888

J. BARNBY. 1885

100



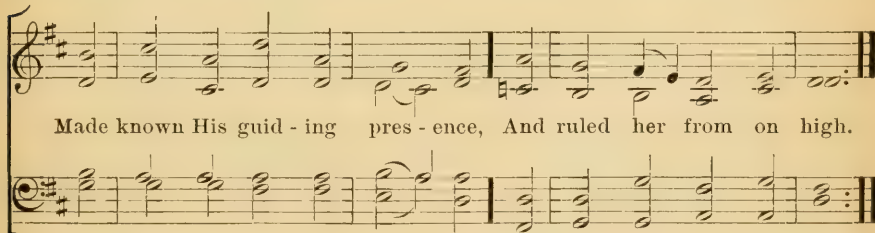
1. Praise to the heav'n - ly Wis - dom Who knows the hearts of all—



The saint - ly life's be - gin - nings, The trai - tor's se - cret fall;



Our own as - cend - ed Mas - ter, Who heard His Church's cry,



Made known His guid - ing pres - ence, And ruled her from on high.

2 Elect in His foreknowledge  
To fill the lost one's place;  
He formed His chosen vessel  
By hidden gifts of grace;  
Then, by the lot's disposing,  
He lifted up the poor,  
And set him with the Princes  
On high for evermore.

3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd;  
Her losses still renew;  
Be Thy dread keys entrusted  
To faithful hands and true;  
Apostles of Thy choosing  
May all her rulers be,  
That each with joy may render  
His last account to Thee!

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## THE ANNUNCIATION

156

The angel sped on wings of light

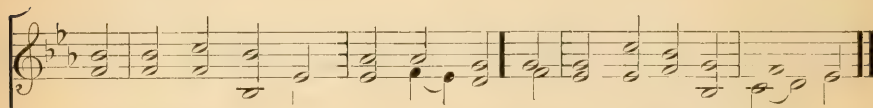
8.7.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

*Aberdeen*  
REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK. 1870



1. The an - gel sped on wings of light, With wondrous tid - ings la - den;



He came from heav'n's uncloud - ed height To greet a low - ly maid - en:



- 2 For God upon her low estate  
Had looked with royal favor;  
And all earth's kindreds celebrate  
The mighty gift He gave her.
- 3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her womb  
Should spring the Uncreated,  
The great and holy One, for Whom  
The world so long had waited.

- 4 O Son divine! we fain would trace  
Thy mother's steps so lowly,  
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,  
Her life so calm and holy.
- 5 But lo! as all too near we press,  
A veil the scene enfoldeth!  
No tongue may sing its loveliness,  
No eye its peace beholdeth!

6 And as we read with kindling eye  
This day's all-gracious story,  
The blessed mother passeth by,  
And Thine is all the glory!

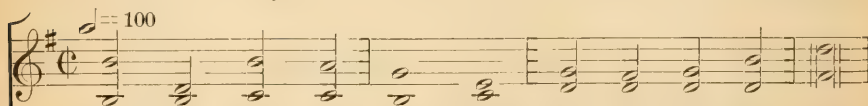
157

Now, the blessed Dayspring

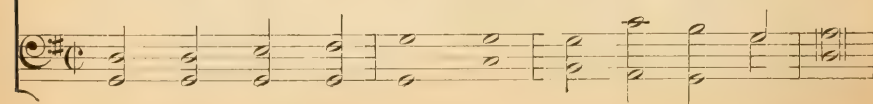
6.5.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1890

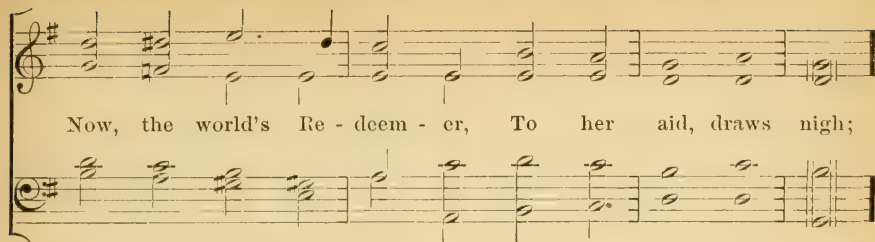
*David*  
T. MORLEY



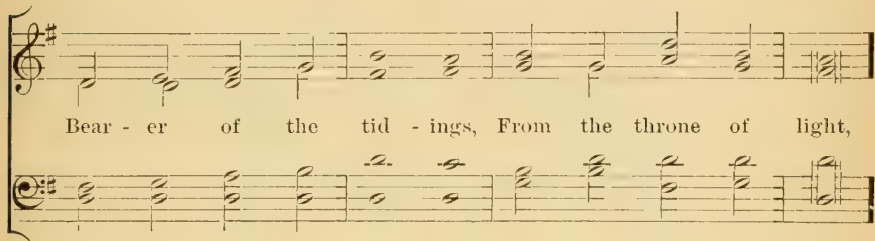
1. Now, the bless - ed Day - spring Com - eth from on high;



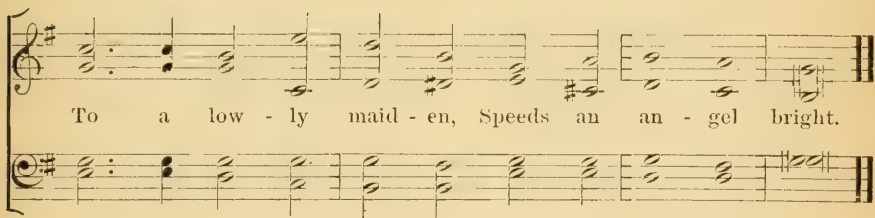
# Other Feasts and Fasts



Now, the world's Re - deem - er, To her aid, draws nigh;



Bear - er of the tid - ings, From the throne of light,



To a low - ly maid - en, Speeds an an - gel bright.

2 In the chosen daughter,  
Of King David's line,  
God fulfills the promise  
Of King Ahaz' sign:  
Gabriel hath spoken;  
Mary hath believed;  
And, behold a virgin  
Hath a Son conceived.

3 Though He take our nature,  
Linked to low estate,  
Though He stoop to suffer,  
Yet shall He be great;  
Though His crown and sceptre  
Be of thorn and reed,  
His shall be the kingdom  
Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles  
Bending at His throne;  
Glory of His people,  
When His sway they own;  
He shall reign forever,  
King of kings, confessed,  
And all tribes and kindreds  
Shall, in Him, be blest.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

158

Praise we the Lord this day

S. M.

ANON. 1846

*St. George*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,

Whose promise shone with cheer-ing ray On wait-ing saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign  
For faithful men to read;  
A virgin born of David's line,  
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,  
But worship and adore,  
Like her whom heaven's majesty  
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head  
To hear the gracious word,  
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
The favored of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name  
In all the Church on earth,  
Through whom that wondrous mercy  
Th' incarnate Saviour's birth. [came,

## ST. MARK

159

We praise Thy grace, O Saviour

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

*Köcher*  
J. H. KNECHT. 1800

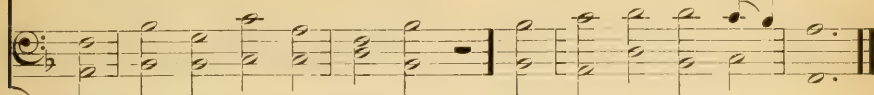
$\text{♩} = 92$

1. We praise Thy grace, O Sav-iour, That bear-eth with us long,

## Other Feasts and Fasts



And ev - er out of weak-ness Thy ser-vants mak-eth strong.



2 The saint, who left his comrades,  
And turned back from the fight,  
Behold at last victorious  
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,  
Once more to front the host:  
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,  
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Saint Mark, hath numbered  
Among the blessed Four,

And all the world rejoiceth  
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness  
With pitying eye behold;  
Uplift the fainting spirit,  
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesu, glorious Victor  
O'er all the hosts of sin,  
In us Thy strength make perfect,  
In us the vict'ry win.

## ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES

160

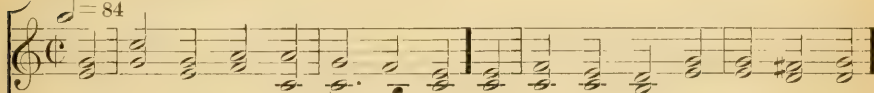
There is one way, and only one

L. M.

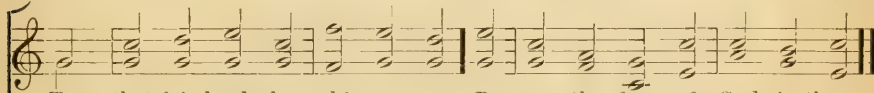
Winchester New  
GERMAN. 1690

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1875

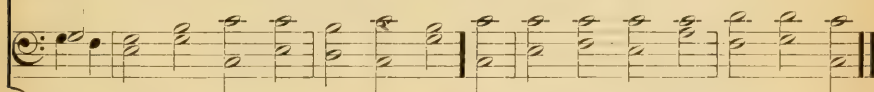
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,



To that fair land where shines no sun Because the face of God is there.



2 There is one truth, the truth of God,  
That Christ came down from heav'n to  
show,  
One life that His redeeming blood  
Has won for all His saints below.

3 The lore, from Philip once concealed,  
To us is fully known in Christ;  
In Him the Father is revealed,  
And all our longing is sufficed.

4 And still unwav'ring faith holds sure  
The words that James wrote sternly  
down;  
Except we labor and endure,  
We cannot win the heav'nly crown.

5 O Way divine, through gloom and strife,  
Bring us Thy Father's face to see;  
O heav'nly Truth, O precious Life,  
At last, at last, to rest in Thee.

Also the following:

424 O Light whose beams illumine all.  
425 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. BARNABAS

161 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation 11.10.11.10.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

- M. L. BRADSHAW. 1877

*♩ = 100*

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves. The tempo is marked as 100 beats per minute.

1. O Son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by  
suff - 'ring school'd to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy  
sons of con - so - lation, Who fol - low in the steps of Thee their chief.

- 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conqu'ring host;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors  
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;
- 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
And wins the sundered to be one again;
- 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.
- 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;  
He whose new name, through ev'ry Christian nation,  
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.
- 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in mem'ry keeping,  
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"  
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

162

## The son of Consolation

7.6.

MRS. COOTE. 1871

*Depono*  
J. B. CALKIN 1867

96



1. The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priest - ly line,  
Fill'd with the Ho - ly Spir - it And fer - vent faith di - vine,  
With low - ly self ob - la - tion, For Christ an off - 'ring meet,  
He laid his earth - ly rich - es At the A - pos - tles' feet.

2 The son of Consolation!  
Oh, name of soothing balm!  
It fell on sick and weary  
Like breath of heav'n's own calm!  
And the blest son of comfort,  
With fearless, loving hand,  
The Gentiles' great Apostle  
Led to the faithful band.

3 The son of Consolation!  
Drawn near unto his Lord,  
He won the martyr's glory,  
And passed to his reward.  
With him is faith now ended,  
For ever lost in sight,  
But love, made perfect, fills him  
With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The son of Consolation!  
Lord, hear our humble prayer  
That each of us Thy children  
Such blessed name may bear!  
That we, sweet comfort shedding  
O'er homes of pain and woe,  
Midst sickness and in prisons,  
May seek Thee here below.

5 The sons of Consolation!  
Oh, what their bliss will be,  
When Christ the King shall tell them  
"Ye did it unto Me!"  
The merciful and loving  
The Lord of life shall own,  
And as His priceless jewels  
Shall set them round His throne.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

163

The heavenly King must come

S. M.

*St Michael*

ENGLISH. 1562

REV. H. A. MARTIN. 1871

♩ = 88

1. The heav - 'nly King must come His de - sert realm to see;

Must leave His own e - ter - nal home, And all His ma - jes - ty.

- 2 And lo! before Him sent  
His herald, who must cry  
And never spare, "Repent, repent!  
Your King, your God, is nigh!"
- 3 He, when his work is done,  
Must see his light decay,  
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,  
The glorious King of day.
- 4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,  
Whose messenger he came,

- Baptize us all, most holy One,  
In Thy refining flame.
- 5 Give us Thy grace, that we  
All evil may forsake,  
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,  
The lowest place may take.
- 6 So, when Thou com'st again,  
Thy realm redeemed to see,  
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men  
A way made straight for Thee.

## ST. PETER

164

Thou art the Christ, O Lord

6.6.6.6.8.8.

*Anna*

T. MORLEY. 1880

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

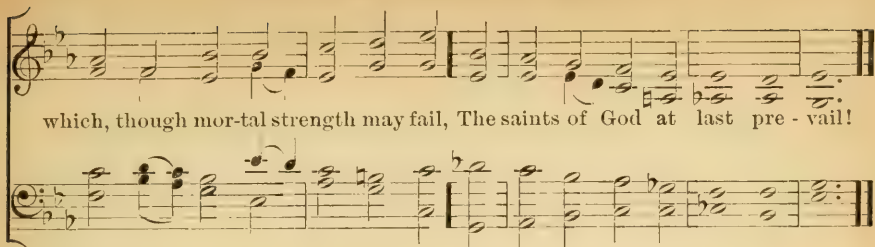
♩ = 88

1. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord, The Son of God most high!" For

- ev - er be a - dored That Name in earth and sky, In



# Other Feasts and Fasts



which, though mor-tal strength may fail, The saints of God at last pre - vail!

- 2 Oh, surely he was blest  
With blessedness unpriced,  
Who, taught of God, confessed  
The Godhead in the Christ!  
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own  
Thy saint a true foundation-stone.
- 3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!  
The bitter lesson learnt,  
That heart for Thee, O Lord,

- With triple ardor burnt.  
The cross he took, he laid not down  
Until he grasped the martyr's crown.
- 4 Oh bright triumphant faith!  
Oh courage void of fears!  
Oh love, most strong in death!  
Oh penitential tears!  
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,  
And make us go where Thou shalt call.

## ST. JAMES

165 For all Thy saints, a noble throng

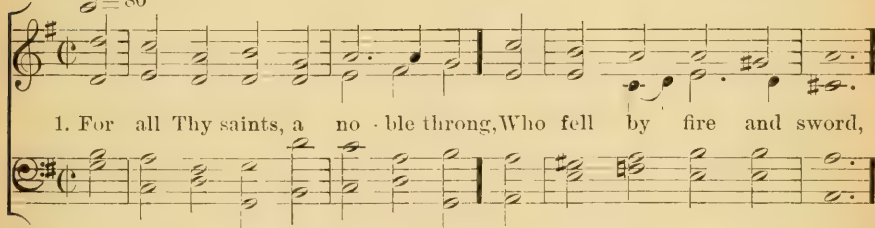
C. M.

*Bristol*

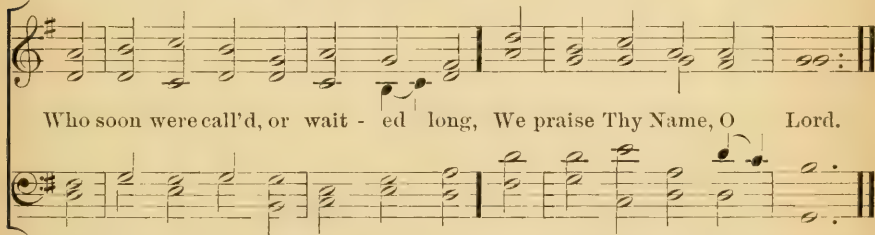
ENGLISH. 1621

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1875

$\text{♩} = 80$



1. For all Thy saints, a no - ble throng, Who fell by fire and sword,



Who soon were call'd, or wait - ed long, We praise Thy Name, O Lord.

- 2 For him who left his father's side,  
Nor lingered by the shore,  
When, softer than the welt'ring tide,  
Thy summons glided o'er;
- 3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,  
Who climbed the mount with Thee,  
And saw the glory round Thy head,  
One of Thy chosen three;
- 4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
- And passed from Herod's flashing blade  
To see Thy face again.
- 5 Lord, give us grace, and give us love,  
Like him to leave behind  
Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
With true and earnest mind.
- 6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So, meek and firm be found,  
When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crowned.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## THE TRANSFIGURATION

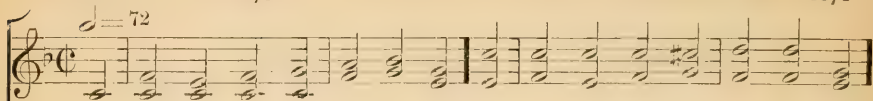
166

Lord, it is good for us to be

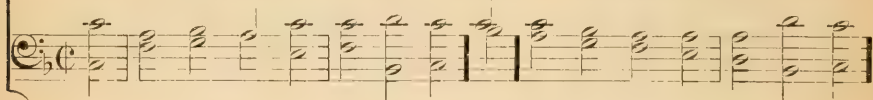
8s.

DEAN STANLEY. 1870

*Hayes*  
From BEETHOVEN. 1870



1. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the mountain here with Thee;



Where stand reveal'd to mor-tal gaze Those glorious saints of oth-er days;



Who once re-ceive'd on Ho-reb's height Th' eter-nal laws of truth and right;



Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.



2 Lord, it is good for us to be  
Entranced, enwrap'd, alone with Thee;  
And watch Thy glist'ring raiment glow  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine:  
Till we too change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be  
Here on the holy mount with Thee;  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heav'nly voice  
'That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,  
"This is My Son; Oh, hear ye Him!"

# Other Feasts and Fasts

167

O wondrous type! O vision fair

L. M.

SARUM. 1500

NEALE. *Tr.*

"Cœlestis formam gloriæ."

*Redhead 90*

R. REDHEAD. 1850

*76*

1. O wondrous type! O vision fair Of

glory that the Church shall share, Which Christ upon the

mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows!

- 2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above,  
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
By this great vision's mystery;  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of pray'r, the hymn of praise.
- 5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,  
And Holy Spirit ever One,  
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace  
To see Thy glory face to face.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW

168

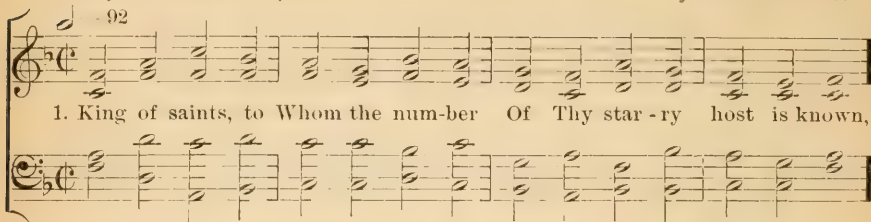
King of saints, to Whom the number

8.7.

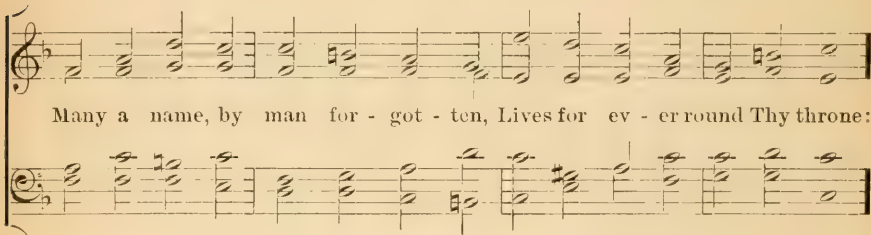
REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

*Iona*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1868

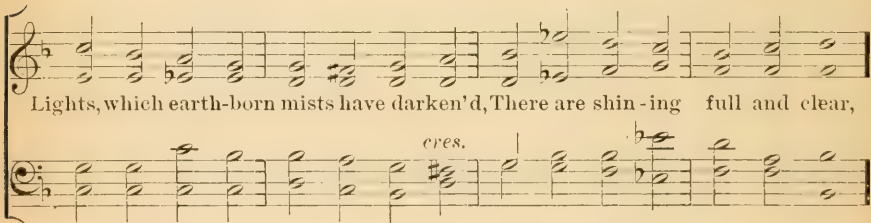
92



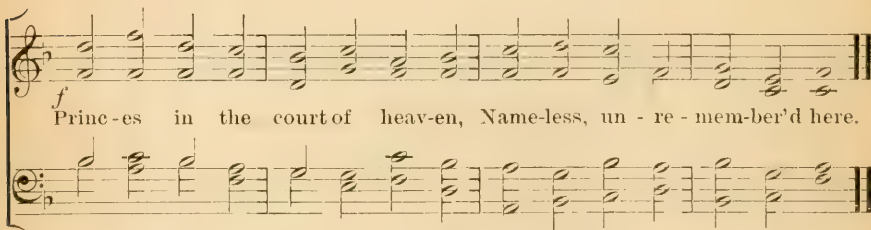
1. King of saints, to Whom the num-ber Of Thy star-ry host is known,



Many a name, by man for - got - ten, Lives for ev - er round Thy throne:



Lights, which earth-born mists have darken'd, There are shin - ing full and clear,



*f* Princ-es in the court of heav-en, Name-less, un - re - mem-ber'd here.

2 In the roll of Thine apostles  
One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due:  
How he toiled for Thee and suffered  
None on earth can now record;  
All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his Lord;

3 None can tell us: all is written  
In the Lamb's great book of life,  
All the faith, and pray'r, and patience,  
All the toiling, and the strife:  
There are told Thy hidden treasures;  
Number us, O Lord, with them,  
When Thou makest up the jewels  
Of Thy living diadem.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. MATTHEW

169

Behold, the Master passeth by!

L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

*St. Lawrence*  
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

1. Be - hold, the Mas - ter pass - eth by! Oh,

seest thou not His plead - ing eye? With low sad voice He

call - eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and fol - low Me."

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '76'. The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The piano accompaniment is written in the right hand of each system, and the vocal parts are written in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,  
Hast thou no thought for heav'n to spare?  
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;  
Behold, the Master passeth by!
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,  
And straightway left all things below,  
Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessed cross.
- 4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear  
Seemed ev'ry day afresh to hear:  
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God gently calls us ev'ry day:  
Why should we then our bliss delay?  
He calls to heav'n and endless light,  
Why should we love the dreary night?
- 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,  
At which he rose and left his all:  
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;  
I will leave all, and follow Thee.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

170

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright 10s.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 850

NEALE. Tr.

*Trisagion*

H. SMART. 1868

84

1. Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright,

Fill'd with ce - les - ti - al splen - dor and light,

These that, where night nev - er fol - low - eth day,

Org.

Raise the "Thrice Ho - ly" song ev - er and aye:

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,  
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;  
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,  
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,  
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,  
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,  
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the angels may bow and adore.

171

## Where the angel-hosts adore Thee

8.7.

J. B. DE SANTEUIL. 1880  
WILLIAMS. Tr.

Merton  
W. H. MONK. 1860

80

1. Where the an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;

At Thy word they rose around Thee, And Thy word doth them sus - tain.

2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending  
At Thy throne, their homage pay;  
Flames of fire in strength excelling,  
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,  
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;  
Grant that in our cares and dangers  
They may timely succor bring.

4 Praise to Thee Who hast created  
Earth and heav'n with all their host;  
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. LUKE

172

What thanks and praise to Thee we owe **L. M.**

BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1875

*Melcombe*  
S. WEBBE. 1790

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O

Priest and Sa - cri - fice di - vine, For Thy dear saint through

whom we know So many a gra - cious word of Thine;

- 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale  
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,  
And for a moment lift the veil  
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.
- 3 And still the Church through all her days  
Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,  
The aged Simeon's words of peace.
- 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,  
So rich in words of truth and love,  
Pours on the Church from age to age  
This healing unction from above;
- 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,  
The great apostle's chosen friend  
Through weary years of toil and strife,  
And still found faithful to the end.
- 6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,  
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
Till Thou at last the summons give,  
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

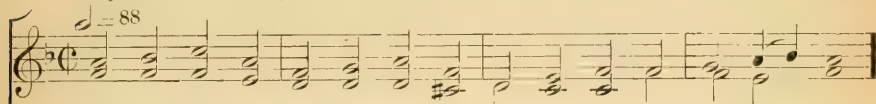
173

Thou Who sentest Thine apostles

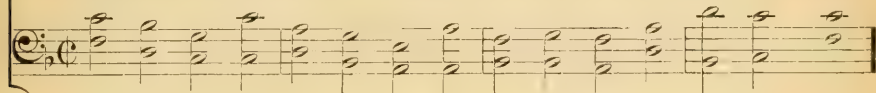
8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1874

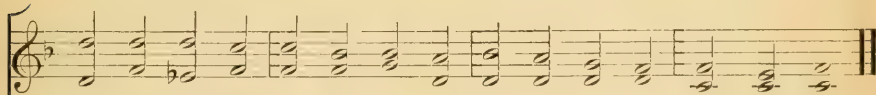
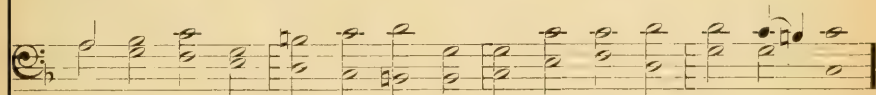
*Nukapu*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1885



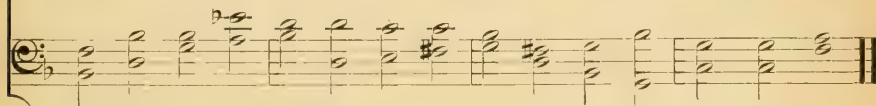
1. Thou Who sent-est Thine a - pos - tles Two and two be - fore Thy face,



Part-ners in - the night of toil - ing, Heirs to - geth-er of Thy grace,



Thron'd at length, their la - bors end - ed, Each in his ap - point - ed place;



2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions  
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;  
One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened  
Burned anew with nobler flame;  
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,  
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them  
Spake in love, and wrought in power;  
Seen in mighty signs and wonders  
In Thy Church's morning hour;  
Heard in tones of sternest warning  
When the storms began to lower.

4 Once again those storms are breaking;  
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;  
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;

Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:  
Save us, Lord, our one Salvation;  
Save the faith revealed of old.

5 Call the erring by Thy pity;  
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;  
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,  
Counting life itself less dear;  
Standing firmer, holding faster,  
As we see the end draw near:

6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
And the thousand faithful more,  
We, the good confession witnessed  
And the lifelong conflict o'er,  
On the sea of fire and crystal  
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

# Other feasts and fasts

## GENERAL FOR SAINTS' DAYS

174

From all Thy saints in warfare

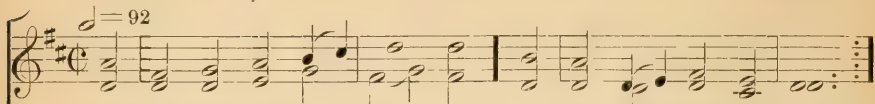
7.6.

*Pean*

EARL NELSON. 1867

FIRST TUNE

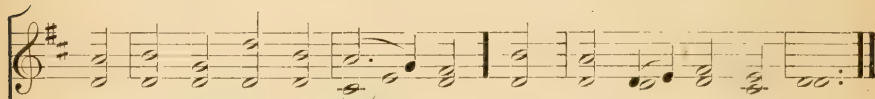
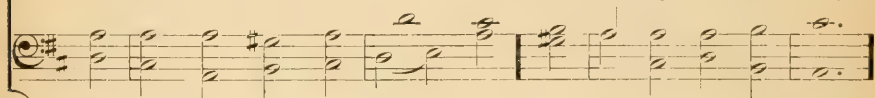
F. WEBER



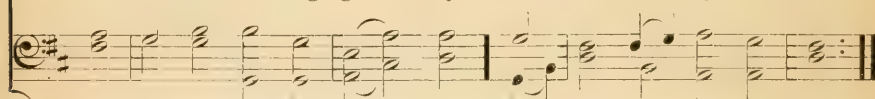
1. { From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest, }  
 { To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, all prais - es be address'd. }



Thou, Lord, did'st win the bat - tle that they might conqu'rors be;



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.



[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

### ST. ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to wel-  
 come Thee,  
 The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see,  
 With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we  
 throughout the year,  
 Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine  
 Advent near.

### ST. THOMAS.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived  
 doubtings prove  
 Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy  
 love.  
 On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy  
 peace, O Lord,  
 And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true  
 God, adored.

### ST. STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee  
 ready stand,  
 To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's  
 right hand.  
 Share we with him, if summoned by death our  
 Lord to own,  
 On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the  
 martyr crown.

### ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos'  
 shore;  
 Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy God-  
 head bore,  
 Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us  
 revealed.  
 May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect  
 be sealed.

### THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with  
 tend' rest love  
 Called early from the warfare to share the rest  
 above.  
 O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from  
 pains and cares.  
 Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns  
 as bright as theirs.

### THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the  
 voice of awe,  
 Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
 Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-  
 day;  
 So lighten all our darkness with Thy true  
 Spirit's ray.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs  
the wondrous choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful  
now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for  
ever-more defend,  
And by Thy parting promise be with  
her to the end.

ST. MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the  
weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich  
our triumph-song.  
May we in all our weakness find  
strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee,  
the Vine, abide.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

- 10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide  
to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep  
us Thy brethren true,  
And grant us grace to know Thee, the  
Way, the Truth, the Life;  
To wrestle with temptations till victors  
in the strife.

ST. BARNABAS.

- 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy  
law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought  
riches from above.  
As earth now teems with increase, let  
gifts of grace descend,  
That Thy true consolations may through  
the world extend.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, fore-  
runner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for  
the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw  
Thy dawning ray:  
Make us the rather blessed, who love  
Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

- 13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager  
and the bold;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice  
charged to keep Thy Fold  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to  
guard their flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage,  
with humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who,  
slain by Herod's sword,  
Drank of Thy cup of suff'ring, fulfilling  
thus Thy word.

Curb we all vain impatience to read  
Thy veiled decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought  
nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faith-  
ful, pure, and true,  
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine  
eye all-seen knew.  
Like Him may we be guileless, true  
Israelites indeed,  
That Thy abiding presence our longing  
souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel  
Thy human life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path  
of suff'ring shared.  
From all unrighteous mammon, oh,  
give us hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise  
and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

- 17 For that "beloved physician," all  
praise, whose Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the sharer  
of our woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised  
hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint  
us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who  
sealed their faith to-day:  
One love, one zeal impelled them to  
tread the sacred way.  
May we with zeal as earnest the faith  
of Christ maintain,  
And, bound in love as brethren, at  
length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all  
the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who  
raise the ceaseless song;  
For these, passed on before us, Sav-  
iour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps, would  
serve Thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and  
praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal  
Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number fall down  
before the throne,  
And honor, pow'r, and glory ascribe  
to God alone.


# Other Feasts and Fasts

174

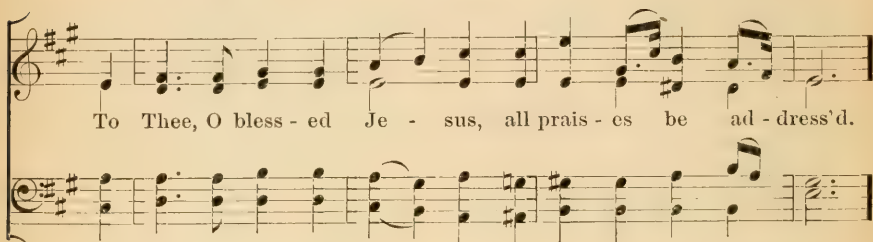
SECOND TUNE

*Patmos*  
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1878

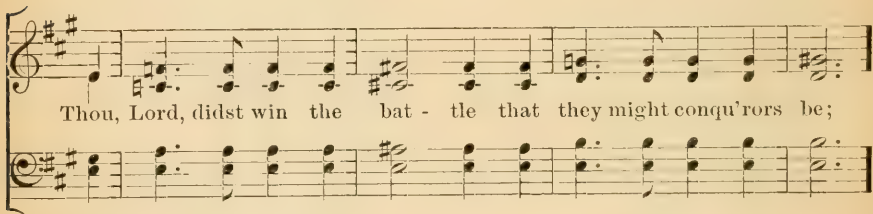
$\text{♩} = 88$



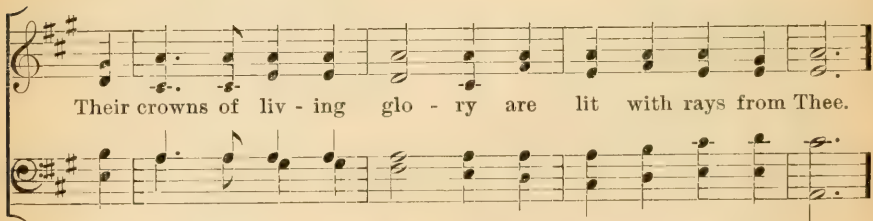
1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest, . . .



To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, all prais - es be ad - dress'd.

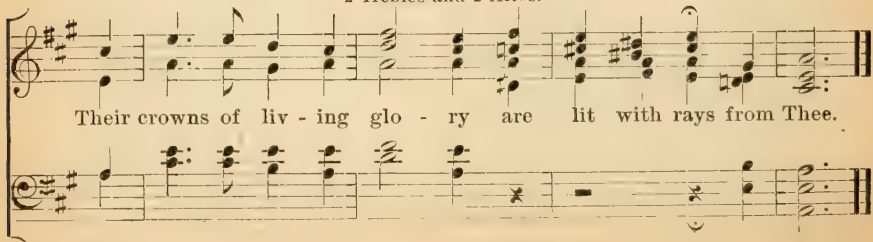


Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle that they might conqu'rors be;



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Trebles and 2 Altos.



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. ANDREW.

- 2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

## ST. THOMAS.

- 3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.  
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,  
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

## ST. STEPHEN.

- 4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.  
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

## ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

- 5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;  
Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore,  
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed.  
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

- 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tend'rest love  
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.  
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;  
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

## ST. MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for ever-more defend,  
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

## ST. MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.  
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

## ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

- 10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,  
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

174

SECOND TUNE

*Patmos*  
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1878

$\text{♩} = 88$

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The music begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 88. The first staff contains several measures of music, including some with beamed eighth notes and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody and accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the two-sharp key signature and common time.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the two-sharp key signature and common time.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the two-sharp key signature and common time.

2 Trebles and 2 Altos.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the two-sharp key signature and common time. The system concludes with a double bar line.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ST. BARNABAS.

- 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.  
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,  
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray :  
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

## ST. PETER.

- 13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold ;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

## ST. JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,  
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.  
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,  
Whom underneath the fig-tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.  
Like Him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,  
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

## ST. MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared,  
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

## ST. LUKE.

- 17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

## ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith to-day :  
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.  
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,  
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

## GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song ;  
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One ;  
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,  
And honor, pow'r, and glory ascribe to God alone.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

## ALL SAINTS

175

The saints of God! Their conflict past

8s.

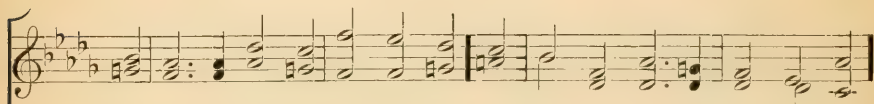
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1870

FIRST TUNE

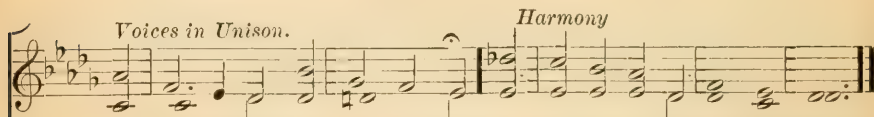
*Beati*  
SIR. J. STAINER. 1885



1. The saints of God! Their conflict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,



No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down before their Lord:



O hap-py saints! for ev - er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest!



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The saints of God! Their wand'rings done,<br/>No more their weary course they run,<br/>No more they faint, no more they fall,<br/>No foes oppress, no fears appall:<br/>O happy saints! forever blest,<br/>In that dear home how sweet your rest!</p> | <p>4 The saints of God their vigil keep<br/>While yet their mortal bodies sleep,<br/>Till from the dust they too shall rise<br/>And soar triumphant to the skies:<br/>O happy saints! rejoice and sing:<br/>He quickly comes, your Lord and King!</p> |
| <p>3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,<br/>Safe landed on that blissful shore,<br/>No stormy tempests now they dread,<br/>No roaring billows lift their head:<br/>O happy saints! forever blest,<br/>In that calm haven of your rest!</p>             | <p>5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;<br/>O Saviour! plead for us on high;<br/>O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,<br/>Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;<br/>That with all saints our rest may be<br/>In that bright Paradise with Thee!</p>    |

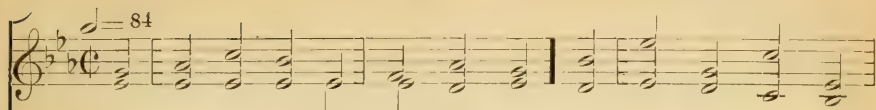
# Other Feasts and Fasts

175

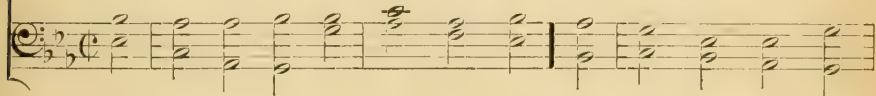
SECOND TUNE

*Mitcham*

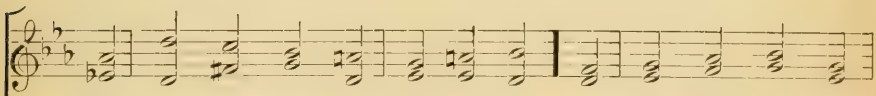
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



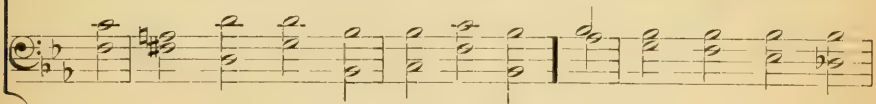
1. The saints of God! Their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle



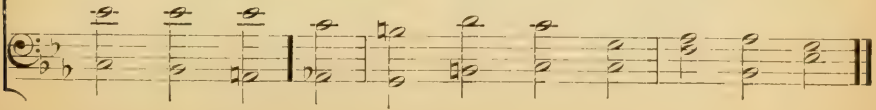
won at last, No more they need the shield or sword,



They cast them down be - fore the Lord: O hap - py saints! for -



- ev - er blest, At Je - sus' feet how safe you rest!



# Other Feasts and Fasts

176

For all the saints, who from their labors rest **P. M.**

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1864

*For all*  
J. BARNEY 1868

*♩* = 50

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,  
be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,  
and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-  
fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true  
Light.

Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and  
bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of  
old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown  
of gold.

Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the war-  
fare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-  
song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms  
are strong.

Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the  
west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh  
rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious  
day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright  
array;  
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Alleluia!

# Other Feasts and Fasts

177 O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glory 11.10.

MRS. LUKE

*Cullingworth*  
E. Moss

$\text{♩} = 104$

1. O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glo - ry For the bright

cloud of wit - ness - es un - seen, Whose names shine forth like

stars, in sacred sto - ry, Guid-ing our steps to realms of light se - rene;

- 2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,  
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,  
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing  
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.
- 3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal  
With sin, the world, and all the pow'rs of hell;  
Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal  
To realms where peace and joy forever dwell.
- 4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting  
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;  
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,  
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.
- 5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,  
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;  
Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,  
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

178

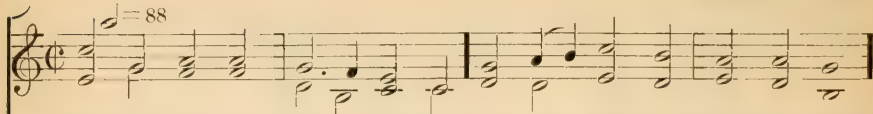
Who are these like stars appearing

8.7.8.7.7.7.

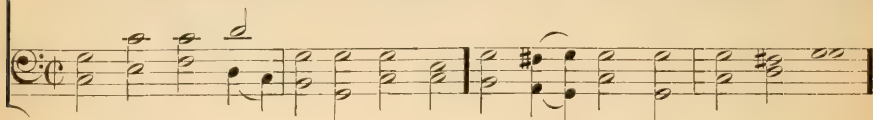
TH: SCHENK. 1719  
Cox. Tr.

All Saints  
GERMAN. 1711

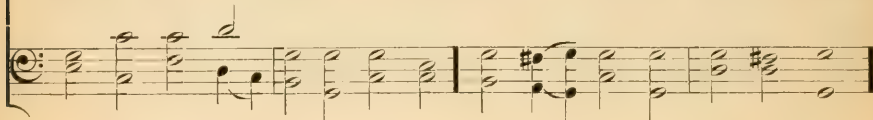
"Wer sind die vor Gottes throne."



1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand?



Each a gold - en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?



Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n - ly King.



2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in pray'r full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

3 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

5 These, like priests, have watched and  
waited,  
Off'ring up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still.  
Now in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before His face.



# Other Feasts and Fasts

179

Hark! the sound of holy voices

8.7.

*Moultrie*  
G. COBB.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

FIRST TUNE

♩ — 100

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:

Mul - ti-tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vict' - ry in their hands.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist;  
Sainly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

- Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heav'nly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

179

SECOND TUNE

*Deerhurst*  
J. LANGRAN. 1870

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee.

Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vict' - ry in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist;  
Sainly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

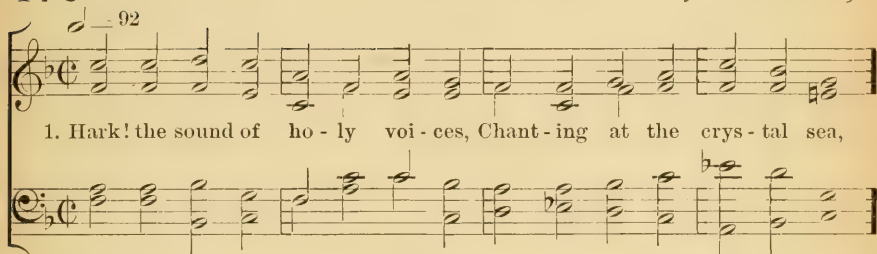
4 Now they reign in heav'nly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

179

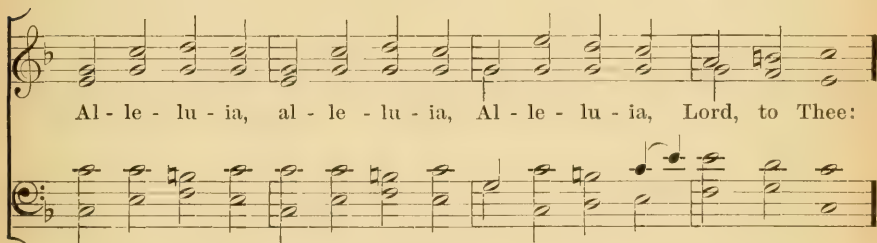
THIRD TUNE

*Eton*  
J. BARNBY. 1869

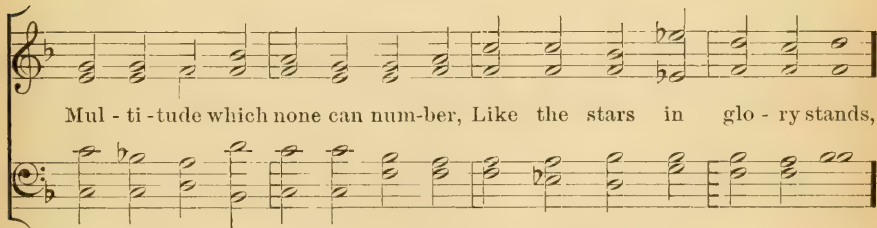
92



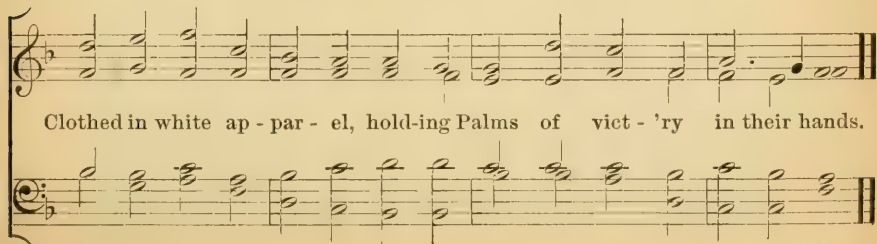
1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:



Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,



Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vict - 'ry in their hands.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

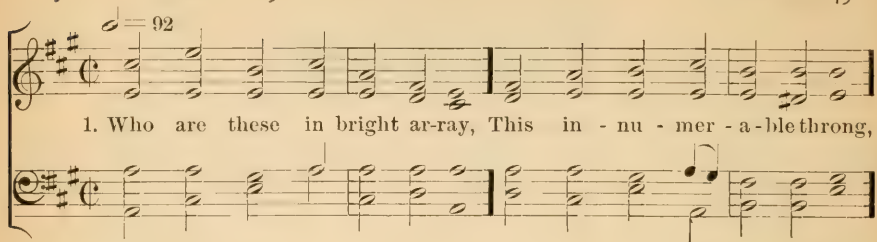
180

Who are these in bright array

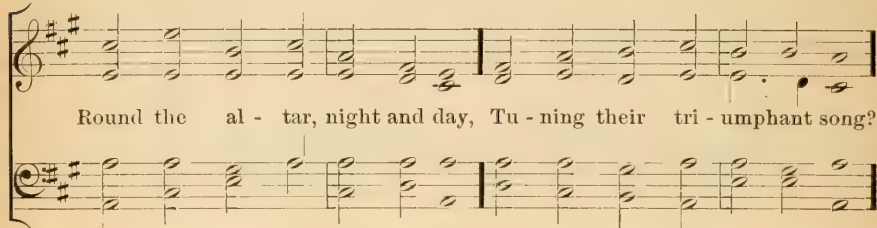
7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

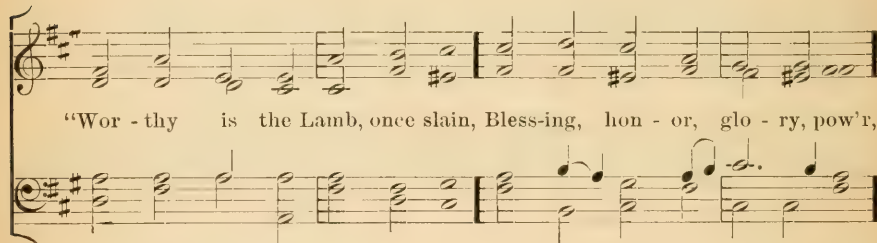
*St. Edmund*  
DR. STEGGALL. 1849



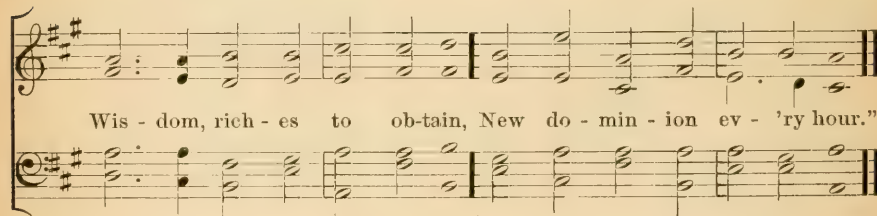
1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,



Round the al - tar, night and day, Tu - ning their tri - umphant song?



"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,



Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His eternal Name;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand,

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels their fears;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

# Other Feasts and Fasts

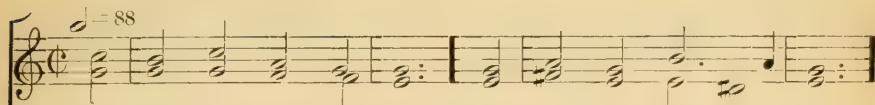
181

For all Thy saints, O Lord

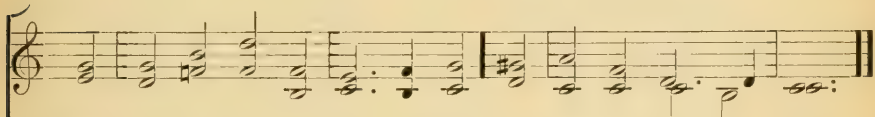
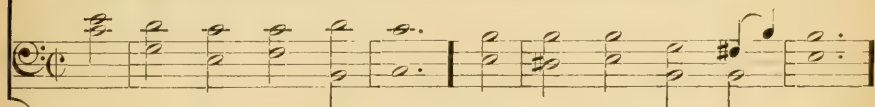
S. M.

BISHOP MANT. 1847

*Israel*  
J. W. ELLIOTT



1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,



Who fol-low'd Thee, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive.



2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit  
To join Thy saints above,  
In one communion ever knit,  
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

*Also the following :*

390 Oh, what, if we are Christ's.

391 Let saints on earth in concert sing.

392 Not to the terrors of the Lord.

394 O Paradise, O Paradise.

396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.

400 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.

401 O heavenly Jerusalem.

404 I heard a sound of voices.

462 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

549 King of glory! Saviour dear!



# Ember Days

182

Lord of the Church, we humbly pray **8.8.6.8.8.6.**

*St. Augustin*

E. OSLER. 1836

J. BARNBY. 1861

♩ = 69

1. Lord of the Church, we hum - bly pray For

those who guide us in Thy way, And speak Thy ho - ly word;

With love di - vine their hearts in - spire, And touch their lips with

hal - low'd fire, And need - ful strength af - ford.

2 Help them to preach the truth of God,  
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
Nor let the Spirit cease  
On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
To them a messenger of power,  
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"  
And take their crown above;  
Enter into their Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In praise, and bliss, and love.

# Ember Days

183

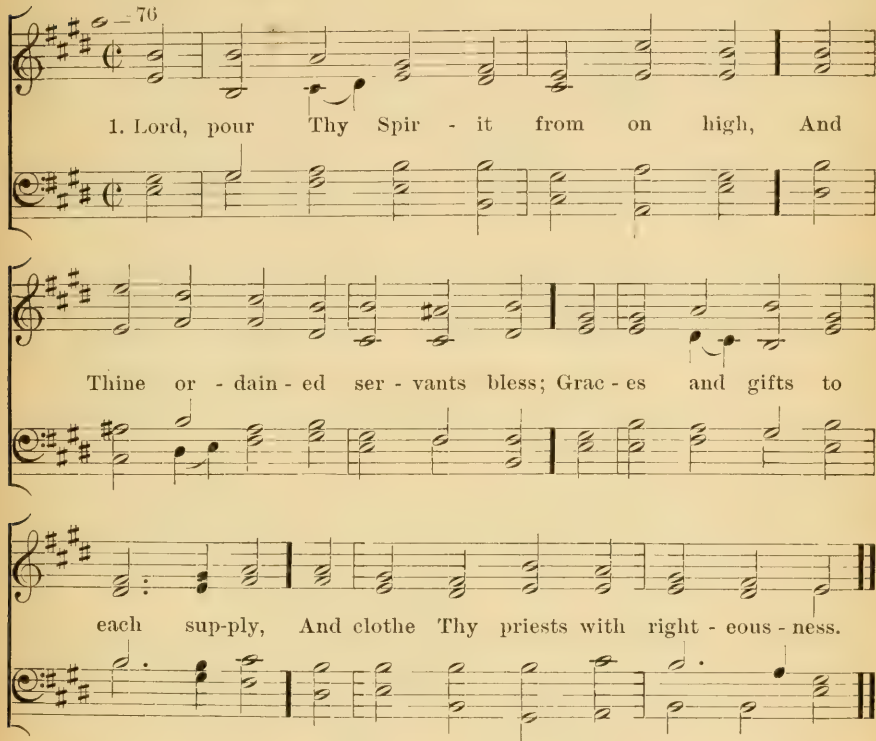
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high

L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

*Melcombe*  
S. WEBBE. 1790

76



1. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And  
Thine or - dain - ed ser - vants bless; Grac - es and gifts to  
each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with right - eous - ness.

- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

# Ember Days

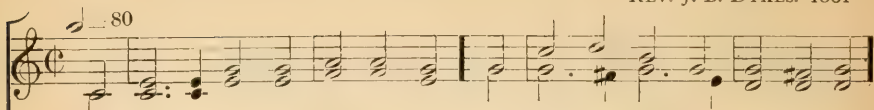
184

Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend

8s.

*Melita*

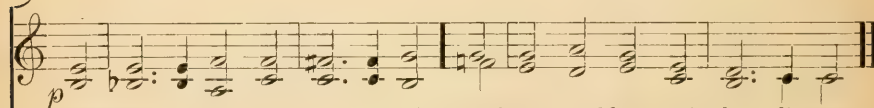
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. Thou Who the night in pray'r didst spend, And then Thy twelve a - pos - tles send;



And bidd'st us pray the har-vest's Lord To send forth sow - ers of Thy word,



Hear, and Thy cho - sen ser - vants bless With seven-fold gifts of ho - li-ness.



2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,  
Not lab'ring for themselves, but Thee;  
Give grace to feed with wholesome food  
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy  
blood;  
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove  
How dearly they the Shepherd love!

3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,  
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,  
And with them work, and for them pray,

And gladly Thee in them obey;  
Receive the prophet of the Lord,  
And gain the prophet's own reward!

3 So may we, when our work is done,  
Together stand before the throne;  
And joyful hearts and voices raise  
In one united song of praise,  
With all the bright celestial host,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

185

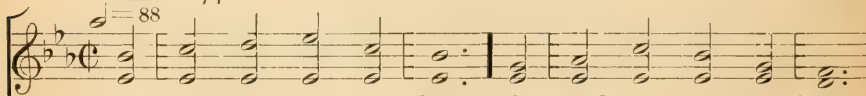
Lord of the harvest, hear

S. M.

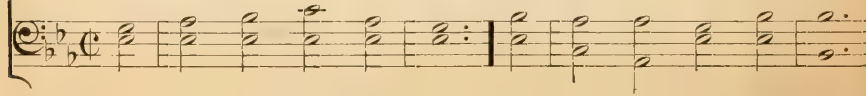
*Rylstone*

C. H. LLOYD. 1880

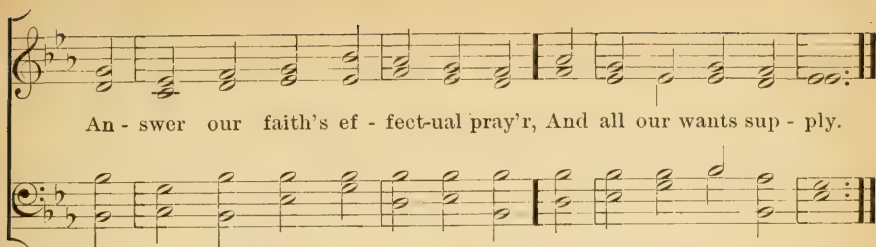
C. WESLEY. 1742



1. Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y ser - vants' cry;



# Ember Days



An - swer our faith's ef - fect-ual pray'r, And all our wants sup - ply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view;  
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more  
Into Thy Church abroad,

And let them speak Thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name,  
Their mission fully prove:  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

## 186

## Ye servants of the Lord

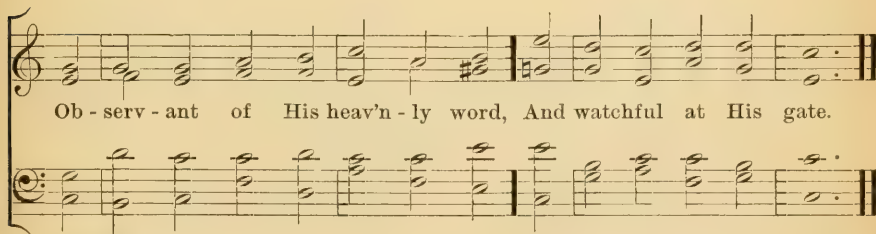
S. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

*Narenza*  
GERMAN.



1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in your of - fice, wait,



Ob - serv - ant of His heav'n - ly word, And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near;

Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he  
In such a posture found;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

# Rogation Days

187

To Thee our God we fly

6.6.6.6.8.8.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1871

Christchurch  
DR. STEGGALL. 1870

♩ - 84

1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace;

Oh, hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther-land.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;  
Be jealous for Thy Name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high  
In rich abundance pour,  
That we may magnify  
And praise Thee more and more  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The pow'rs ordained by Thee  
With heav'nly wisdom bless;  
May they Thy servants be,  
And rule in righteousness.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son  
Inflame with love's pure fire,  
Bind her once more in one,  
And life and truth inspire.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;  
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy Majesty.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand  
And guard and bless our fatherland.



# Rogation Days

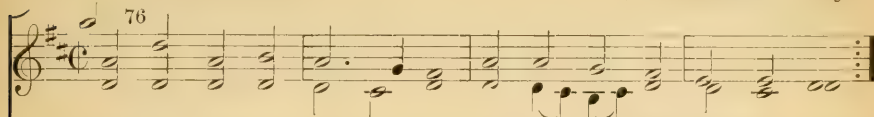
188

Christ, by heavenly hosts adored

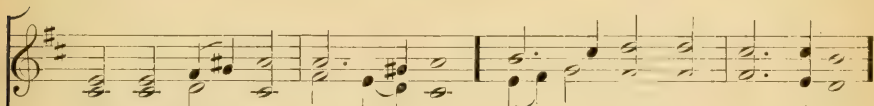
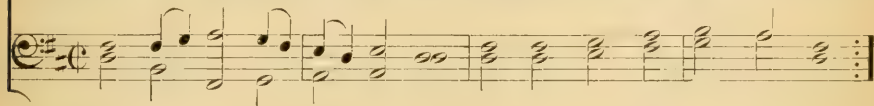
7s.

REV. H. HARBAUGH. 1860

*Salzburg* 1  
J. ROSENMULLER. 1650



1. { Christ, by heav'nly hosts a - dor'd, Gra-cious, migh-ty, sov-'reign Lord, }  
{ God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things, }



By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for ev - er blest;



Plead - ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo - ple, bless our land.



2 On our fields of grass and grain  
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;  
O'er our wide and goodly land  
Crown the labors of each hand.  
Let Thy kind protection be  
O'er our commerce on the sea:  
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,  
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the pow'rs by Thee ordained  
Be in righteousness maintained;  
In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus united we shall stand  
One wide, free, and happy land.

# Rogation Days

189

Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead

C.M.

REV. J. KEEBLE. 1856

*St Luke*  
J. HEYWOOD. 1885

76

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser - vants plead, And

Thou hast sworn to hear; Thine is the har - vest,

Thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,

We trusted, Lord, with Thee:

And now that spring has on us smiled,

We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,

The summer sun and air,

The green ear, and the golden grain,

All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,

The wondrous growth unseen,

The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,

The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth

By sun and moon below,

That Thee in Thy new heav'ns and earth

We never may forego.

# Thanksgiving Day

190

Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail! 8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

REV. J. H. GURNEY. 1850

*Sydenham*  
J. COWARD. 1868

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail! Thine an-cient pro-mise doth not fail;

The varying seasons haste their round; With goodness all our years are crown'd;

Our thanks we pay, This ho - ly day; Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

- 2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When autumn yields its ripened grain,  
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,  
We still do sing  
To Thee our King;  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound:  
New ev'ry year,  
Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

# Thanksgiving Day

191

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise

8.7.

W. C. DIX. 1870

*Golden sheaves*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,

To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,

The val - leys stand so thick with corn That ev - en they are sing - ing.

2 And now on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous hand confessing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.  
By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal,  
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,  
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary;  
But labor ends with sunset ray,  
And rest is for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,  
Where saints abide for ever;  
Where golden fields spread far and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river:  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending;  
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

# Thanksgiving Day

192

Praise to God, immortal praise

7s.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773

FIRST TUNE

*Gloria*  
C. BUCKNALL. 1885

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that  
crowns our days; Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; All to Thee, our  
God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.



# Thanksgiving Day

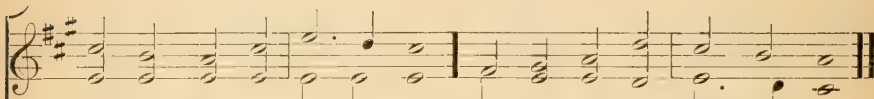
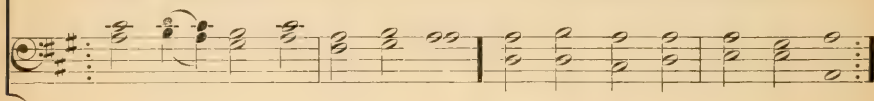
192

SECOND TUNE

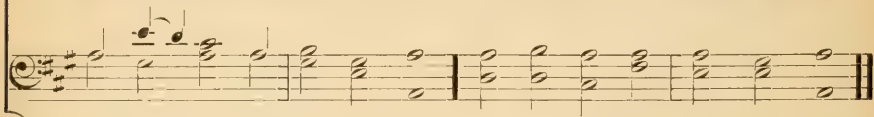
*Dix*  
C. KÜCHER. 1838



1. { Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; {  
Bounteous source of ev-'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ; }



All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.



- 2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

193

Come, ye thankful people, come

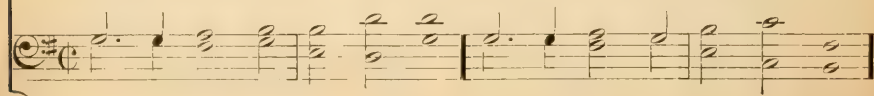
7s.

DEAN ALFORD. 1844

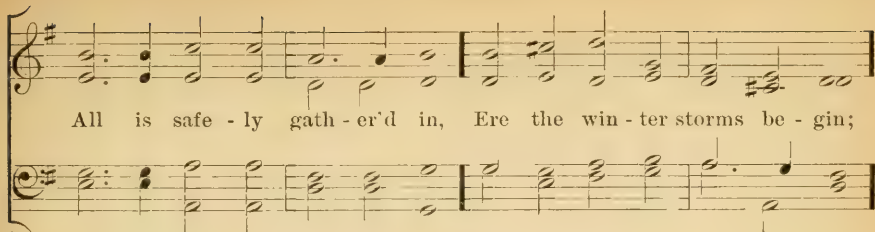
*St. George 2*  
SIR G. J. ELVEY. 1855



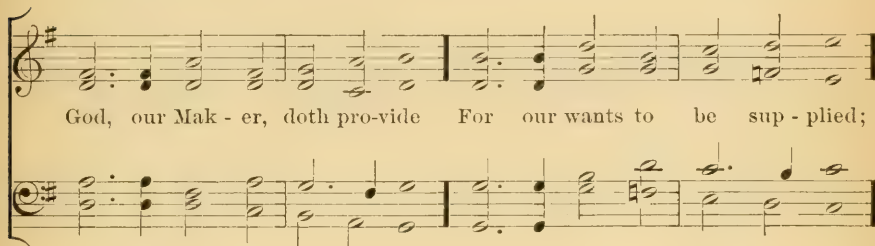
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:



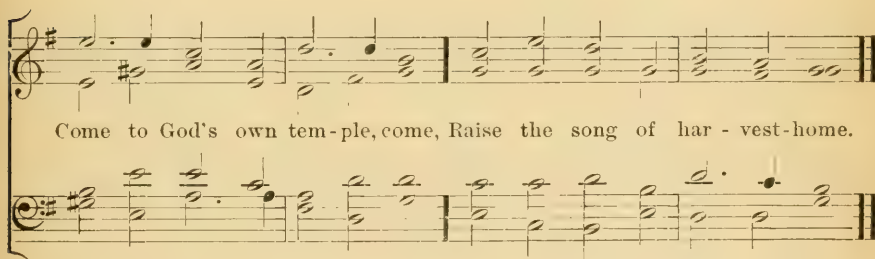
# Thanksgiving Day



All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup - plied;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest-home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

*Also the following :*

461 The strain upraise of joy and praise.  
466 Now thank we all our God.

472 O come, loud anthems let us sing.  
473 Before Jehovah's awful throne.  
477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

# National Days

## 194 God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand 10s.

*America*

REV. D. C. ROBERTS 1876

DR. G. W. WARREN. 1892

*Voices alone.*

*Trumpets.*  
(before each stanza.) 1. God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand

The first system of music is for voices and trumpets. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The tempo is marked '♩ = 60'. There are two measures of rests, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The melody continues with various note values and rests. The lyrics '1. God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand' are written below the notes.

*With Organ.*

Leads forth in beauty all the starry band Of shining worlds in

The second system of music is for organ. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody continues from the previous system. The lyrics 'Leads forth in beauty all the starry band Of shining worlds in' are written below the notes.

splendour thro' the skies, Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

The third system of music is for organ. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody continues from the previous system. The lyrics 'splendour thro' the skies, Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.' are written below the notes.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and  
stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen  
way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pesti-  
lence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;

Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in  
peace.

- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome  
way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-  
vine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

## 195 God of our fathers P. M.

*Patria*

REV. J. H. HOPKINS

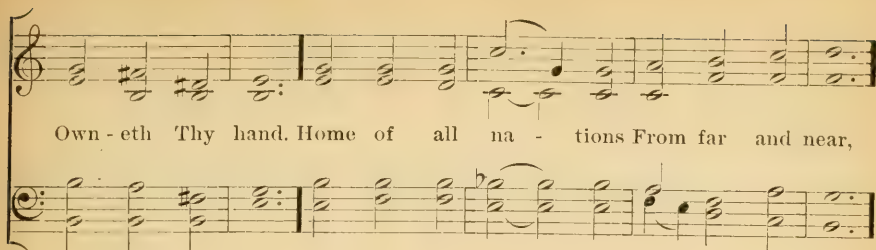
A. H. MESSITER. 1890

*♩ = 72*

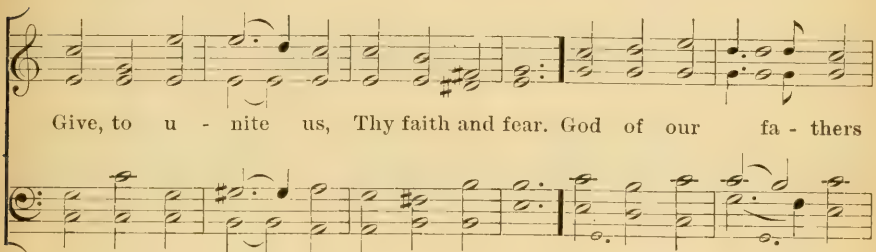
1. God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O - cean to o - cean

The first system of music is for the hymn 'God of our fathers' (195). It begins with a treble clef and a 3/2 time signature. The tempo is marked '♩ = 72'. The melody continues with various note values and rests. The lyrics '1. God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O - cean to o - cean' are written below the notes.

# National Days

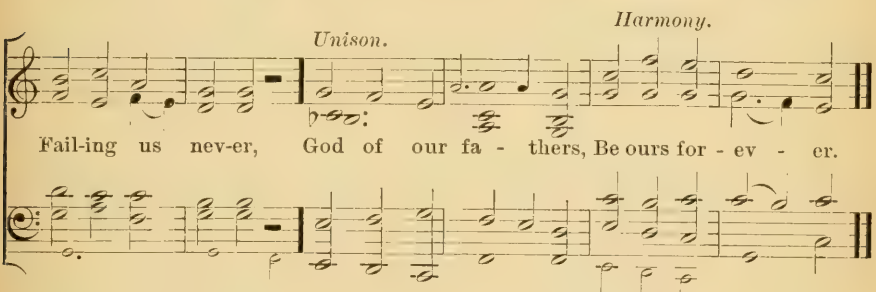


Own - eth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions From far and near,



Give, to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers

*Unison.* *Harmony.*



Failing us nev - er, God of our fa - thers, Be ours for - ev - er.

- 2 Lord God of Sabaoth,  
Mighty in war,  
Boundless and numberless  
Thine armies are.  
Thy right hand conquereth  
All that oppose;  
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,  
Smite down our foes;  
Lord God of Sabaoth,  
Failing us never,  
Lord God of Sabaoth,  
Fight for us ever.
- 3 Lord God our Saviour,  
Thy love o'erflows,  
Making our wilderness  
Bloom as the rose.  
Thou with true liberty  
Makest us free,

- Knowing no master,  
No king, but Thee;  
Lord God our Saviour,  
Failing us never,  
Lord God our Saviour,  
Reign Thou for ever.
- 4 Spirit of unity,  
Crown of all kings,  
Find us a resting place  
Under Thy wings;  
By Thine own presence  
Thy will be done,  
Millions of free men  
Banded as one.  
Lord God almighty,  
Failing us never,  
Thine be the glory,  
Now and for ever.

NOTE.—In second stanza, the slurs and ties must be disregarded: as also occasionally in third and fourth stanzas.

# National Days

196

Our father's God! to Thee

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Stanza 1 REV. S. F. SMITH. 1832

Stanza 2 REV. C. T. BROOKS 1835

Stanza 3 REV. J. S. DWIGHT. 1844

*Leyden*

J. G. BRAUN. 1675

♩ = 66

1. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we

sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

2 Bless Thou our native land!  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of wind and wave,  
 Do Thou our country save  
 By Thy great might.

3 For her our pray'r shall rise  
 To God, above the skies;  
 On Him we wait;  
 Thou Who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To Thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the state!



# National Days

197

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King

L. M.

DR. O. W HOLMES. 1861

*Woolmers*  
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1861

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lord of Hosts! Al-might-y King! Be-

- hold the sac-ri-fice we bring: To ev-'ry arm Thy

strength im-part; Thy Spir-it shed thro' ev-'ry heart.

- 2 Wake in our breast the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires;  
Thy hand hath made our nation free;  
To die for her is serving Thee.
- 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- 4 God of all nations! Sov'reign Lord!  
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!

# National Days

198 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken 11.10.11.9.

Stanza 1, 4 H. F. CHORLEY. 1842

*Ulton*

Stanza 2, 3. REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

*f*  $\text{♩} = 84$

1. God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

*p*

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;  
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chas'tning,  
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hast'ning;  
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

# National Days

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,  
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

199

O God of love, O King of peace

L. M.

*Pax*

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1861

SIR R. P. STEWART. 1862

69

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the corresponding musical phrases.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
None ever called on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love;  
Oh, bind us in that heav'nly chain!  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

# National Days

200

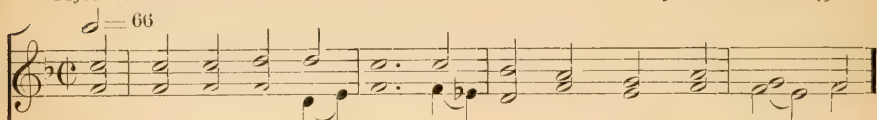
Lord God, we worship Thee!

P. M.

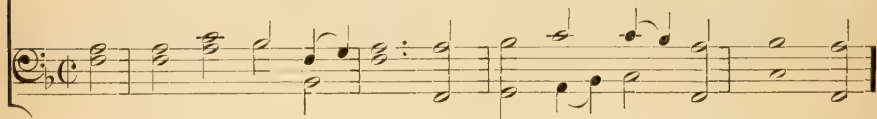
“Herr Gott, dich loben wir.”

J. FRANCK. 1653  
MJS WINKWORTH. Tr.

*Nun danket*  
J. CRUGER. 1649



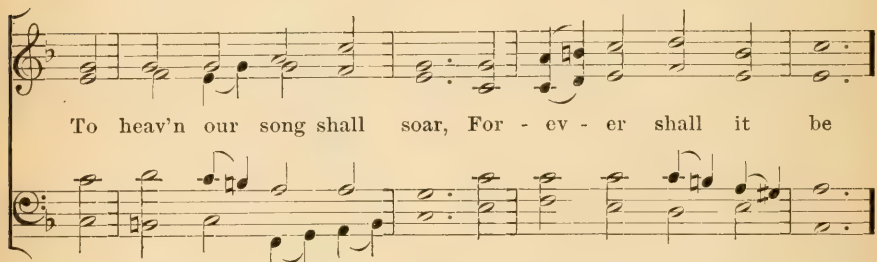
1. Lord God, we wor - ship 'Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus



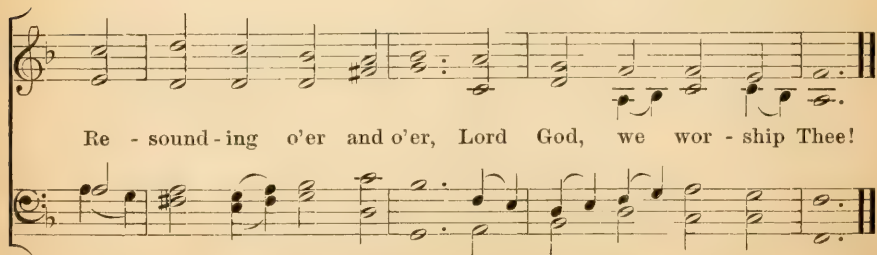
We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose good-ness reign - eth o'er us.



To heav'n our song shall soar, For - ev - er shall it be



Re - sound - ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!



# National Days

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
 For Thou our land defendest;  
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
 And strife and war Thou endest.  
 Since golden peace, O Lord,  
 Thou grantest us to see,  
 Our land, with one accord,  
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
 Yet still Thy anger spares,  
 And still Thy mercy tries us:  
 Once more our Father's hand  
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
 And peace rejoice our land:  
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

201

Dread Jehovah, God of nations

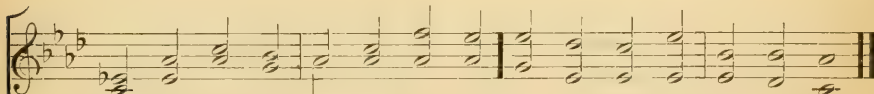
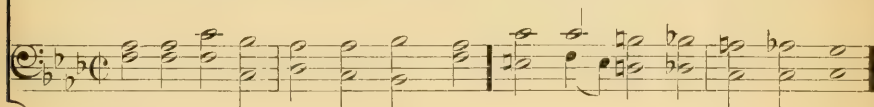
8.7.

C. F. 1804

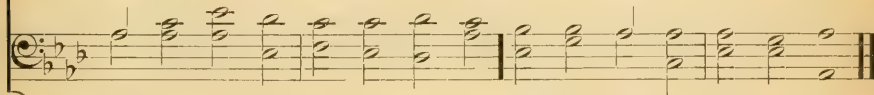
*Cherubini*  
 W. SHELMEADINE. 1855



1. Dread Je-ho-vah, God of na-tions, From Thy tem-ple in the skies,



Hear Thy peo-ple's sup-pli-ca-tions, Now for their de-liv-'rance rise.



- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;  
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;  
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
 Long and loud for vengeance call,  
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
 Let that blood our guilt efface:  
 Save Thy people from oppression,  
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.



♩ = 69

1. A-cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet-ing:

We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light, In sol- emn worship meet- ing:

And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our

ear- nest cry, Once more Thy love en- treat- ing.

- 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,  
To Thee our pray'rs addressing;  
Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
And all our sins confessing;  
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
To dear ones gone before us,  
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise:  
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:  
And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
To re-unite us all, at last,  
And to our lost restore us.
- 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
The mem'ry of Thy mercies:  
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,  
Our grateful song rehearses:

For Thou hast been our strength and stay,  
In many a dark and dreary day  
Of sorrow and reverses.

- 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,  
Like evil spells have bound us,  
And clouds were gath'ring overhead,  
Thy providence hath found us:  
In many a night when waves ran high,  
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh  
Hath made all calm around us.
- 6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,  
Whatever fate betide us,  
Right onward through our journey home  
Be Thou at hand to guide us;  
Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
Heav'n shall unfold and hide us.

REV. DR. BONAR. 1842

Chalvey  
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1868

♩ = 92

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

- 2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:

- Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

Also the following :

- 417 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.  
418 O God, our help in ages past.  
420 Jesu, still lead on.  
422 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.  
621 Days and moments quickly flying.  
623 I'm but a stranger here.

# The New Year

204

For Thy mercy and Thy grace

7s.

REV. H. DOWNTON. 1841

*Glebe*  
REV. J. B. DYKES.

♩ = 84

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful thro' an - oth - er year,

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own,  
Help, oh, help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

205

From glory unto glory!

7.6.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL 1873

*Dorking*  
G. COOPER. 1850

♩ = 84

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

# The New Year

As on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of an - oth - er glad New Year.

- 2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!  
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown  
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!
- 3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;  
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright'ning day;  
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.
- 4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;  
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.
- 5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,  
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;  
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.
- 6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,  
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,  
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

*Also the following :*

510 Go forward, Christian soldier.  
541 Now a new year opens.

626 My times are in Thy hand.  
628 Though faint yet pursuing.  
666 Jesus, I live to Thee.

\* Disregard slurs in 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th verses. † Omit slurs in 4th verse.

# III. THE CHURCH

## HOLY BAPTISM

206

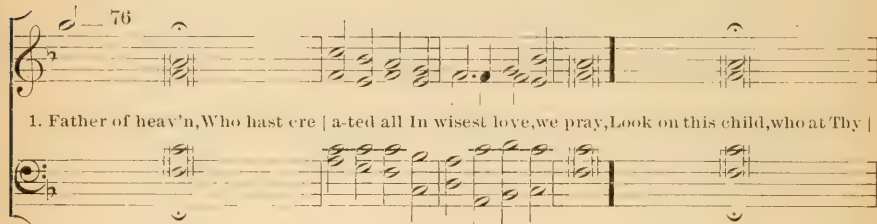
Father of heaven, Who hast created all 10.6.10.6.8.8.4.

A. KNAPP. 1841  
WINKWORTH. Tr.

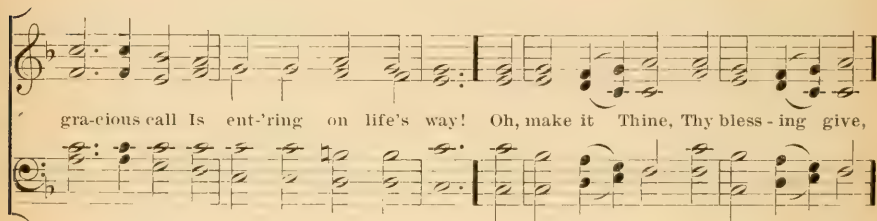
"O Vaterherz."

St Francis  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

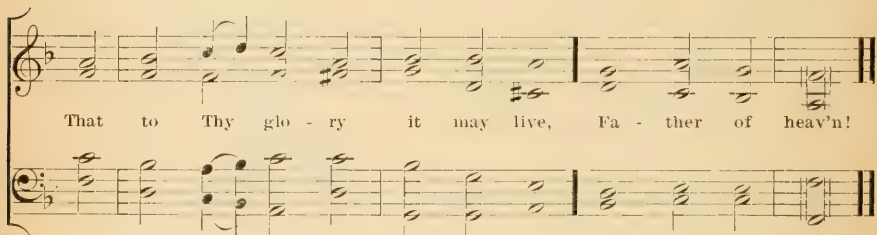
76



1. Father of heav'n, Who hast ere | a-ted all In wisest love, we pray, Look on this child, who at Thy |



gra-cious call Is ent-ring on life's way! Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless-ing give,



That to Thy glo-ry it may live, Fa-ther of heav'n!

2 O Son of God, atoning | Lord, behold  
We bring this child to Thee;  
Take it, O loving Shepherd | to Thy fold,  
For ever Thine to be:  
Defend it through this earthly strife,  
And lead it in the path of life,  
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest | o'er the wave,  
Descend upon this child;  
Give it undying life, its | spirit lave  
With waters undefiled;  
And make it evermore to be  
A child of God, a home for Thee,  
O Holy Ghost!



# Holy Baptism

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast | willed is done;  
We speak: but Thine the might;  
This child hath scarce yet seen our | earthly sun,  
Yet pour on it Thy light  
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,  
Thou Sun of all below, above,  
O Triune God.

207

Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding

8.7.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG. 1826

Sharon  
DR. BOYCE. 1765

♩ = 76

1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing,  
With the shep - herd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble  
gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a tempo marking of quarter note = 76. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across measures. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

- 2 Now, *these little ones* receiving,  
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;  
There we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never from Thy pasture roving  
Let *them* be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let *them* find a resting-place;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

# Holy Baptism

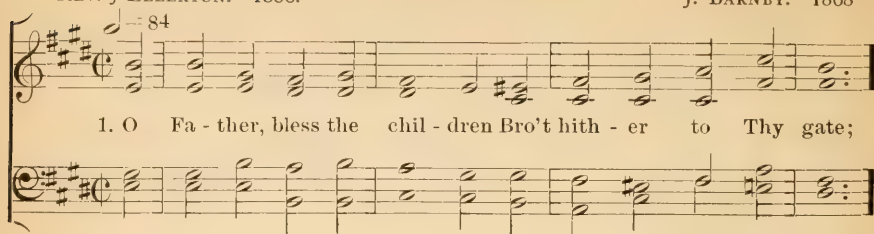
208

O Father, bless the children

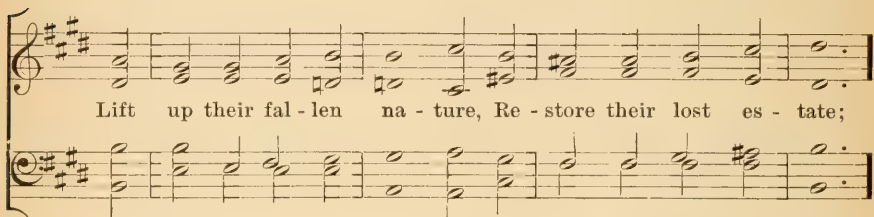
7.6.

REV. J ELLERTON. 1886.

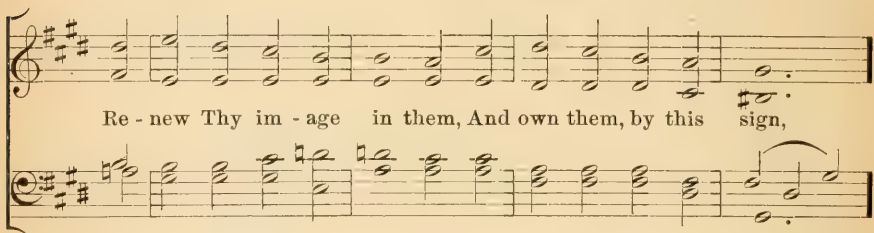
*St. Anselm*  
J. BARNBY. 1868



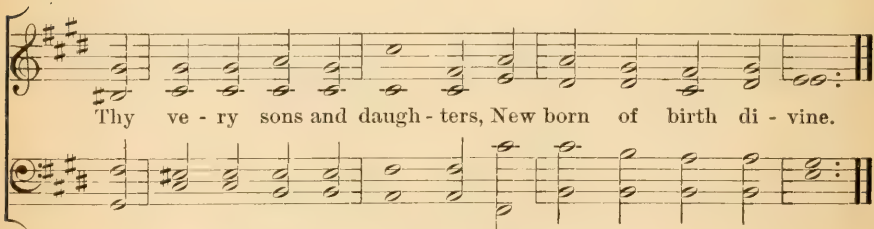
1. O Fa - ther, bless the chil - dren Bro't hith - er to Thy gate;



Lift up their fal - len na - ture, Re - store their lost es - tate;



Re - new Thy im - age in them, And own them, by this sign,



Thy ve - ry sons and daugh - ters, New born of birth di - vine.

2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them;  
Thy loving arms of old  
Were opened wide to welcome  
The children to Thy fold;  
Let these, baptized, and dying,  
Then rising from the dead,  
Henceforth be living members  
Of Thee, their living Head.

# Holy Baptism

3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;  
 Dwell with them to the last,  
 Till all the fight is ended,  
 And all the storms are past.  
 Renew the gift baptismal,  
 From strength to strength, till each,  
 The troublous waves o'ercoming,  
 The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 O Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
 We wait the promised blessing  
 In this accepted hour!  
 We name upon the children  
 The Threefold Name divine;  
 Receive them, cleanse them, own them,  
 And keep them ever Thine.

209

In token that thou shalt not fear

C. M.

DEAN ALFORD. 1832

*Tallis*  
 T. TALLIS. 1560

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,  
 We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush  
 To glory in His Name,  
 We blazon here upon thy front  
 His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread  
 The path He travelled by,  
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
 And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly  
 We seal thee for His own:  
 And may the brow that wears His cross  
 Hereafter share His crown.

# Holy Baptism

ADULTS

210

Stand, soldier of the cross

S. M.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1870

*Crucis*  
DR. GARRETT. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Stand, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - legiance claim, And  
vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re - deem - er's Name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away;  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 Thine is our country now,  
Our Lord and Master thine,  
Receive imprinted on thy brow  
His Passion's awful sign.

4 No more thine own, but Christ's;  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled.

5 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.

*Also the following*

278 O Lord, our strength in weakness.

509 Soldiers of Christ, arise.  
510 Go forward, Christian soldier.

## Confirmation

211

O God, in Whose all-searching eye

D. L. M.

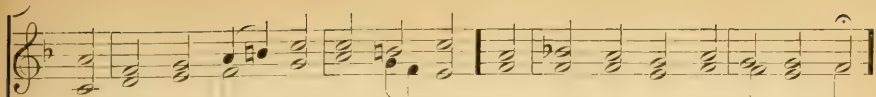
BP. CH. WORDSWORTH. 1862

*Darmstadt*  
J. SCHOP. 1641

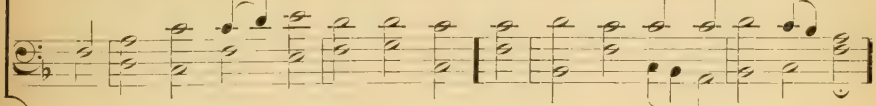
$\text{♩} = 66$

1. O God, in Whose all-searching eye Thy servants stand, to ra - ti - fy

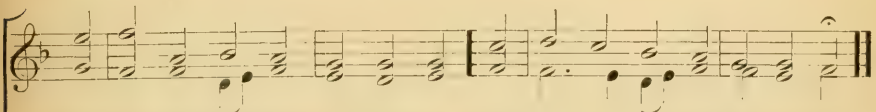
# Confirmation



The vow bap - tis - mal, by them made When first Thy hand was on them laid;



Bless them, O Ho - ly Fa - ther, bless, Who Thee with heart and voice confess;



May they, acknowledged as Thine own, Stand ev - er - more before Thy throne.



2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost  
Send down from heav'n the Holy Ghost;  
And at Samaria baptize  
Those whom Thou didst evangelize;  
And then on Thy baptized confer  
The best of gifts, the Comforter,  
By apostolic hands, and prayer;  
Be with us now, as Thou wert there.

3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,  
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;  
Forth to the battle may they go,  
And boldly fight against the foe,  
With banner of the cross unfurled,  
And by it overcome the world;  
And so at last receive from Thee  
The palm and crown of victory.

4 Come, ever blessèd Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;  
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
May each a living temple be.  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sev'nfold gifts of grace divine;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.



# Confirmation

212

The cross is on our brow

S. M.

W. C. DIX. 1869

*Cruz*

J. BARNBY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. The cross is on our brow, Re - demp - tion's aw - ful sign:

Come Thou, O Ho - ly Spir - it, now, To seal the work di - vine.

- 2 Thy sev'nfold gifts impart,  
O Comforter most sweet:  
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,  
And guide the trembling feet.
- 3 With Pentecostal force  
Thy presence let us feel:  
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,  
Inspire us as we kneel.

- 4 Confirm in us to-day  
The work that Thou hast wrought:  
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,  
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.
- 5 No earth-forged arms we bear:  
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:  
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,  
Blest Trinity divine.

213

Holy Spirit, Lord of love

7s.

BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1873

*Herbert*

H. S. IRONS. 1867

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of love, Thou Who cam - est

# Confirmation

from a - bove, Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow

On Thy wait - ing Church be - low; Once a - gain in

love draw near To Thy chil - dren gath - er'd here.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment staff. The second system has two staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment staff. The third system has two staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

2 From their bright baptismal day,  
Through their childhood's onward way,  
Thou hast been their constant guide,  
Watching ever by their side;  
May they now till life shall end,  
Choose and know Thee as their friend.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,  
Give them life to live for Thee,  
Daily pow'r to conquer sin,  
Patient faith the crown to win;  
Shield them from temptation's breath,  
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,  
When the hands are on them laid,  
Come, in this most solemn hour,  
With Thy sev'nfold gifts of power,  
Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,  
Make each heart Thy happy home.

# Confirmation

## 214 Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil L. M.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1827

*Sebastian*  
DR. WESLEY. 1872

69

1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy seven - fold veil Be -

- tween us and the fires of youth; Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy

fresh'n - ing gale Our fev - er'd brow in age to soothe.

2 For ever on our souls be traced  
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,  
A shelt'ring rock in mem'ry's waste,  
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

## 215 Holy Spirit, Lord of glory 8.7.

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1868

*Second Advent*  
REV. C. I. LATROBE. 1825

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy

# Confirmation

flock to - day, Meek - ly kneel - ing at Thy foot - stool

For Thy seven - fold gifts we pray; Guide us all our

earth - ly jour - ney In the true and nar - row way.

2 Foes on ev'ry hand are round us,  
And our hearts are weak and frail;  
Gird us with Thy heav'nly armor;  
Never let us yield or quail;  
Give us vict'ry in the struggle,  
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,  
As before Thy cross we bow;  
Help us to be true and faithful,  
Seal our sacramental vow;  
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;  
Hear our solemn promise now.

4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence  
Through the waste, with danger rife;  
Feed us with the heav'nly manna,  
That we faint not in the strife;  
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,  
From the living well of life.

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,  
Leaning on His staff and rod;  
May we follow in His footsteps,  
Tread the path that He has trod,  
Till we dwell with Him for ever  
In the Paradise of God.

# Confirmation

216

Thine forever! God of love

7s.

MRS. MAUDE. 1847

FIRST TUNE

*Evermore*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1868

♩ = 69

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;

Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

- 2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heav'nly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

- 4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep  
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let them all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

216

SECOND TUNE

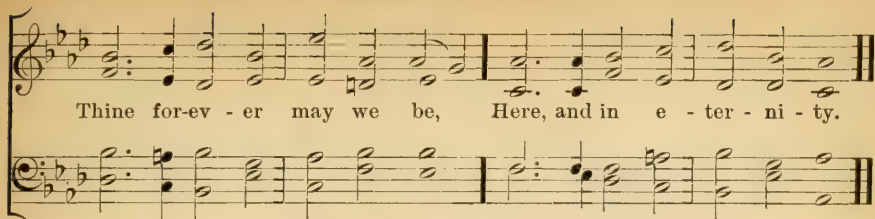
*Newington*  
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1880

♩ = 69

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;



# Confirmation



Thine for-ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

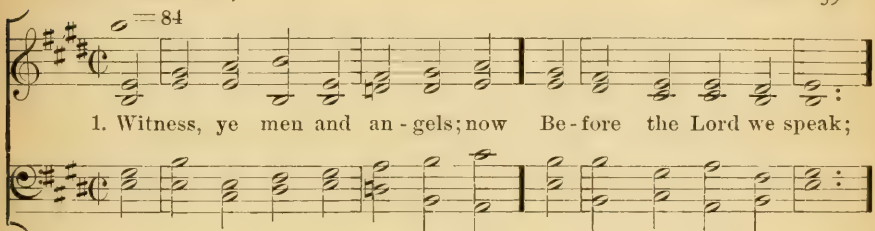
217

Witness, ye men and angels; now

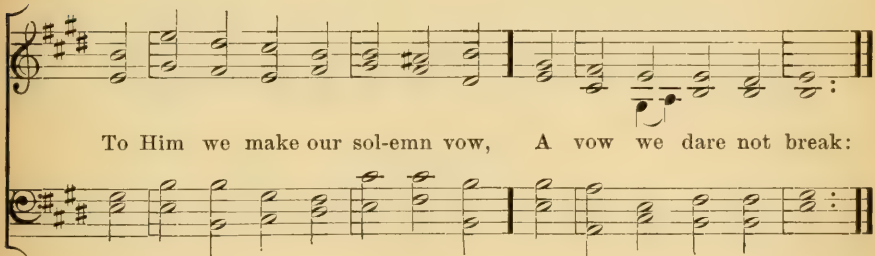
C. M.

B. BEDDOME. 1817

*Dundee*  
SCOTCH. 1592



1. Witness, ye men and an - gels; now Be - fore the Lord we speak;



To Him we make our sol-lemn vow, A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from His cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on His grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers  
Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

# Confirmation

218

O happy day, that stays my choice

L.M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

FIRST TUNE

\* *Kent*  
J. F. LAMPE. 1745



1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;



Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell Thy goodness all a-broad.



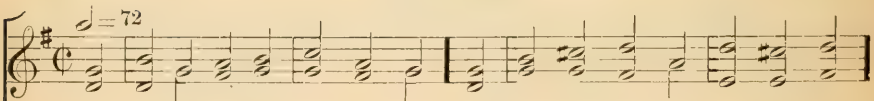
2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;  
Who with the world would grieve to part  
When called on angels' food to feast?

3 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

218

SECOND TUNE

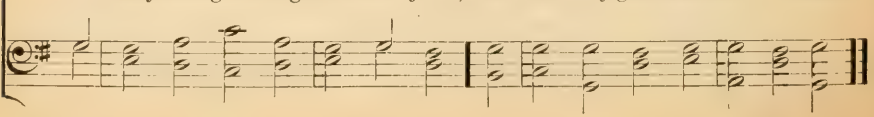
*Angels'*  
O. GIBBONS. 1623



1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;



Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell Thy goodness all abroad.



# Holy Communion

219 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face 10s.

DR. BONAR. 1855

FIRST TUNE

*Penitential*  
DR. DEARLE. 1880

80

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I  
touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er  
hand e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.

- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

# Holy Communion

219

SECOND TUNE

*Lento*  
J. ADCOCK, 1879

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I

touch and han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand e - ter - nal

grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

# Holy Communion

220

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord

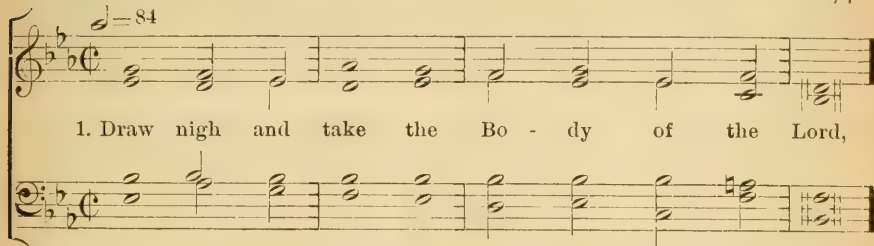
10s.

7th CENTURY  
NEALE. Tr.

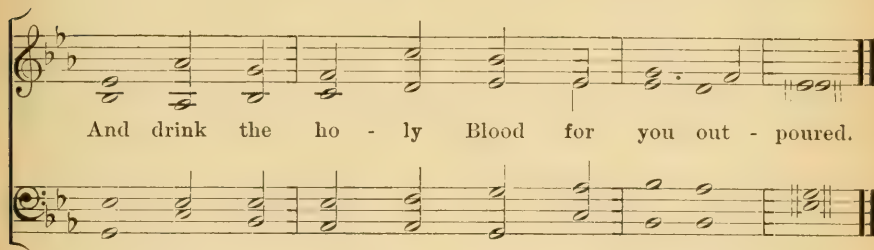
"Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite."

*Cant.*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

♩ = 84



1. Draw nigh and take the Bo - dy of the Lord,



And drink the ho - ly Blood for you out - poured.

- 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,  
That in a type celestial myst'ries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields;
- 9 With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the doom, is with us now.



# Holy Communion

221

O God, unseen yet ever near

C. M.

E. OSLER. 1836

FIRST TUNE

*Jerusalem*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. O God, un-seen yet ev - er near, Thy presence may we feel;

And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heav'nly food;

Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
Our drink His precious Blood.  
4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

221

SECOND TUNE

*St. Flavian*  
ENGLISH. 1563

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. O God, un-seen yet ev - er near, Thy presence may we feel;

And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel.

# Holy Communion

222

Jesu, to Thy table led

7s.

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1864

FIRST TUNE

*Lacryma*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. Je - su, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry  
heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy blest presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release;  
Cold and wav'ring faith increase;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

222

SECOND TUNE

*St. Basil*  
GERMAN

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Je - su, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry  
heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

# Holy Communion

223

O Bread of Life from heaven

7.7.6.7.7.6.

"O esca viatorum."

ANON. 1661  
SCHAFF. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Esca*  
J. BARNEY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels

giv - - en; O man - na from a - bove!

The souls that hun - ger, feed Thou, The hearts that seek Thee,

lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,  
O river ever streaming  
From Jesus' holy side!  
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing  
On thirsting souls, and flowing  
Till all are satisfied.

# Holy Communion

3 Jesu, this feast receiving,  
Thy word of truth believing,  
We Thee unseen adore;  
Grant, when the veil is rended,  
That we, to heav'n ascended,  
May see Thee evermore.

223

SECOND TUNE

*St. Ulric*  
A. H. BROWN. 1884

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff has a melody starting on G4, moving stepwise up to D5, then down to G4. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

giv - en; O man - na from . . . a - bove!

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the word 'from'. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The souls that hun - ger, feed Thou, The hearts that seek Thee,

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the word 'Thee'. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love.

The fourth system concludes the melody. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the word 'love'. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Holy Communion

224

Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed

7s.

J. CONDER. 1824.

FIRST TUNE

*Ratisbon*  
GERMAN. 1815

♩ = 76

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is

meat in - deed: Ev - er may our souls be fed

With this true and liv - ing bread; Day by day with

strength sup - plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died.



# Holy Communion

2 Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,  
To Thy cross we look and live:  
Jesu, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

224

SECOND TUNE

*Bread of Heaven*  
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is

meat in - deed: Ev - er may our souls be fed

With this true and liv - ing bread; Day by day with

strength sup - plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died.

# Holy Communion

225

Bread of the world, in mercy broken

P. M.

*Panis*

BISHOP HEBER. 1827

FIRST TUNE

REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the

soul, in mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of

life were spo - ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

225

SECOND TUNE

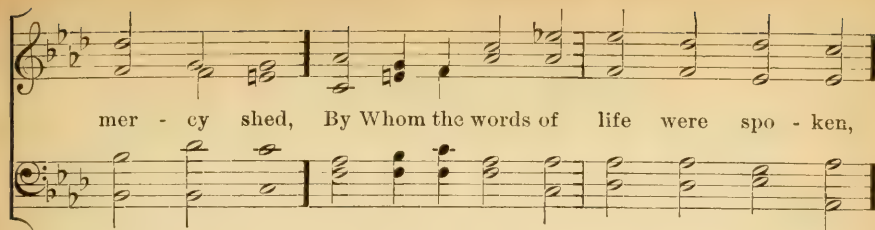
*Vox Domini*

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1875

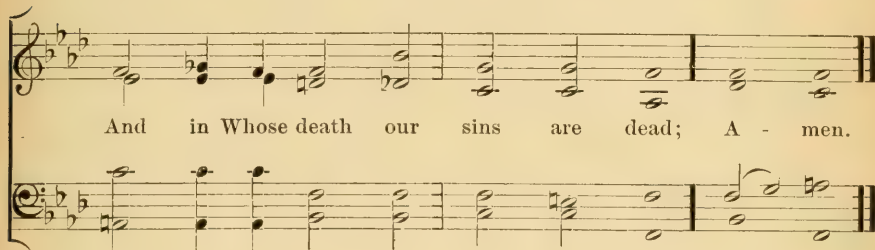
$\text{♩} = 52$

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in

# Holy Communion



mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of life were spo - ken,



And in Whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

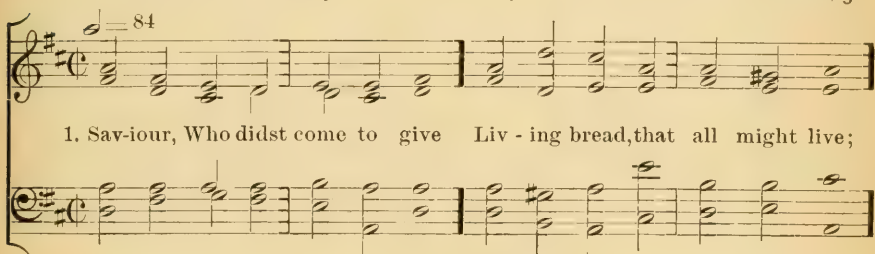
226

Saviour, Who didst come to give

7s.

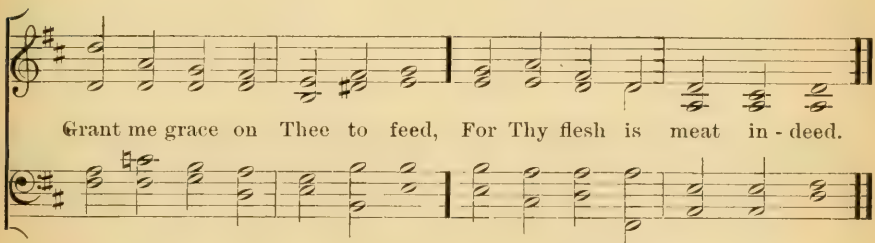
REV. F. W. BARTLETT. 1890

*Buckland*  
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863



♩ = 84

1. Sav-iour, Who didst come to give Liv - ing bread, that all might live;



Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed.

2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,  
Help me on the heav'nward way;  
Vine of strength, supply my need,  
For Thy blood is drink indeed.

# Holy Communion

227

O Saving Victim, opening wide

L. M.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. 1263  
CASWALL. Tr.

"O salutaris Hostia."

FIRST TUNE

\* Custodes  
C. GOUNOD. 1855

$\text{♩} = 76$

*p*  
1. O Sav - ing Vic - tim, open - ing wide

The gate of heav'n to man be - low,

Our foes press on from ev' - ry side, Thine aid sup -

*pp*

- ply, Thy strength be - stow. A - men, A - men.

# Holy Communion

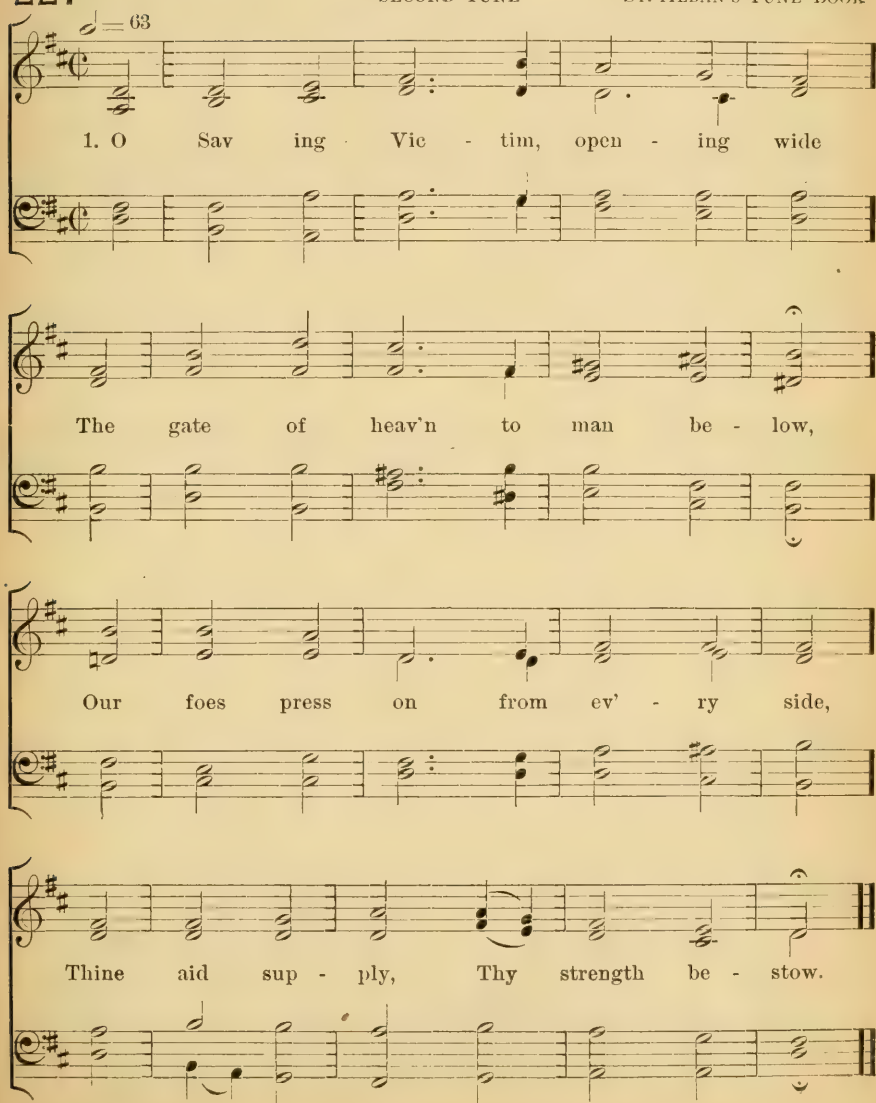
2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend  
For evermore, blest One in Three;  
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,  
In our true native land with Thee.

227

SECOND TUNE

\* *Salutaris*  
ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK

$\text{♩} = 63$



1. O Sav ing Vic - tim, open - ing wide

The gate of heav'n to man be - low,

Our foes press on from ev' - ry side,

Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow.



# Holy Communion

228 And now, O Father, mindful of the love 10s.

REV. W. BRIGHT. 1874

*Unde*  
W. H. MONK. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

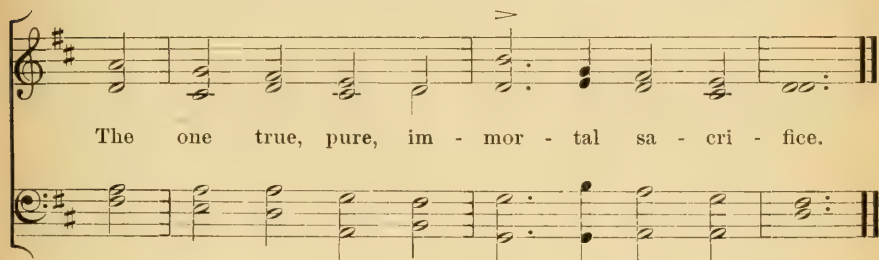
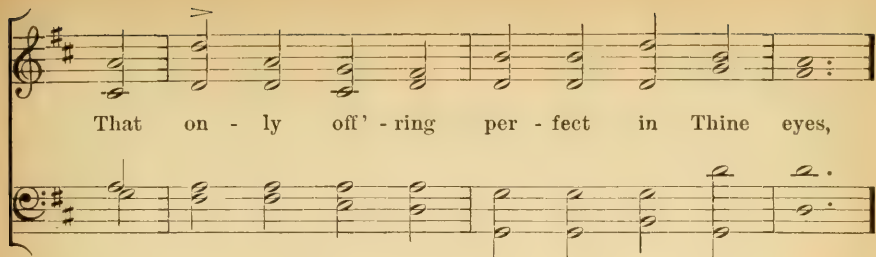
1. And now, O Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love

That bought us, once for all, on Cal - vary's tree,

And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,

We here pres - ent, we here spread forth to Thee,

# Holy Communion



- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
And only look on us as found in Him;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our pray'r so languid, and our faith so dim;  
For lo! between our sins and their reward,  
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing presence we appeal;  
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!  
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4 And so we come; oh, draw us to Thy feet,  
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!  
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from ev'ry touch of ill:  
In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

# Holy Communion

229

O Thou, before the world began

8s.

REV. C. WESLEY. 1745

*Faber*

REV. R. R. CHOPE

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. O Thou, be - fore the world be - gan    Ordained a sa - cri -

- fice for man, And by th'e - ter - nal Spir - it made

An off' - ring in the sin - ner's stead; Our ev - er - last - ing

Priest art Thou, Plead - ing Thy death for sin - ners now.

2 Thy off'ring still continues new  
Before the righteous Father's view;  
Thyself the Lamb forever slain,  
Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain;  
Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 Oh, that our faith may never move,  
But stand unshaken as Thy love!  
Sure evidence of things unseen,  
Now let it pass the years between,  
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,  
My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.

# Holy Communion

230

Thou, who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray 10s.

CAPTAIN TURTON. 1881

*Sacramentum*  
C. H. LLOYD. 1885

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Thou, Who at Thy first Eu-char-ist didst pray, That all Thy Church might

be for-ev-er one, Grant us at ev-'ry Eu-char-ist to say

With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." Oh, may we all one

*pp Unison. cres. dim.*  
Bread, one Bo-dy be, Thro' this blest Sa-cra-ment of U-ni-ty.

2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;  
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;  
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,  
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;  
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wand'ers from Thy fold;  
Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,  
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,

Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;  
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,  
May we be one with all Thy Church above,  
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,  
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;  
More blessed still, in peace and love to be  
One with the Trinity in Unity.

# Holy Communion

231

My God, and is Thy table spread

L. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

FIRST TUNE

*Rockingham*  
DR. MILLER. 1790

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy

cup with love o'er - flow, Thith - er be all Thy

chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come;  
And gather from their Father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.



# Holy Communion

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

231

SECOND TUNE

*Mensa*  
DR. GARRETT. 1860

*66* Voices in Unison.

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And

does Thy cup with love o'er - flow, Thith - er be all Thy

chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know.

*♩ = 52*

1 O Ho - ly Je - su, Prince of Peace! Thy peace be with us

gath'ring round Thy board, Here, where the pre - sence of an unseen Lord

Waits to be gra - cious, charg'd with full re - lease To ev - 'ry

heav - y - la - den soul Which here re - mem - bers Thee.

2 Once more, as in that upper room,  
 Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,  
 Thou Whose dear voice to ev'ry sorrowing friend  
 Spoke the great promise through the deep'ning gloom,  
 Thou bid'st us, Master of the feast,  
 To-day remember Thee!

3 And e'en as in our hands we take  
 This broken bread, this precious cup of love,  
 Thy dying testament, which from above  
 Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,  
 A fount of grace and life to all;  
 We do remember Thee!

# Holy Communion

4 Ours is the bond of love divine,  
Which knits us each to all and all to each;  
That love whose ever-length'ning cords can reach  
From the white choir around Thy heav'nly shrine  
To those who come in faith to-day  
Here to remember Thee.

5 Thy banquet over, as we go,  
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,  
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,  
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,  
Abide with us, O Lord, that still  
We may remember Thee!

233

According to Thy gracious word

C.M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. 1825

*St Agatha*  
T. GAMBIER PARRY. 1867

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In  
meek hu - mi - li - ty, This will I do, my  
dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heav'n shall be;  
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and mem'ry flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me.

# Holy Communion

234

I am not worthy, holy Lord

C.M.

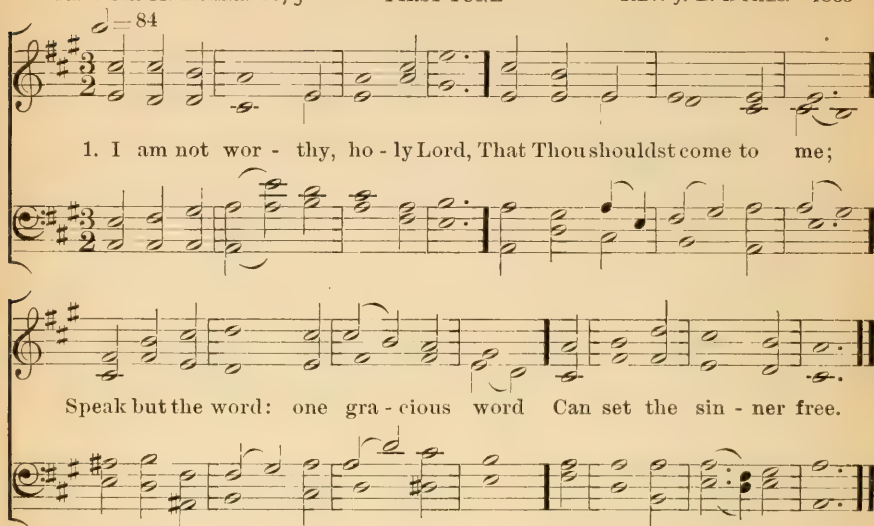
REV. SIR H. BAKER. 1875

FIRST TUNE

*Gerontius*

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word: one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare  
The lodging of my soul;  
How canst Thou deign to enter there?  
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,  
How can I say Thee nay;

Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood  
My ransom-price to pay?

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour  
Feed me with food divine;  
And fill with all Thy love and power  
This worthless heart of mine.

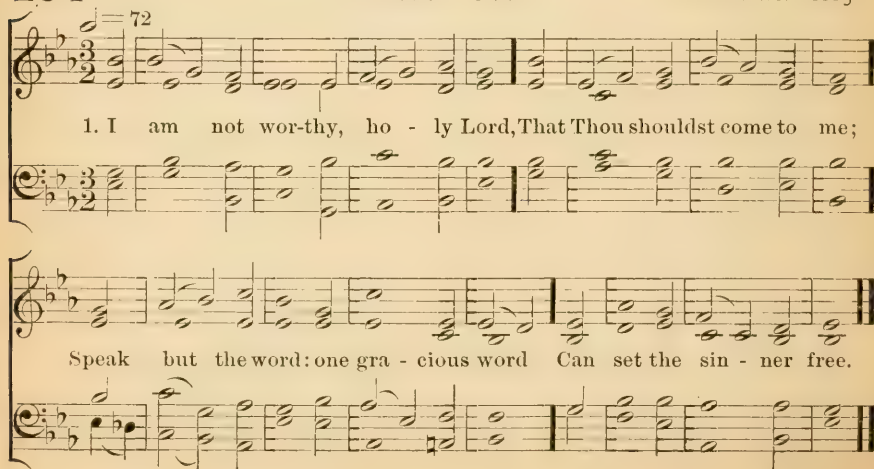
234

SECOND TUNE

*Leicester*

W. HURST. 1885

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. I am not wor-ty, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word: one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.

# Holy Communion

235

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

C. M.

*St. Agnes*

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

FIRST TUNE

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,

With man - na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
As Thou when here below,  
Our souls the joys celestial seek  
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,  
But by that word of grace,  
In strength of which we travel on  
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
But do not then depart;  
Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;  
Thy body and Thy blood,  
That living bread, that heav'nly wine,  
Be our immortal food.

235

SECOND TUNE

*Burford*  
ENGLISH. 1700

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,

With man - na in the wil - der-ness, With wa - ter from the rock.



## Holy Communion

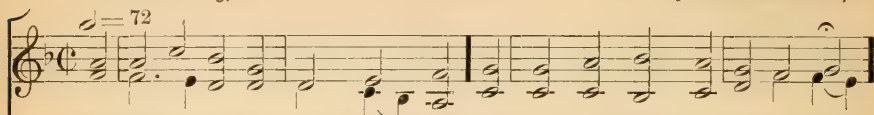
236

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored

8.8.8.4.

G. RAWSON. 1857

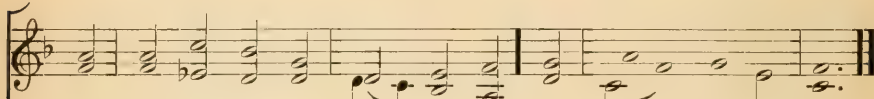
*Sarum*  
J. HULLAH. 1867



1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,



And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.  
Un - til He come.



Un - til He come.

2 His body broken in our stead  
Is here, in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see:  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
With the last Advent we unite—

The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until He come!

## Holy Matrimony

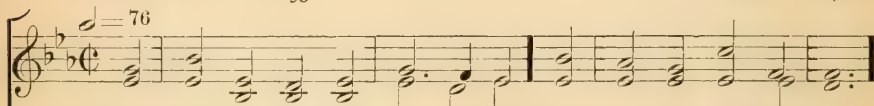
237

Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast

D.C.M.

ADELAIDE THRUPP. 1853

*Cana*  
S. REAY. 1872



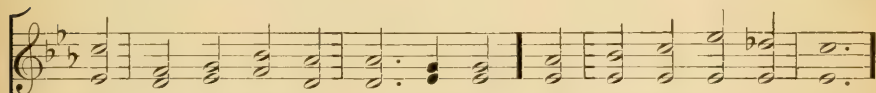
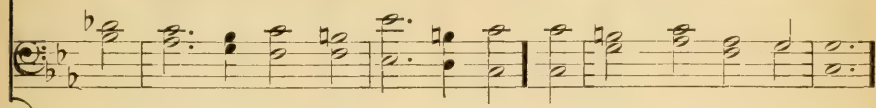
1. Lord, Who at Ca - na's wedding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,



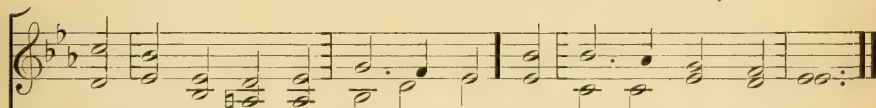
# Holy Matrimony



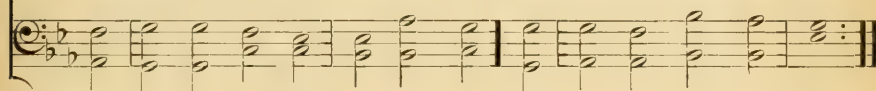
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy presence here;



For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,



Proclaim - ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee.



2 The holiest vow that man can make,  
The golden thread in life,  
The bond that none may dare to break,  
That bindeth man and wife;  
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,  
No evil shall destroy,  
Through care-worn days each care divides,  
And doubles ev'ry joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,  
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
That each may wake the other's zeal  
To love Thee more and more:  
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,  
In purity and love,  
And, this world leaving, to receive  
A crown of life above!

# Holy Matrimony

238

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending

11.10.

\* *Fife*

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD. 1883

J. BARNEY. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O per - fect Love, all human thought transcending, Low - ly we

kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne, That their's may be the

love that knows no end - ing, Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.

*mf*

2. O per - fect Life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance

Of ten - der char - i - ty and stead - fast faith,

# Holy Matrimony

*p*  
Of pa - tient hope, and qui - et, brave en - dur - ance,

With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.

*pp*  
3. Grant them the joy which bright-ens earth - ly sor - row;

*cres.*  
Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,

*f*  
And to life's day . . the glo - rious un-known mor - row

*dim.* *rall.*  
That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life. A - - men.

# Holy Matrimony

239

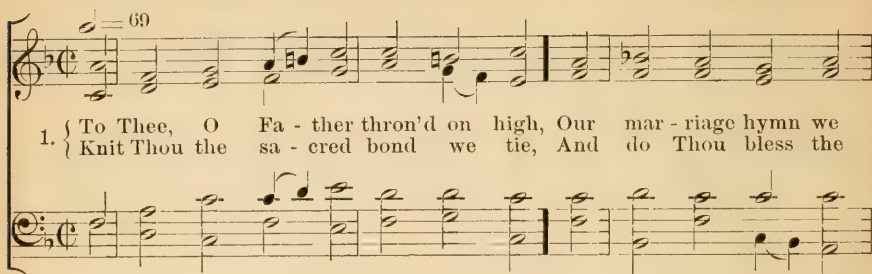
To Thee, O Father throned on high

8s.

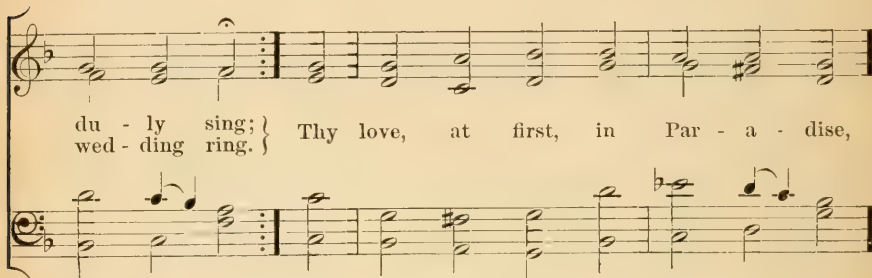
BISHOP W. C. DOANE. 1881

*Darmstadt*  
J. SCHOP. 1641

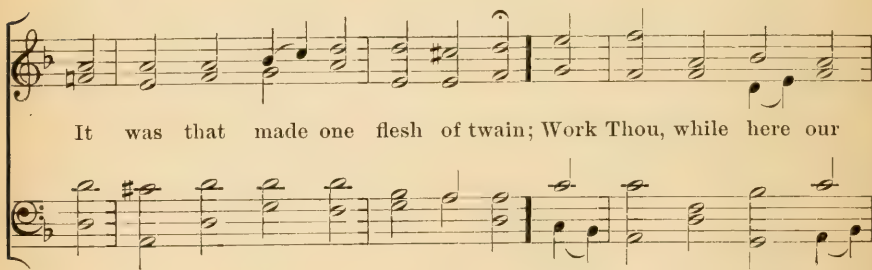
♩ = 69



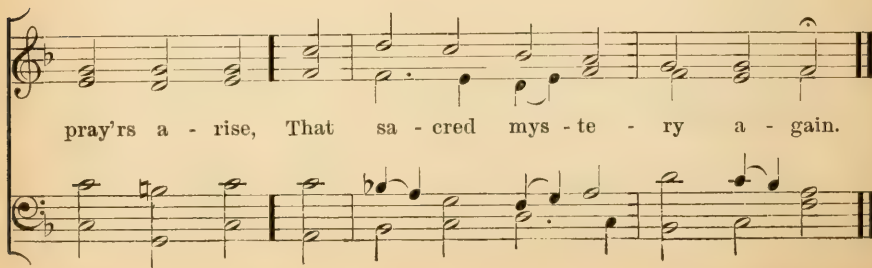
1. { To Thee, O Fa - ther thron'd on high, Our mar - riage hymn we  
Knit Thou the sa - cred bond we tie, And do Thou bless the



du - ly sing; } Thy love, at first, in Par - a - dise,  
wed - ding ring. }



It was that made one flesh of twain; Work Thou, while here our



pray'rs a - rise, That sa - cred mys - te - ry a - gain.



# Holy Matrimony

2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside  
 Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;  
 True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,  
 With all Thy human love, draw nigh.  
 Our human nature, Thy divine  
 Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,  
 As Cana's water turned to wine,  
 Its lost godlikeness is restored.

3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,  
 Thee too we worship, God and Lord,  
 And honor Thee, with praises meet,  
 One with the Father and the Word.  
 Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,  
 Come, sanctify, and bless, and guide,  
 Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,  
 The life of bridegroom and of bride.

4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host  
 Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song;  
 O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 To Whom all worship doth belong;  
 Hear, in these echoes faint and dim  
 Of chant and pray'r and holy psalm,  
 Their songs, the heav'nly feast who hymn,  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

240

The voice that breathed o'er Eden

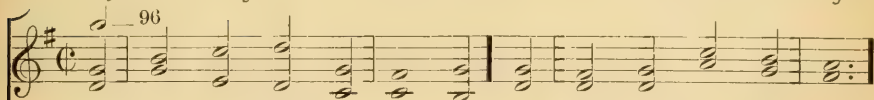
7.6.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1856

FIRST TUNE

*St Alphege*  
 DR. GAUNTLETT. 1852

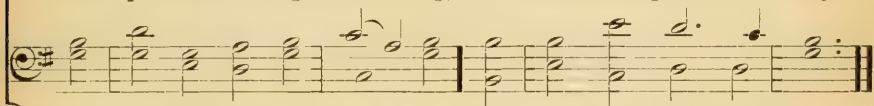
96



1. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,



The pri - mal marriage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.



2 Still in the pure espousal  
 Of Christian man and maid,  
 The holy Three are with us,  
 The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,  
 To give away this bride,  
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
 Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
 To join their loving hands,  
 As Thou didst bind two natures  
 In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
 To bless them as they kneel,  
 As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
 The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!

6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
 Let no ill pow'r find place,  
 When onward to Thine altar  
 Their hallowed path they trace,

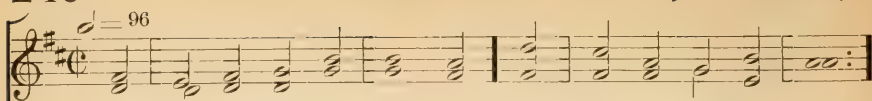
7 To cast their crowns before Thee  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the home of gladness  
 With Christ's own Bride they rise.

# Holy Matrimony

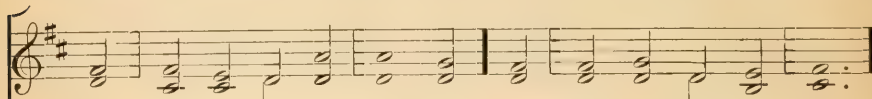
240

SECOND TUNE

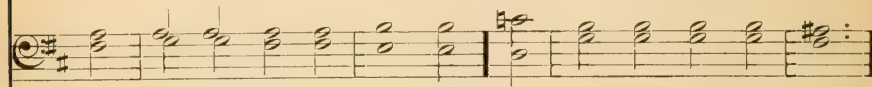
Bentley  
J. HULLAH. 1867



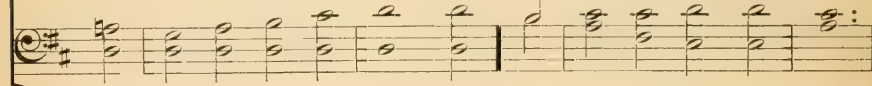
1. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,



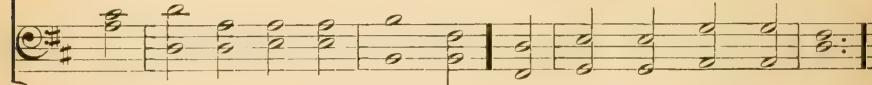
The pri - mal marriage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.



2. Still in the pure es - pou - sal Of Christian man and maid,



The ho - ly Three are with us, The three - fold grace is said.



3 Be present, awful Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!

6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill pow'r find place,  
When onward to Thine altar  
Their hallowed path they trace,

\* 7 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

\* Repeat 2nd Part of Tune.

# Burial of the Dead

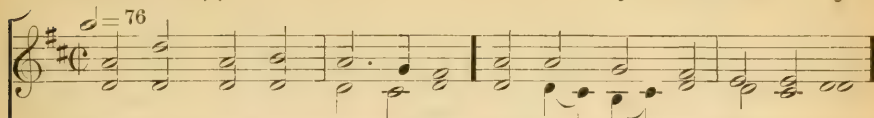
241

Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise

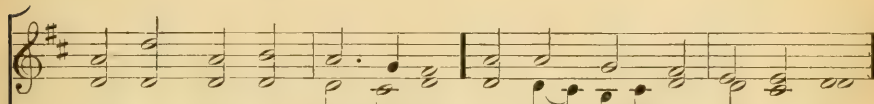
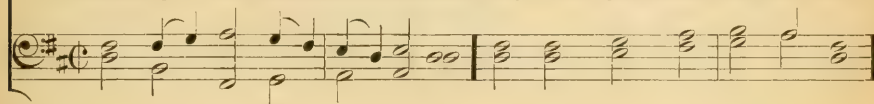
7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

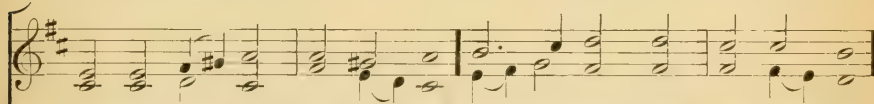
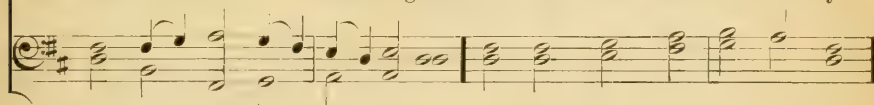
*Salzburg* 1  
J. ROSENMULLER. 1650



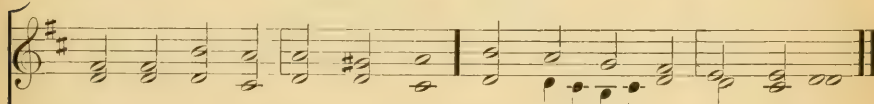
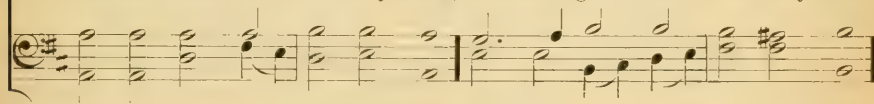
1. Bless-ing, hon - or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gra - cious God, to Thee:



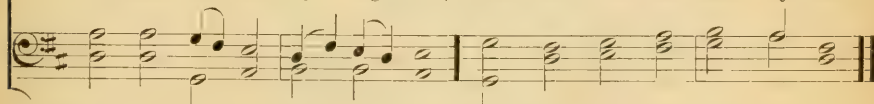
Thou in Thine a - bundant grace Giv - est us the vic - to - ry.



True and faith - ful to Thy word, Thou hast glo - ri - fied Thy Son:



Je - sus Christ, our dy - ing Lord, Has for us the vict - 'ry won.



2 Happy are the faithful dead,  
Blessèd who in Jesus die;  
They from all their toils are freed,  
In God's keeping safely lie.  
These the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest,  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long;  
Join we then with one accord  
In the new, the joyful song;  
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,  
Triune God, we pay to Thee,  
Who in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory!

# Burial of the Dead

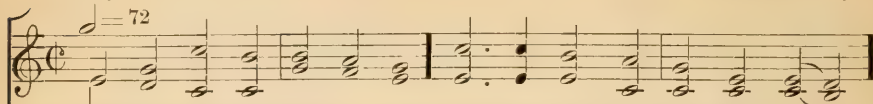
242

Now the laborer's task is o'er 7.7.7.7.8.8.

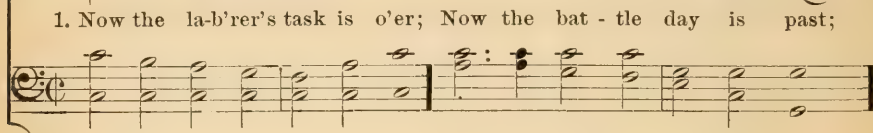

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

*Requiescat*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1889

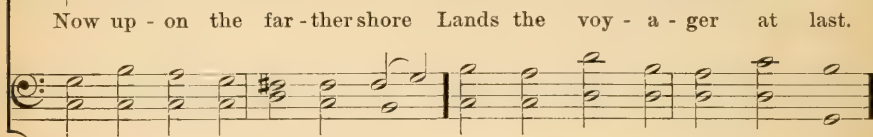
$\text{♩} = 72$



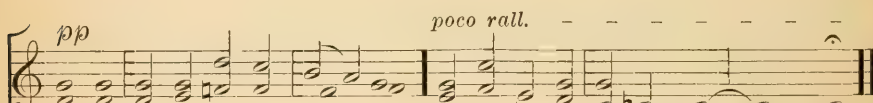
1. Now the la-b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle day is past;

Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last.

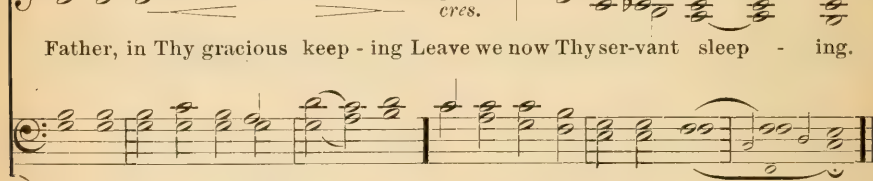


*pp* *poco rall.*



*cres.*

Father, in Thy gracious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing.



2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the penitents, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

# Burial of the Dead

- 4 There no more the pow'rs of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection-day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

243

On the resurrection morning

8.7.8.3.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1866

*Mansfield*  
E. H. TURPIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. On the re - sur - rec - tion morn - ing Soul and bo - dy meet a - gain;

No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 88. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics, and the second line corresponds to the second line. The music ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn;  
Till there breaks the last and brightest  
Easter morn.
- 4 But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong;  
Breaking at the resurrection  
Into song.
- 5 Soul and body reunited,  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,

- Waking up in Christ's own likeness,  
Satisfied.
- 6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness  
Of that resurrection-day!  
Which shall not, through endless ages,  
Pass away!
- 7 On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore,  
Father, sister, child and mother,  
Meet once more.
- 8 To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;  
To Thy cross, through death and judg-  
Holding fast. [ment,



# Burial of the Dead

244

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. 1832

FIRST TUNE

*Bamberg*  
GERMAN. 1628

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be,  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But there is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

244

SECOND TUNE

*Walton*  
From BEETHOVEN. 1831

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;

# Burial of the Dead

A calm and un - disturb'd re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes.

## FOR A CHILD

245

Let no hopeless tears be shed

7s.

J. B. DE SANTEUL. 1689

LITLEDALE. 77.

"Funeri ne date planetum."

*Vita*

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1885

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. Let no hope - less tears be shed, Ho - ly is this

nar - row bed. Al - le - lu - ia.

2 Death eternal life bestows,  
Open heaven's portal throws.  
Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last  
Him who now away hath past.  
Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed for race well run:  
Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord  
Gives His child a full reward;  
Alleluia.

6 Grants the prize without the course,  
Crowns, without the battle's force.  
Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one;  
Alleluia.

8 And in Thine own tender love,  
Bring us to the ranks above.  
Alleluia.

# Burial of the Dead

## FOR A CHILD

246

Safely, safely gathered in

7s.

MRS. DOBREE. 1881

*Cicely*  
C. BOWDLER. 1881

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 76$

I. Safe - ly, safe - ly ga - thered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,

No more childish griefs or fears, No more sad-ness, no more tears;

For the life so young and fair Now hath pass'd from earth-ly care;

*pp*

God Him - self the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed, sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin;  
Passed beyond all grief and pain,  
Death for thee is truest gain;  
For our loss we may not weep,  
Nor our loved ones long to keep  
From the home of rest and peace,  
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

# Burial of the Dead

3 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin;  
God has saved from weary strife,  
In its dawn, this fresh young life;  
Now it waits for us above,  
Resting in the Saviour's love;  
Jesu, grant that we may meet  
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

## FOR A CHILD

247

Saviour, for the little one

7s.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1890

*Glastonbury*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

72

1. Sav-iour, for the lit-tle one, Safe-ly gathered in Thine arms,  
Ere the bat-tle had be-gun, Vic-tor, spared from war's a-larms,  
We who toil and struggle sing Praise to Thee, the children's King.

2 First of all Thy martyr-band,  
Infants for Thy sake were slain;  
Day by day, from ev'ry land,  
Infants swell the guileless train,  
Who, this vale of tears untrod,  
Stand before the throne of God.

3 Thou dost give and take away,  
Full of love, in all Thy ways:  
Be each mourner's heart to-day  
Full of loving trust and praise,  
In the midst of grief to bring  
Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

# Burial of the Dead FOR A CHILD

248

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled

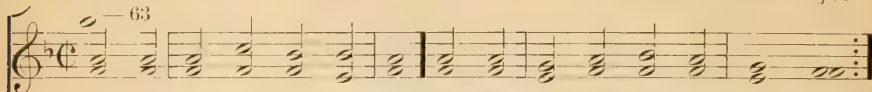
7.8.7.8.7.7.

J. W. MEINHOLD. 1833 "Guter Hirt, du hast gestillt."

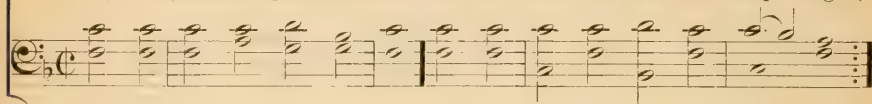
WINKWORTH. Tr.

Meinhold

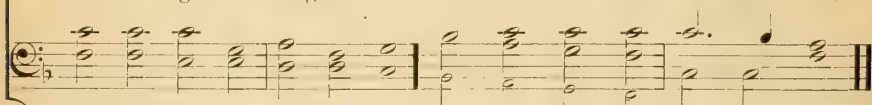
GERMAN. 1700



1. { Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing: }  
 { Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing! }



And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.



- 2 In this world of care and pain,

Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;

To the sunny heav'nly plain

Thou dost now with joy receive it;

Clothed in robes of spotless white,

Now it dwells with Thee in light.

- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we

Where it lives may soon be living,

And the lovely pastures see

That its heav'nly food are giving;

Then the gain of death we prove,

Though Thou take what most we love.

Also the following:

- 108 The grave itself a garden is.  
 119 Lift up, lift up your voices now.  
 120 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.  
 121 The strife is o'er, the battle done.  
 122 Jesus lives! thy terrors now.  
 124 Sing, with all the sons of glory.  
 176 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.  
 181 For all Thy saints, O Lord.  
 348 When our heads are bowed with woe.  
 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.  
 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.  
 399 Light's abode, celestial Salem.  
 404 I heard a sound of voices.  
 406 Brief life is here our portion.  
 419 It is not death to die.  
 626 My times are in Thy hand.  
 627 O Love divine that stooped to share.  
 667 My God, my Father, while I stray.  
 668 Whate'er my God ordains is right.  
 679 There is a blessed home.

## Missions

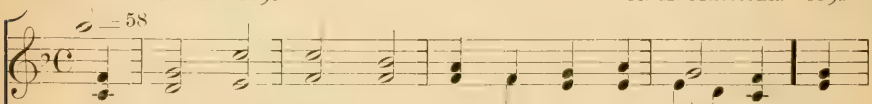
249

O Sion haste, thy mission high fulfilling

P. M.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1891

Tidings  
A. H. MESSITER. 1892



1. O Si - on haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To





# Missions

tell to all the world that God is Light; That He Who made all  
 nations is not will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of  
 night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of  
 peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease. *rall.*

2 Behold how many thousands still are  
 lying  
 Bound in the darksome prison-house  
 of sin,  
 With none to tell them of the Saviour's  
 dying,  
 Or of the life He died for them to win.  
 Publish, etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition  
 The souls for whom the Lord His life  
 laid down;  
 Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy  
 mission,  
 Thou lose one jewel that should deck  
 His crown.  
 Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to ev'ry people, tongue and  
 nation  
 That God, in Whom they live and  
 move, is love:

Tell how He stooped to save His lost  
 creation,  
 And died on earth that man might  
 live above.  
 Publish, etc.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message  
 glorious;  
 Give of thy wealth to speed them on  
 their way;  
 Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r  
 victorious;  
 And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.  
 Publish, etc.

6 He comes again—O Sion ere thou meet  
 Him,  
 Make known to ev'ry heart His saving  
 grace;  
 Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to  
 greet Him,  
 Through thy neglect, unfit to see His  
 Publish, etc. [face

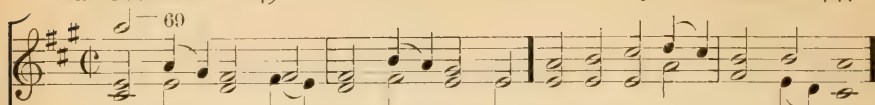
# Missions

250

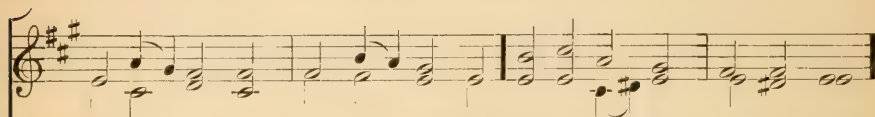
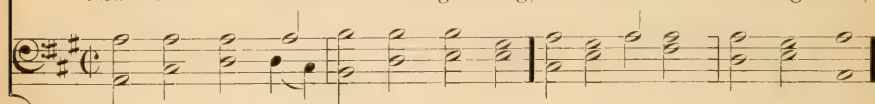
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening 8.7.8.7.4.7.

MRS. MAXWELL. 1849

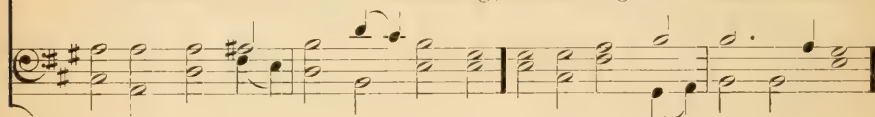
*Star!*  
J. G. C. STÖRL. 1744



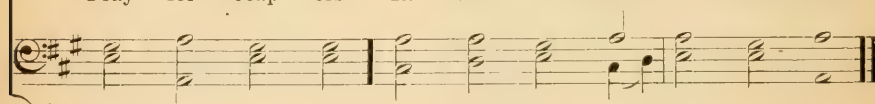
1. Saints of God! the dawn is brightening, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;



O'er the earth the field is whitening; Louder rings the Mas-ter's word:



Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord!



2 Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with Pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land;  
Faithful reapers  
Gath'ring sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come;  
Heav'n and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest Home.  
Saints and angels  
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

# Missions

251

Look from Thy sphere of endless day **L. M.**

W. C. BRYANT. 1840

*St. Gregory*  
GERMAN. 1698

76

1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O

God of mer - cy and of might! In pi - ty look on

those who stray, Be - night - ed in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heav'n the voice of praise.

# Missions

252

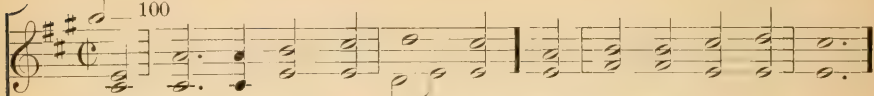
The morning light is breaking

7.6.

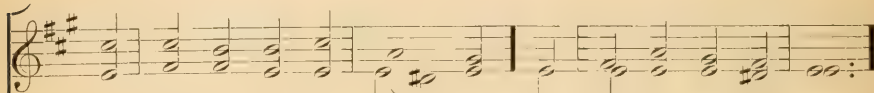
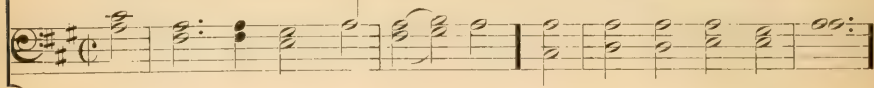
DR. S. F. SMITH. 1832

*Come, sing*  
T. L. FORBES. 1885

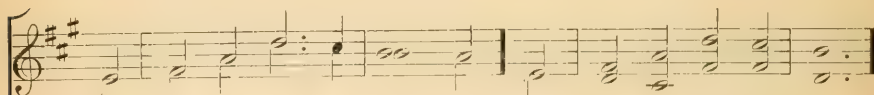
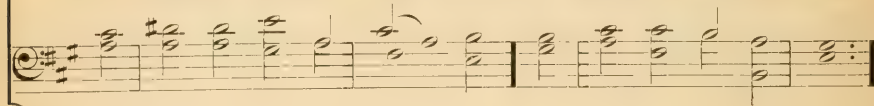
100



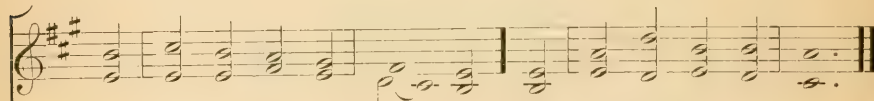
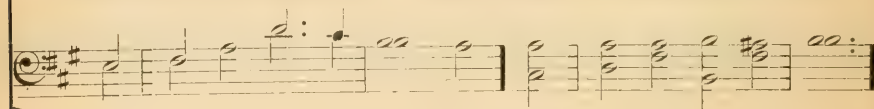
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;



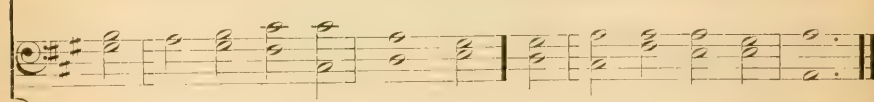
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,



Of na-tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war.



2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky -

ward and sea - ward, high and wide; The sun, that lights its

shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.



# Missions

254

From Greenland's icy mountains

7.6.

BISHOP HEBER. 1819

FIRST TUNE

Lancashire

H. SMART. 1870

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;

From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

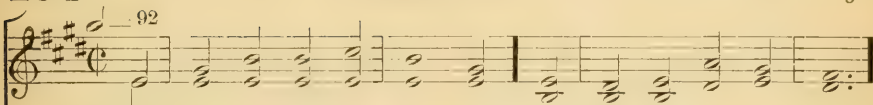
# Missions

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

254

SECOND TUNE

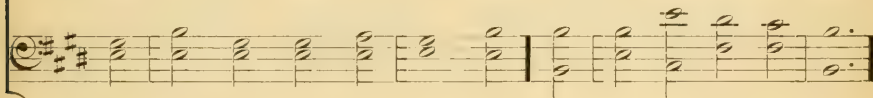
*Missionary*  
DR. LOWELL MASON. 1823



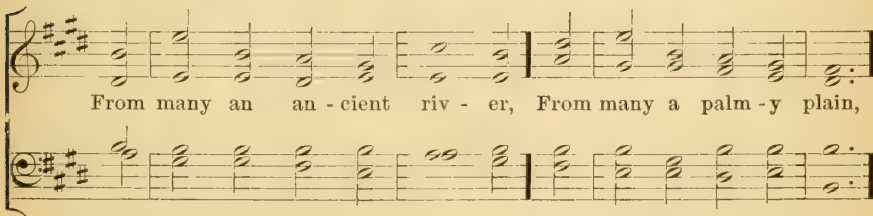
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



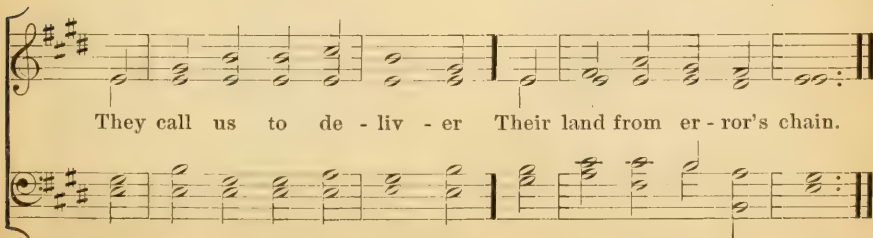
Where A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



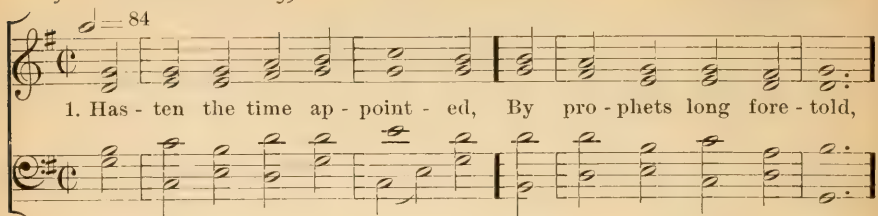
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.



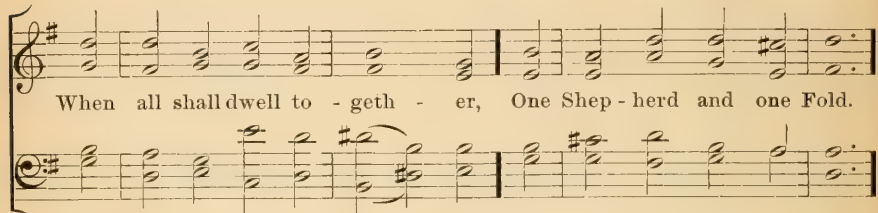
JANE BORTHWICK. 1859

*India*  
L. SCHROETER.

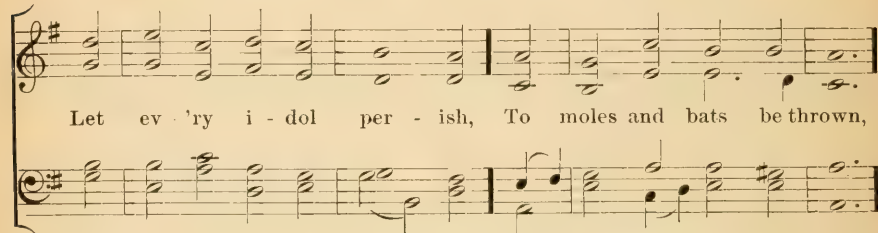
$\text{♩} = 84$



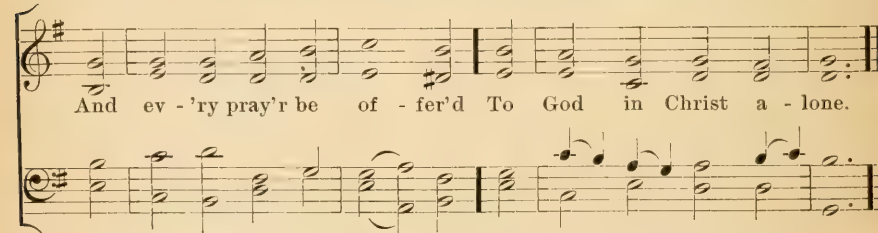
1. Has - ten the time ap - point - ed, By pro - phets long fore - told,



When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one Fold.



Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,



And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fer'd To God in Christ a - lone.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore.  
Let all that now divides us  
Remove and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day.
- 3 Let all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union,  
In a blest land of love.

- Let war be learned no longer,  
Let strife and tumult cease,  
All earth His blessed kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace.
- 4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray!  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on,  
To pray, and hope, and labor,  
Till the dark night be gone.

# Missions

256

Souls in heathen darkness lying

8.7.8.7.4.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

St. Osmund  
H. S. IRONS

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Souls in heathen dark-ness ly-ing, Where no light has broken through,  
Souls that Je-sus bought by dy-ing, Whom His soul in tra-vail knew:  
Thou-sand voi-ces Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue.

- 2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them  
Of His love so deep and dear;  
Of the precious price that bought them;  
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;  
Ye who know Him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings  
Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings  
Rise against us, when we stand  
In the Judgment,  
From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,  
All along each distant shore;  
Seaward far the islands brighten;  
Light of nations! lead us o'er:  
When we seek them,  
Let Thy Spirit go before.

# Missions

257

Saviour, sprinkle many nations

8.7.

BISHOP COXE. 1851

*Falfield*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

80

1. Sav-iour, sprinkle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee!

2. Of Thy cross the wondrous sto - ry, Be it to the na-tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer - cy ma - ni - fold.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.



# Missions

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!  
 Stretched the hand and strained the sight,  
 For Thy Spirit, new creating,  
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher  
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
 Till on earth by ev'ry creature  
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

258

Lord, a Saviour's love displaying

8.7.

REV. E. HAWKINS. 1851

*Merton*  
 W. H. MONK. 1860

80

1. Lord, a Sav-iour's love dis - play - ing, Show the heathen lands Thy way;

Thousands still like sheep are stray - ing In the dark and cloud-y day.

2 Shades of death are gath'ring o'er them,  
 Lord, they perish from Thy sight!  
 Let Thine angel go before them;  
 Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3 Fetch them home from ev'ry nation,  
 From the islands of the sea;  
 By the word of Thy salvation  
 Call the wand'ers back to Thee.

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,  
 Grant the blessing long foretold;  
 Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,  
 Find at last the one true fold.

REV. W. HURN. 1813

*Harvey*  
DR. STANFORD. 1885

- 88

1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might,

And prosper each de - sign To spread Thy glorious light: Let heal-ing streams of

mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh, bring the nations near,  
That they may sing Thy praise;  
Let all the people hear  
And learn Thy holy ways:  
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,  
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power:  
The nations then shall see,  
And earth present her store,  
In converts born to Thee:  
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,  
And earth be filled with righteousness.

REV. H. DOWNTON. 1867

*Everton*  
H. SMART. 1865

80

1. { Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey ? }  
{ When shall end the night of weeping ? When shall break the promis'd day ? }

See the whitening har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the laborer's toil;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish ? Shall the Strong re - tain the spoil ?

2 Tidings, sent to ev'ry creature,  
Millions yet have never heard:  
Can they hear without a preacher?  
Lord almighty, give the word!  
Give the word! in ev'ry nation  
Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
Witnessing a world's salvation,  
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,  
All Thy chosen gathered in,  
With their King in glory seated,  
Satan bound, and banished sin;  
Gone forever parting, weeping,  
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;  
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

# Missions

261

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

L. M.

*Hilderstone*

DR. WATTS. 1719

FIRST TUNE

P. HART. 1710



1. Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.



2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

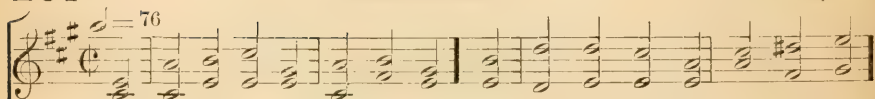
5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

261

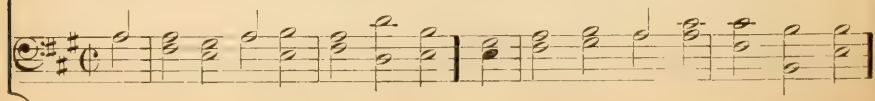
SECOND TUNE

*Brockham*

DR. CLARKE. 1700



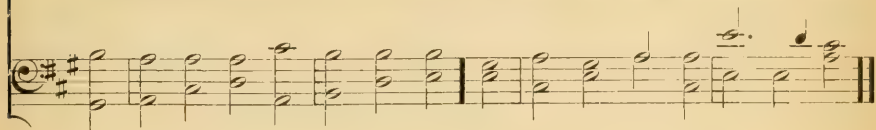
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;



# Missions



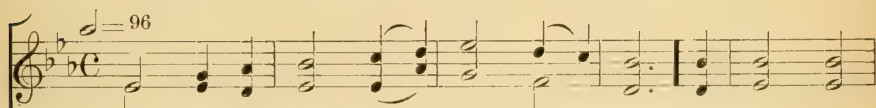
His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.



261

THIRD TUNE

\* Duke Street  
J. HATTON. 1790



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -



- ces - sive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to



shore, Till moons shall wax . . . and wane no more.





REV. S. J. STONE. 1871

*Harvest*  
C. J. FROST. 1889

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Lord of the har - vest, it is right and meet

That we should lay ob - la - tions at Thy feet,

With joy - ful Al - le - lu - ia!

- 2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer;  
Sweet is the worship that with heav'n we share,  
Who sing the Alleluia!
- 3 We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on high;  
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our suppliant cry  
To festal Alleluia!
- 4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,  
That all the age of ages shall prolong,  
The endless Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,  
And to Thy white-robed reapers giv'n the word,  
We sing our Alleluia!
- 6 O Christ, Who in the wide world's fallow lea,  
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee  
We sing our Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain  
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,  
We sing our Alleluia!

# Missions

- 8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went forth:  
 "We come" has sounded to the South and North.  
 At morn sing Alleluia!
- 9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,  
 Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.  
 At noon sing Alleluia!
- 10 The winds of God have blown with living breath,  
 His dews have fallen on the plains of death.  
 At eve sing Alleluia.
- 11 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,  
 Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,  
 Adoring Alleluia!
- 12 Glory to God! the Church in patience cries;  
 Glory to God! the Church in bliss replies,  
 With endless Alleluia!

263

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim

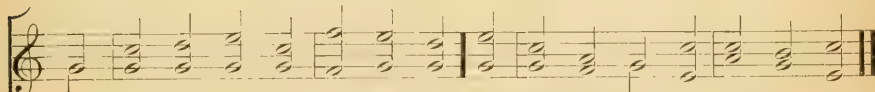
L. M.

B. H. DRAPER. 1805

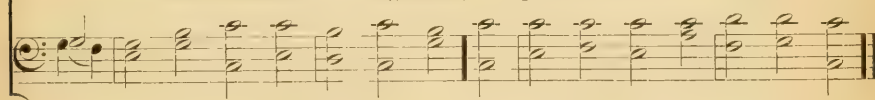
Winchester new  
 GERMAN. 1690



1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Em-manuel's Name:



To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.



- 2 God shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
 Then may we meet to part no more,  
 Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,  
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

## 264 Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them 8.7.8.7.4.7.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820

*Second Advent*  
REV. C. I. LATROBE. 1800

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;

They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;

Be Thou with them, Be Thou with them: 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command,  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land:  
Oh, be with them!  
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
Be Thou with them;  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain:  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain:  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humbler be;  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in heav'n they see:

6 There to reap in joy for ever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him, Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own;  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to Him alone.

# Missions

265

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!

L. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE. 1795

FIRST TUNE

*Truro*

DR. BURNEY. 1760

116

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Put on Thy

strength! the na - tions shake! And let the world a -

- dor - ing see Tri - umphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone:  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wond'ring eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name;  
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

# Missions

265

SECOND TUNE

Broughton  
ANON. 1880

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Put on Thy strength! the na - tions shake!

And let the world a - dor - ing see Triumphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone:  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wond'ring eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name;  
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

*Also the following :*

62 From the eastern mountains.  
288 O Spirit of the living God.  
323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.  
327 Thou, Whose almighty word.  
328 Lord of all power and might.

329 Thy kingdom come, O God!  
330 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!  
332 God of mercy, God of grace.  
468 From all that dwell below the skies.  
579 O brothers, lift your voices.  
580 Christ for the world we sing.  
581 Soldiers of the cross, arise!

## FOR THE JEWS

266

Oh, that the Lord's salvation

7.6.

*St. Finbar*

A. H. BROWN. 1868

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

88

1. Oh, that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Si - on come,



# Missions



To heal His an-cient na - tion, To lead His out - casts home!



2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane?  
Return, O Lord, in pity;  
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;  
Thy saving grace impart;  
Roll back the veil of error;  
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

## FOR THE JEWS

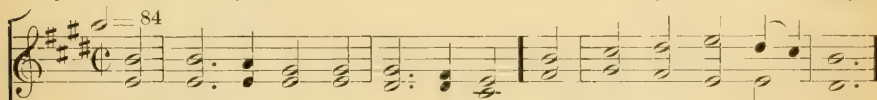
267

Wake, harp of Sion, wake again

C.M.

J. EDMESTON. 1846

*Semper*  
J. H. CASSON. 1889



1. Wake, harp of Si - on, wake a - gain Up - on thine an - cient hill,



On Jor-dan's long de - sert - ed plain, By Ke - dron's low - ly rill.



2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,  
That sounds Messiah's praise,  
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,  
As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King,  
For her salvation waits,  
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,  
With praise in all her gates.

4 Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised days,  
When Israel shall rejoice;  
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,  
With one united voice!

# Almsgiving

268

We give Thee but Thine own

S. M.

BP. W. W. HOW. 1858

FIRST TUNE

*St Ethelwald*  
W. H. MONK. 1860

♩ 84

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the Fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

268

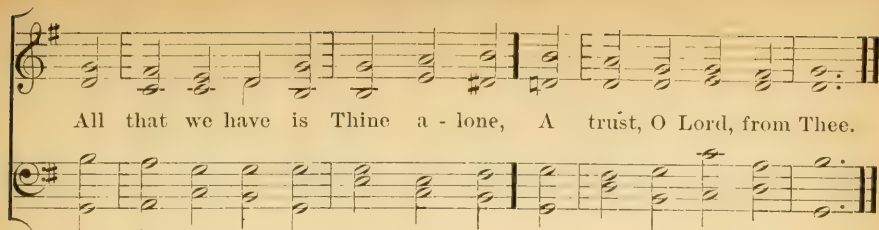
SECOND TUNE

*St. Michael*  
ENGLISH. 1562

♩ 84

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:

# Almsgiving



All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

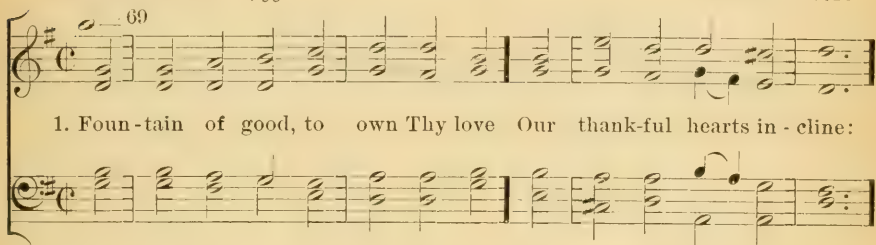
269

Fountain of good, to own Thy love

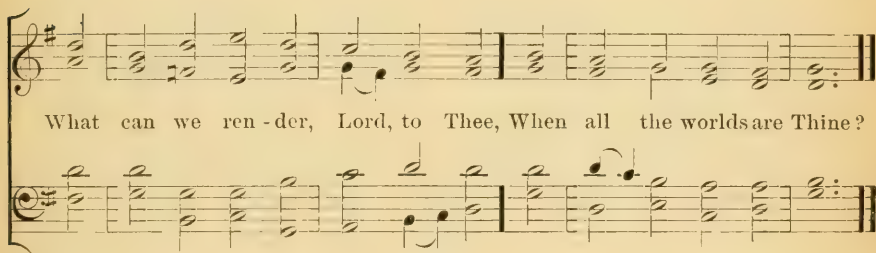
C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

*Southam*  
ENGLISH. 1621



1. Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline:



What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;  
Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfill.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

# Almsgiving

270

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went **C. M.**

REV. W. CROSWELL. 1831

*Horsley* 1  
W. HORSLEY, 1828

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress, '4 Mean are all off'rings we can make,  
Who bore the world's sad weight, But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
We, in their crowded loneliness, If given for the Saviour's sake,  
Would seek the desolate. They lose not their reward.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,  
In this wide world of ill,  
And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.

*Also the following :*

477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.  
478 Holy offerings, rich and rare.

## Charities

271

O God of mercy, God of might **8.8.8.6.**

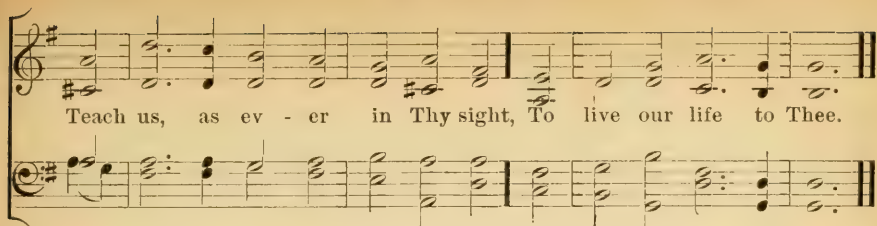
REV. G. THRING. 1877

*Derry*  
REV. J. B. DYKES

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pi - ty in - fi-nite,

# Charities



2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,  
That ev'ry word, and deed, and thought  
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;

Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

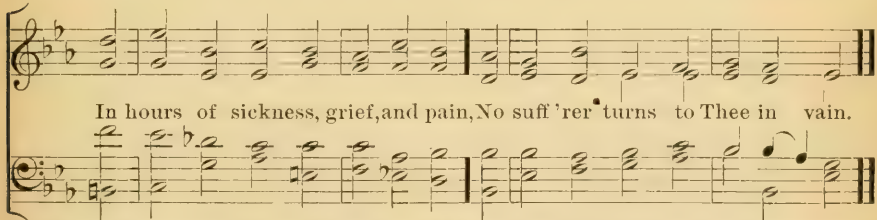
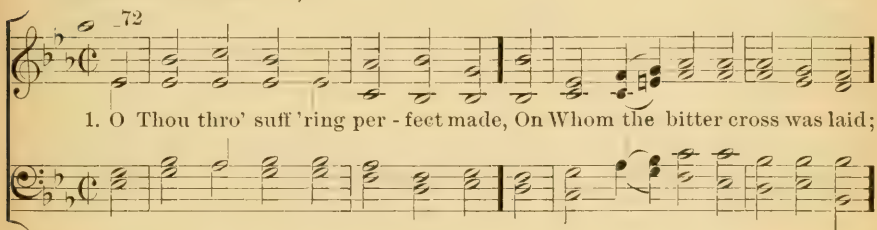
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heav'n above  
All those who give to Thee.

272 O Thou through suffering perfect made L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

*St. Sepulchre*  
G. COOPER. 1868



2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heav'nly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wand'rer nearer God!

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within!  
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin!  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore!



# Charities

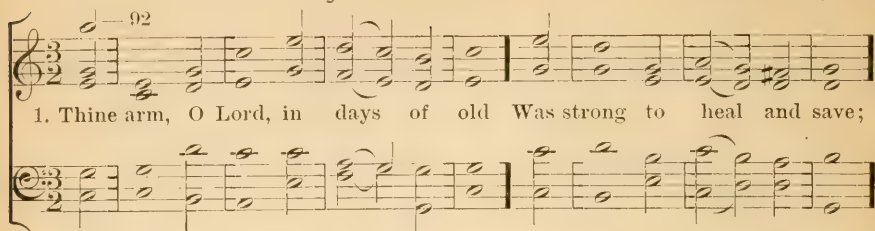
273

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old D.C.M.

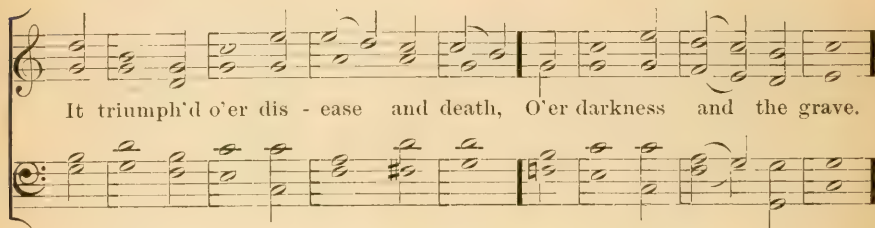
REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865.

*St. Matthew*  
DR. CROFT. 1708

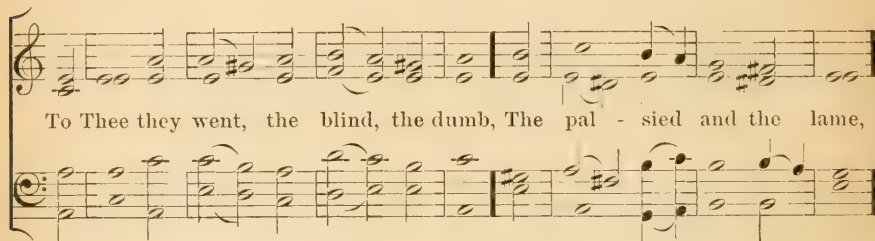
92



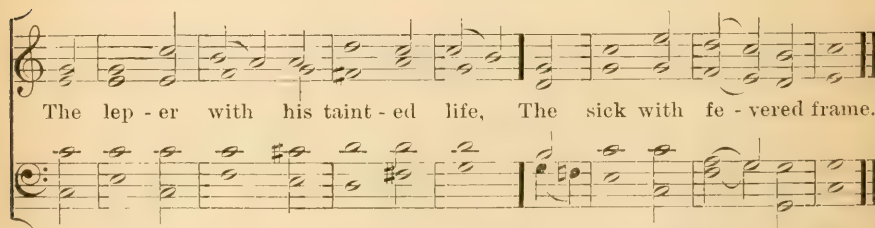
1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;



It triumph'd o'er dis - ease and death, O'er darkness and the grave.



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,



The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,<br/>         Gave speech, and strength, and sight;<br/>         And youth renewed and frenzy calmed<br/>         Owned Thee, the Lord of light.<br/>         And now, O Lord, be near to bless,<br/>         Almighty as of yore,<br/>         In crowded street, by restless couch,<br/>         As by Gennesareth's shore.</p> | <p>3 Though love and might no longer heal<br/>         By touch, or word, or look;<br/>         Though they who do Thy work must read<br/>         Thy laws in nature's book:<br/>         Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,<br/>         Come, cleanse the leprous taint,<br/>         Give joy and peace, where all is strife,<br/>         And strength, where all is faint.</p> |
|--|---|

# Charities

4 Be Thou our great deliv'rer still,  
 Thou Lord of life and death,  
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
 With Thine almighty breath.  
 To hands that work and eyes that see,  
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
 May praise Thee evermore.

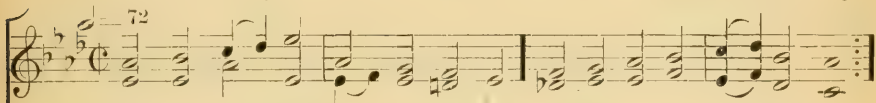
274

Thou to Whom the sick and dying

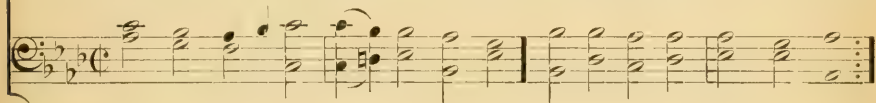
8.7.8.7.7.7.

REV. G. THRING. 1870

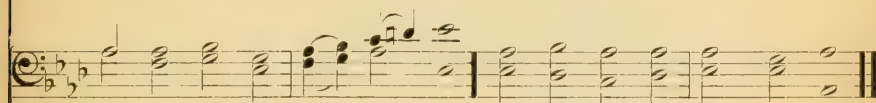
*Waltham* 1  
 II. ALBERT. 1643



1. { Thou to Whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain, }  
 { Still with heal-ing words re-ply-ing To the wearied cry of pain; }



Hear us Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy seat.



2 Ev'ry care, and ev'ry sorrow,  
 Be it great, or be it small,  
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
 When, where'er, it may befall,  
 Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
 Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
 Need a brother's, sister's care;  
 On Thy higher help relying  
 May we now their burden share,  
 Bringing all our off'rings meet,  
 Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
 Willing both in hand and heart,  
 All the law of love fulfilling,  
 Ever comfort to impart;  
 Ever bringing off'rings meet,  
 Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,  
 To Thy healing virtue yield,  
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,  
 One in Thee together meet,  
 Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

# Charities

275

O God of mercy! hearken now

L. M.

EMILY V. CLARK. 1890

*Ludborough*  
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS. 1880

76

1. O God of mer - cy! heark - en now: Be -

- fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow; With heart and voice to

Thee we cry For all on earth who suff' - ring lie.

2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,  
Beyond the glitt'ring, starry sky;  
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below  
Beside the beds of want and woe.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless  
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;  
Send Thou the help we cannot give;  
Bid dying souls arise and live.

4 Oh, let the healing waters spring,  
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing,  
With quick'ning pow'r new strength impart  
To palsied will, to withered heart.

5 Where poverty in pain must lie,  
Where little suff'ring children cry,  
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,  
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,  
Thy holy Name on earth confest!  
Echo Thy praise from ev'ry shore  
Forever and for evermore.

# Orphans

276

O Thou, Who madest land and sea

8s.

REV. G. THRING. 1881

*Melita*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O Thou, Who madest land and sea, And guid - est all, in all their ways,

Who hearest those who bring to Thee Their sac - ri - fice of pray'r and praise;

Oh, hear Thy chil-dren as they bring Themselves a low-ly of - fer-ing!

2 Great God, Who with a Father's love  
Dost watch o'er all created things,  
And gath'rest all, below, above,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;  
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Come, heav'nly Father, come to-day,  
For we Thy children come to Thee,  
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,  
If come we in humility;  
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,  
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,  
Thy list'ning ear doth heed on high,  
And hearken to the raven's call;  
Then, heav'nly Father, hear and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

5 Cast forth upon the barren strand  
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;  
In faith and hope, we fain would stand  
Beneath Thy shelt'ring arm for aye;  
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

6 And may we all with joyful mind  
Our hearts as living off'rings bring,  
The first-fruits of our life, to find  
A Father in our heav'nly King;  
And learn in life and death to bless  
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

# Orphans

277

Thou Who with dying lips

6s.

E. WIGLESWORTH. 1871

Beechcroft  
T. GERMAN REED. 1880

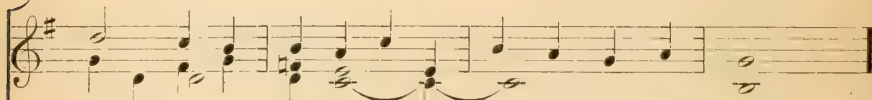
76 Voices in Unison.



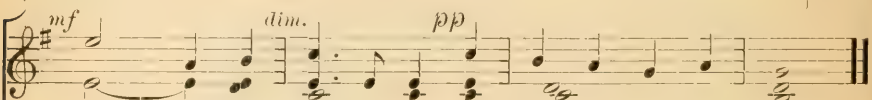
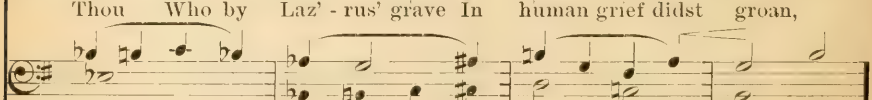
1. Thou Who with dy - ing lips Thy moth - er didst com - mend



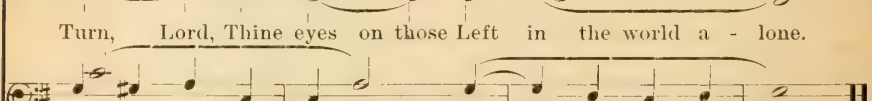
Un - to the ten - der care Of Thy be - lov - ed friend;



Thou Who by Laz' - rus' grave In human grief didst groan,



Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those Left in the world a - lone.



- 2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve  
Their home and friends to leave,  
And in Thy kingdom all,  
Yea, more than all, receive,  
To those bereft of all,  
Thy pitying love extend,  
And let them find in Thee  
Father, and home, and friend.
- 3 Thou Who didst say of old,  
"Thine orphans lend to Me;  
Unto the fatherless  
I will a Father be,"

- Thy promises are sure;  
Help us to trust Thee still;  
To those who need Thee sore,  
That faithful word fulfill.
- 4 Thou Who in Thy still rest  
Our dear ones safe dost keep;  
Thou Who shalt bring them back  
One day from their long sleep,  
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,  
That we at last may be,  
When that bright morning dawns,  
At home with them and Thee.



# Temperance

278

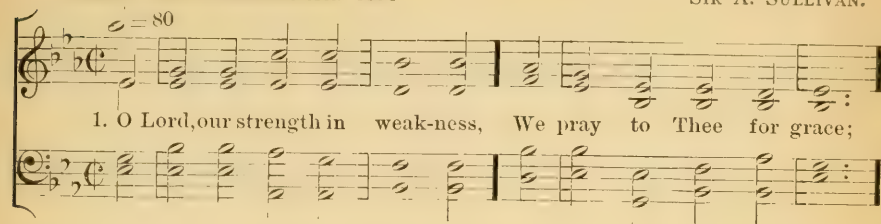
O Lord, our strength in weakness

7.6.

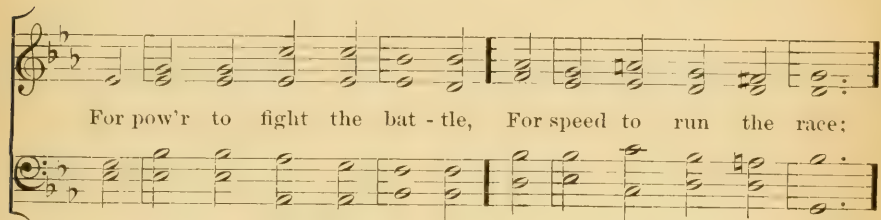
BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1881

*Intercessor*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN.

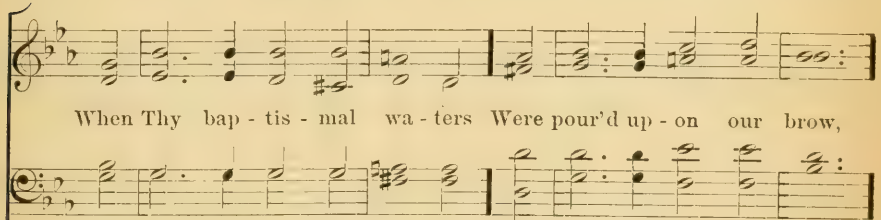
$\text{♩} = 80$



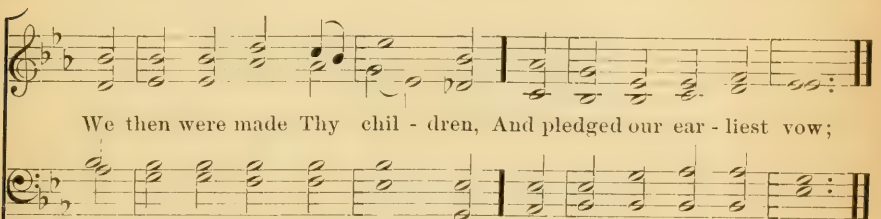
1. O Lord, our strength in weak-ness, We pray to Thee for grace;



For pow'r to fight the bat-tle, For speed to run the race;



When Thy bap-tis-mal wa-ters Were pour'd up-on our brow,



We then were made Thy chil-dren, And pledged our ear-liest vow;

2 We then were sealed and hallowed  
By Thy life-giving word;  
Were made the Spirit's temples,  
And members of the Lord;  
With His own blood He bought us,  
And made the purchase sure;  
His are we: may He keep us  
Sober, and chaste, and pure.

3 Conformed to His own likeness  
May we so live and die,  
That in the grave our bodies  
In holy peace may lie;

And at the resurrection  
Forth from those graves may spring,  
Like to the glorious body  
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessed,  
For they shall see the Lord  
Forever and forever  
By seraphim adored;  
And they shall drink the pleasures,  
Such as no tongue can tell,  
From the clear crystal river,  
And life's eternal well.

# Temperance

279

When, doomed to death, the apostle lay **L. M.**

W. C. BRYANT. 1869

*Ely*  
BISHOP TURTON

1. When, doomed to death, th' a - pos - tle lay At  
night in Her - od's dun - geon cell, A light shone round him  
like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

- 2 A messenger from God was there,  
To break his chain and bid him rise;  
And lo! the saint, as free as air,  
Walked forth beneath the open skies.
- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst  
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.
- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high!
- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,  
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,  
And lead the captive forth to light,  
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

## 280 God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons 10s.

REV. DR. WORTMAN. 1884

*Hezekiah*  
O. GIBBONS. 1623

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. God of the pro - phets! Bless the prophets' sons: E - li - jah's

man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn

task may claim but once: Make each one no - bler, stronger than the last!

- 2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attend  
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake  
To human need; their lips make eloquent  
To assure the right, and ev'ry evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they  
For pardon, and for charity and peace!  
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,  
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!
- 4 Anoint them kings! Aye kingly kings, O Lord!  
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:  
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood stained sword;  
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.
- 5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,  
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;  
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!  
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!  
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:  
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

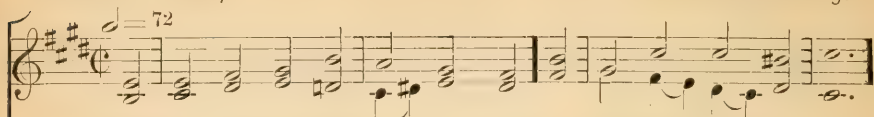
# IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

281

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace C. M.

B. BARTON. 1827

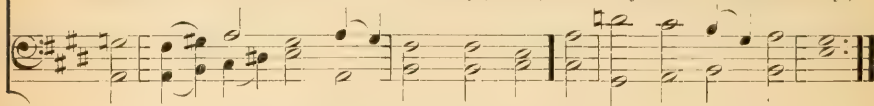
*Norwich*  
DR. CROTCH. 1836



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;



Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;



- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
hen waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heav'n itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heav'nly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts.

282

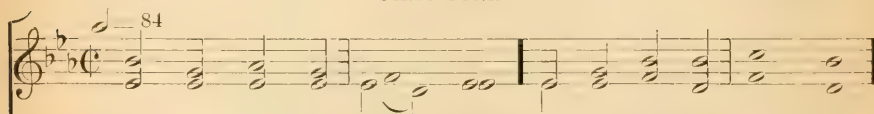
Lord, Thy Word abideth

6s.

SIR H. W. BAKER. 1860

FIRST TUNE

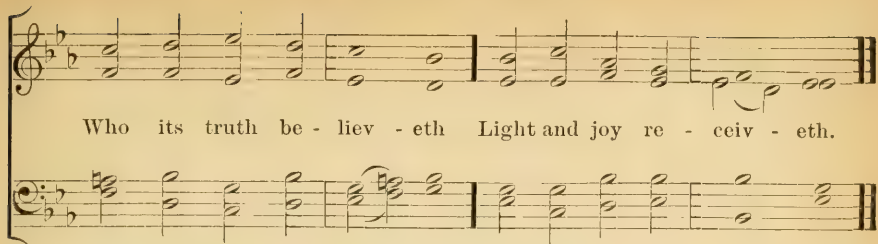
*St. Martin*  
GERMAN



1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth;



# The Holy Scriptures



2 When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy Word imparted  
To the simple-hearted ?

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

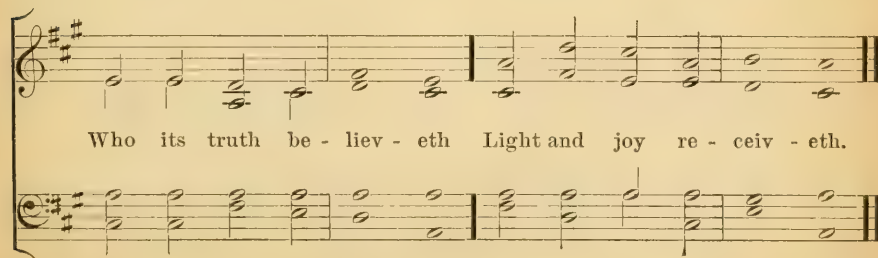
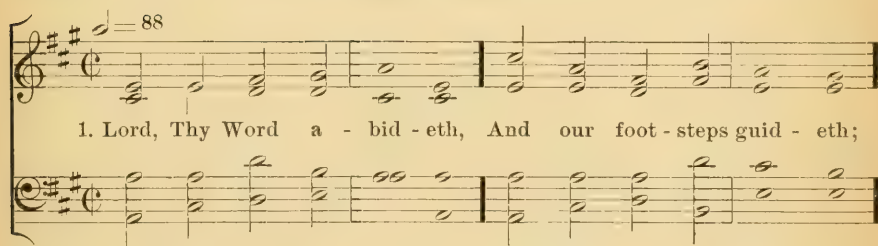
5 Word of mercy, giving  
Succor to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee!  
Evermore be near Thee!

282

SECOND TUNE

*St. Cyprian*  
REV. R. R. CHOPE.





# The Holy Scriptures

283

Father of mercies! in Thy Word

C. M.

ANNE STEELE. 1760

*Metzler*  
R. REDHEAD. 1859

76

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies! in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!

For - ev - er be Thy Name a - dor'd For these ce - les - tial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight;

- And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

284

O Word of God incarnate

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1867

FIRST TUNE

*Aurelia*  
DR. WESLEY. 1864

100

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

# The Holy Scriptures

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heav'n-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
Oh, teach Thy wand'ring pilgrims  
By this, their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

284

SECOND TUNE

*Autumn*  
F. ILIFFE. 1874

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

*Also the following :*

72 Not by Thy mighty hand.  
497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.

## V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS

### Ordination

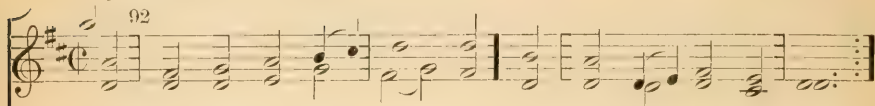
285

Lord of the living harvest

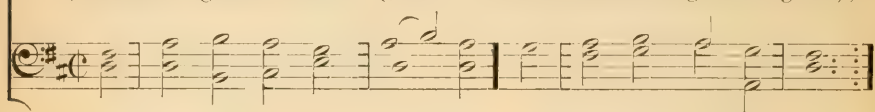
7.6.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1866

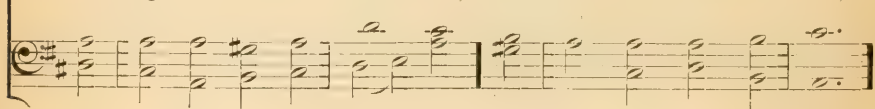
*Pean*  
F. WEBER



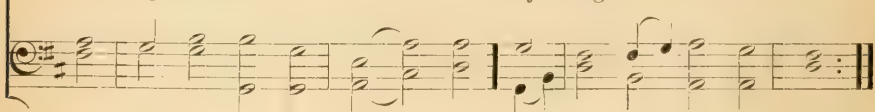
1. { Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain, }  
{ Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold-en grain; }



Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,



And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove.



2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard  
Still faithful may they be,  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
To ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call them home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

# Ordination

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,  
And fill their souls with light;  
Clothe them in spotless raiment,  
In vesture clean and white;  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with them where they stand,  
To guide and teach Thy people  
Throughout our native land.

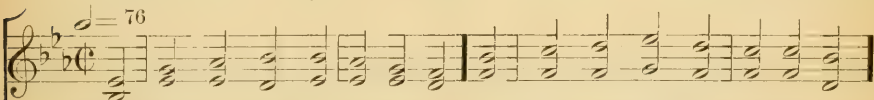
4 Be with them, God the Father !  
Be with them, God the Son!  
And God the Holy Spirit!  
Most blessed Three in One!  
Make them a holy priesthood,  
Thee humbly to adore,  
And fill them with Thy fullness  
Both now and evermore!

286

Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord **L. M.**

REV. T. E. POWELL. 1864

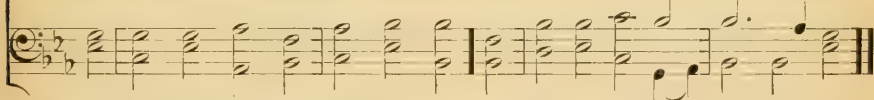
*Leipsic*  
J. H. SCHEIN. 1600



1. Bow down Thine ear, al-migh-ty Lord, And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry



For all who preach Thy sav - ing word, And wait up - on Thy min - is - try.



2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,  
And pour Thy quick'ning Spirit's  
breath  
On those whom Thou dost call to feed  
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand  
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:  
That those who in Thy presence stand  
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,  
And give them grace to watch and  
pray;  
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,  
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send  
To shield them in their strife with sin;  
Grant them, enduring to the end,  
The crown of life at last to win.

# Ordination

287

Father of mercies, bow Thine ear

L. M.

B. BEDDOME. 1787

*Beddome*  
F. R. STATHAM. 1872

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, bow Thine ear, At - ten - tive

to our ear - nest pray'r: We plead for those who plead for

Thee; Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 How great their work, how vast their charge!<br/>Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:<br/>Their best acquirements are our gain;<br/>We share the blessings they obtain.</p> | <p>4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;<br/>Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;<br/>Teach them immortal souls to gain,<br/>Souls that will well reward their pain.</p> |
| <p>3 Clothe, then, with energy divine<br/>Their words, and let those words be Thine;<br/>To them Thy sacred truth reveal,<br/>Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.</p>       | <p>5 Let thronging multitudes around<br/>Hear from their lips the joyful sound;<br/>In humble strains Thy grace implore,<br/>And feel Thy new-creating power.</p>         |
| <p>6 Let sinners break their massy chains,<br/>Distressèd souls forget their pains;<br/>Let light through distant realms be spread,<br/>And Sion rear her drooping head.</p>     |   |



# Ordination

288

O Spirit of the living God

L.M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

*Melcombe*  
S. WEBBE. 1790

76

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In

all Thy plen - i - tude of grace, Wher - e'er the foot of

man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give pow'r and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The Name of Jesus glorify,  
Till ev'ry people call Him Lord.

# Ordination

289

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire

P. M.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

TENTH CENTURY  
COSIN. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

\* *Plainsong*

1 - 76

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en

with ce - les - tial fire. 2 Thou the an - oint - ing

Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part.

8th verse. a - long, This may

3 Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:

# Ordination

9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,

The first system of the musical score for 'Ordination'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,' are written below the treble staff.

Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.' are written below the treble staff.

289

SECOND TUNE

*Veni, Creator*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1889

♩ = 76

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -

The first system of the musical score for 'Veni, Creator'. It is in 3/2 time, indicated by the '♩ = 76' marking. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -' are written below the treble staff.

- les - tial fire. 2 Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics '- les - tial fire. 2 Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art,' are written below the treble staff.

# Ordination

Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im-part.  
8. This may be our end-less song: 9. Praise to Thy e-

*rall.*

- ter-nal mer-it, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spir-it.

3 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:

289

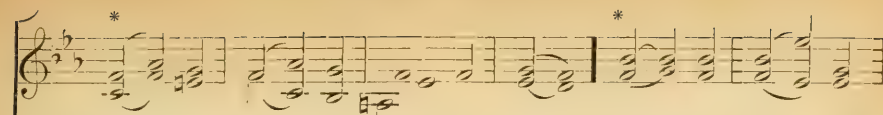
THIRD TUNE

*Spiritus*  
T. ATTWOOD. 1800

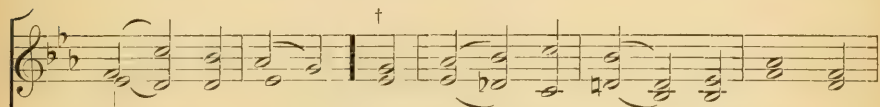
1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our souls in-spire, And light-en with ce-

-les-sial fire. 2. Thou the an-oint-ing Spir-it art,

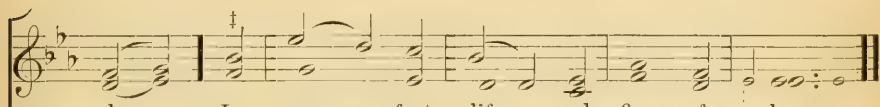
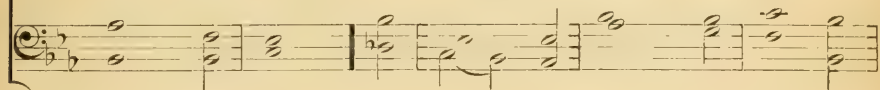
# Ordination



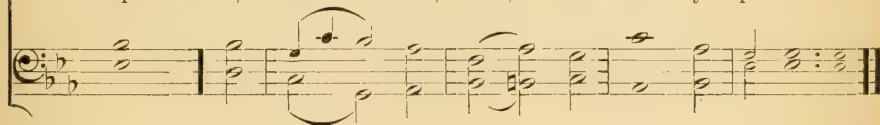
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts in - part. 3. Thy blessed unc - tion  
9. Praise to Thy e -



from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of  
- ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly



love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.  
Spir - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 4 Enable with perpetual light<br>The dulness of our blinded sight.                 | 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,<br>And Thee of both to be but One, |
| 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face<br>With the abundance of Thy grace.             | 8 That, through the ages all along,<br>This may be our endless song:   |
| 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:<br>Where Thou art guide, no ill can come. | 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,<br>Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.        |

*Also the following :*

- 497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.  
581 Soldiers of the cross, arise!  
584 Go, labor on! spend and be spent!  
586 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

\* These ties and slurs to be used in the 8th & 9th verses only.

† The last syllable of the words, "merit," and "spirit," to be sung to these half-notes.

‡ Repeat last line of words.



# Institution of Ministers

290

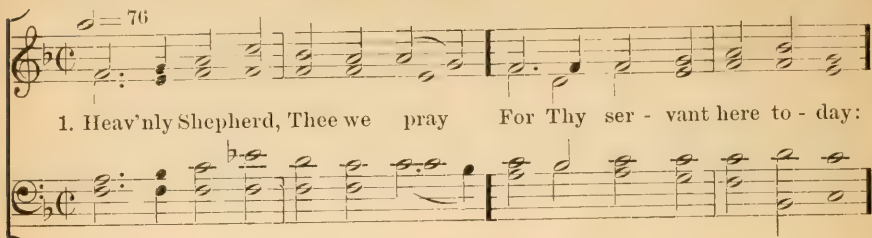
Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray

7s.

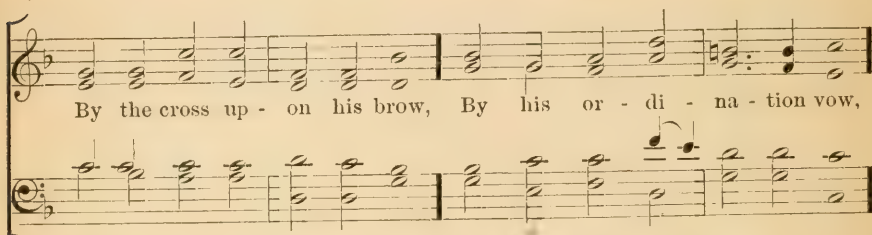
REV. C. G. WOODHOUSE. 1870

*Vespers*  
P. H. DIEMER

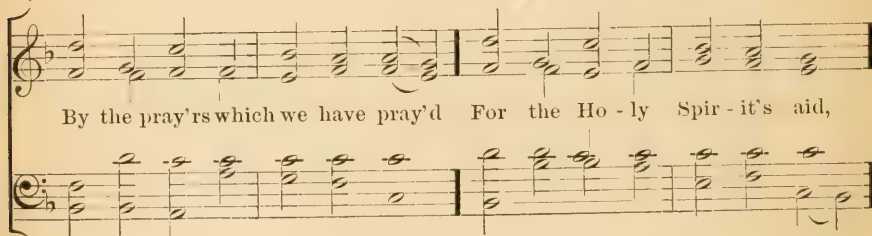
$\text{♩} = 76$



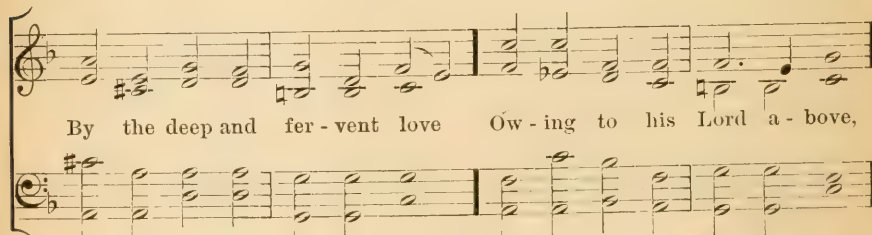
1. Heav'nly Shepherd, Thee we pray For Thy ser - vant here to - day:



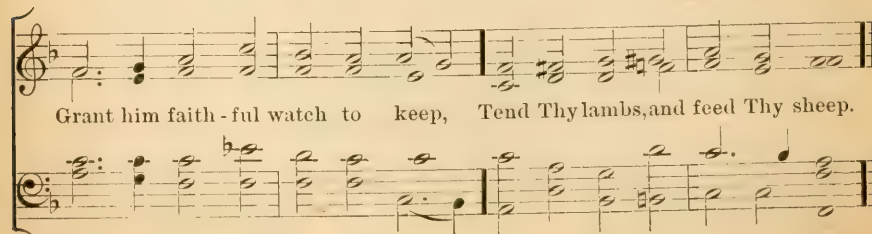
By the cross up - on his brow, By his or - di - na - tion vow,



By the pray'rs which we have pray'd For the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid,



By the deep and fer - vent love Ow - ing to his Lord a - bove,



Grant him faith - ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

# Institution of Ministers

2 From the silent pow'r of sin,  
Lurking secretly within,  
May the grace that flows from Thee,  
Heav'nly Shepherd, set him free;  
By the blessing on him breathed,  
By the charge to him bequeathed.  
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Guid him for the sacred strife,  
Aye his faithful watch to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

3 Speed him on his life-long way,  
Speed him whom we speed to-day;  
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,  
Give him souls for his reward:  
Till he win the promised crown,  
When he lays his burden down  
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,  
Low before the mercy-seat:  
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 To the blessed Trinity  
Now let praise and glory be,  
In Whose Name we meet to-day  
For our guidance, as we pray  
That we may, in all we do,  
Pastor, and his flock, be true;  
True to man in heav'nly love,  
True to Thee, our God, above,  
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,  
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

## Laying of a Corner-Stone

291

O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills

L. M.

*Leipsic*

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1844

J. H. SCHEIN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands;

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as 76 beats per minute. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;

And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The minds that guide, endure with skill;  
The hands that work, preserve from ill;  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever blessed Trinity!

# Laying of a Corner-Stone

292

In the Name which earth and heaven

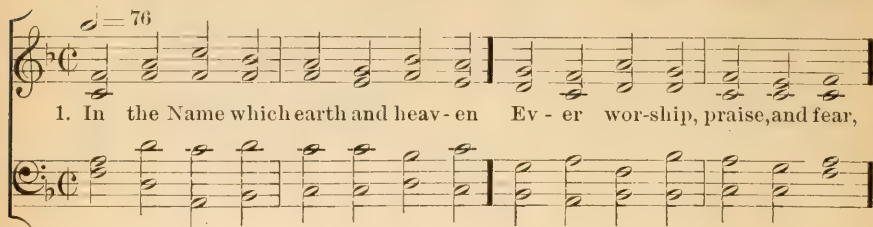
8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

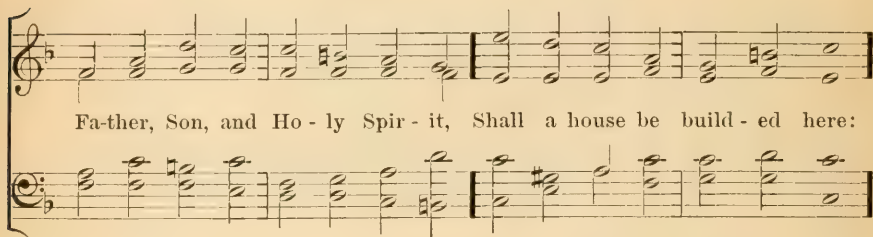
FIRST TUNE

*Iona*  
SIR J. STAINER 1868

$\text{♩} = 76$

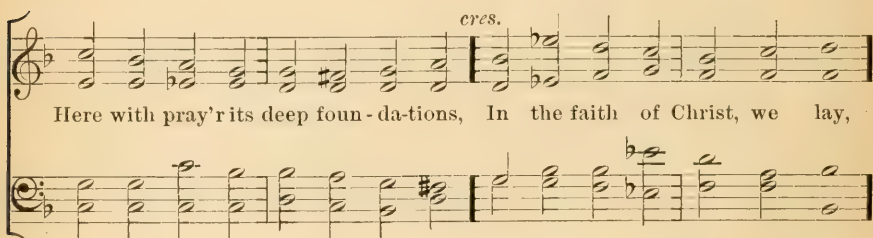


1. In the Name which earth and heav-en Ev-er wor-ship, praise, and fear,



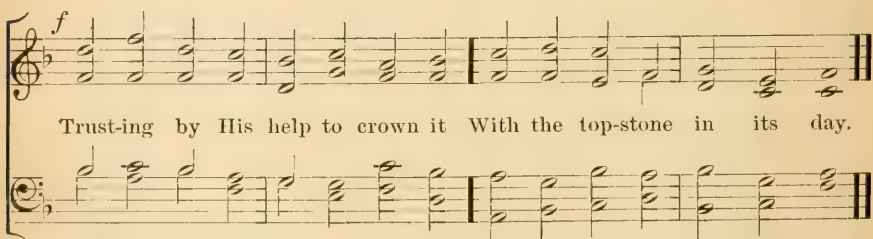
Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spir-it, Shall a house be build-ed here:

*cres.*



Here with pray'r its deep foun-da-tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,

*f*



Trust-ing by His help to crown it With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession  
Stone on stone the workmen place,  
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,  
Jesu, build us up in grace;  
Till, within these walls completed,  
We complete in Thee are found;  
And to Thee, the one Foundation,  
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:  
Here the careless passer-by  
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,  
Of the holier House on high;  
Wearied hearts and troubled spirits  
Here shall find a still retreat;  
Sinful souls shall bring their burden  
Here to the Absolver's feet.

# Laying of a Corner-Stone

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,  
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,  
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemed,  
Robes her for her marriage morn;  
Clothed in garments of salvation,  
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,  
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting  
Till she may behold His face.

5 Here in due and solemn order  
May her ceaseless pray'r arise;  
Here may strains of holy gladness  
Lift her heart above the skies;  
Here the word of life be spoken;  
Here the child of God be sealed;  
Here the Bread of Heav'n be broken,  
"Till He come," Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,  
Maker of the earth and skies;  
Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple  
Fitytly framed together lies;  
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,  
Binding all that lives in one:  
Till our earthly praise be ended,  
And th' eternal song begun!

292

SECOND TUNE

*Sponsa*  
S. NOTTINGHAM. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$  *In Unison (or in G, if in Harmony.)*

1. In the Name which earth and heav - en Ev - er worship, praise, and fear,

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Shall a house be build - ed here:

Here with pray'r its deep foun - da - tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,

Trust - ing by His help to crown it With the top - stone in its day.

# Laying of a Corner-Stone

293

O Thou, in Whom alone is found

L. M.

REV. H. WARE. 1868

*Cologne*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1850

$\text{♩} = 76$

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The music is in G major (one sharp) and common time. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef, and the vocal parts are written in the treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. O Thou, in Whom a - lone is found The  
strength by which our toil is blest, Up - on this con - se -  
- crat - ed ground Now bid Thy cloud of glo - ry rest.

- 2 In Thy great Name we place this stone;  
To Thy great truth these walls we rear:  
Long may they make Thy glory known,  
And long our Saviour triumph here.
- 3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,  
Here seek the truth from heav'n that sprung,  
Fill with Thy Spirit ev'ry heart,  
With living fire touch ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;  
Let sin and error pass away,  
Till truth's full influence from above  
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.



# Laying of a Corner-Stone

294

Christ is our corner-stone

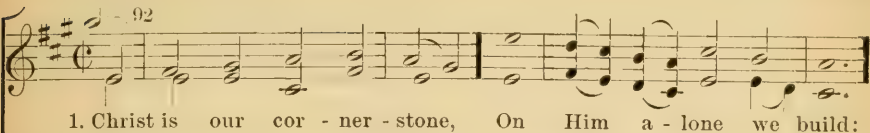
6.6.6.6.8.8.

SEVENTH CENTURY  
CHANDLER. *Tr.*

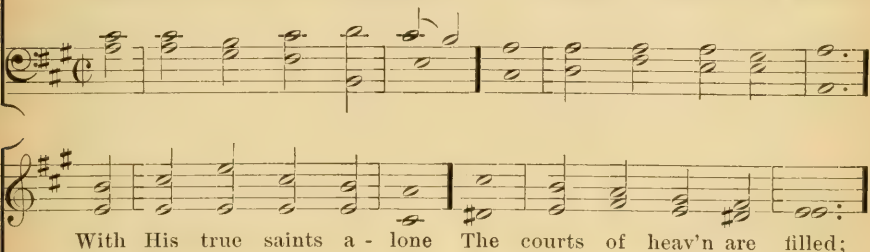
*Harewood*  
DR. WESLEY. 1868

"Angularis fundamentum."

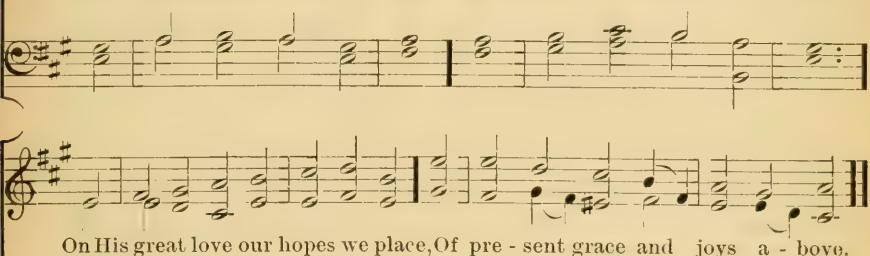
- 92



1. Christ is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build:



With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled;



On His great love our hopes we place, Of pre - sent grace and joys a - bove.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing,  
And thus proclaim in joyful song,  
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious show'r on all who pray,  
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore;  
Until that day when all the blest  
To endless rest are called away.

# Consecration of Churches

295

Thy Temple is not made with hands

L. M.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

FIRST TUNE

*Thanksgiving*  
REV. J. B. DYKES

72

1. Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;

The pur - ple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are.

2 Thee, highest heav'n cannot contain,  
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!  
Yet enter in, and bless the fane  
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

3 [\*Unworthy gift and touched with fears,  
And mem'ries of our loved at rest;  
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,  
And be Thy presence here confest.]

4 For welcome to the babe new-born,  
For strength'ning hands on bended  
head,

\*To be used of a memorial church.

For blessings on the marriage morn,  
And sweet words whispered o'er the  
dead;

5 For food divine to souls sufficed,  
For words that warn, for pray'rs that  
press,  
Arise and enter in, O Christ!  
And with Thy presence all things bless.

6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise  
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,  
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,  
For ever and for evermore.

295

SECOND TUNE

*Rose*  
ARTHUR ROSE. 1890

72

1. Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;

The pur - ple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are.

# Consecration of Churches

296

Jesu! where'er Thy people meet

L. M.

W. COWPER. 1769

*Galilee*  
DR. ARMES. 1889

84

1. Je - su! wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be -

- hold Thy mer - cy - seat; Where - e'er they seek Thee,

Thou art found, And ev' - ry place is hal - lowed ground.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 And since within no walls confined,<br/>Thou dwellest in the humble mind:<br/>Let all within Thy house who come,<br/>Departing; take Thee to their home.</p> <p>3 Yet ev'rywhere Thou guid'st Thine own<br/>To raise for Thee an earthly throne;<br/>And where Thy Name Thou dost record,<br/>There Thou wilt come and bless them,<br/>Lord!</p> <p>4 [* Behold, at Thy commanding word,<br/>We stretch the curtain and the cord;<br/>Come Thou and fill this wider space,<br/>And bless us with a large increase.]</p> <p>5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,<br/>Thy former mercies here renew;<br/>And here to wayward hearts proclaim<br/>The sweetness of Thy saving Name!</p> | <p>6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,<br/>To strengthen faith and sweeten care:<br/>To teach our faint desires to rise,<br/>And bring all heav'n before our eyes!</p> <p>7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,<br/>Grant Thou the newer, better birth;<br/>By water and the Holy Ghost<br/>Restoring all that Adam lost.</p> <p>8 Here to the weary, hungry soul,<br/>Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;<br/>The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,<br/>The wine that is the Saviour's blood.</p> <p>9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;<br/>Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;<br/>Oh, rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,<br/>And make a thousand hearts Thine own!</p> |
|--|---|

\*For enlargement of the Church.

# Consecration of Churches

297

Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne **L. M.**

*Warrington*

RAY PALMER. 1876

FIRST TUNE

R. HARRISON. 1786

88

1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap-phire throne, Where Thy redeemed be - hold Thy face,

En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see  
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;  
'Tis Thine for us: 'tis ours for Thee;  
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,  
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;  
With Thine own joy fill ev'ry breast,  
With Thine own pow'r Thy word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,  
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;

Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,  
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this Board Thine own shall meet,

And keep the feast of dying love,  
Be our communion ever sweet  
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;  
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;  
Give help to climb the heav'nward steep,  
Till Thy full glory we behold.

297

SECOND TUNE

*Breslau*  
GERMAN. - 1630

76

1. Come, Je - sus, from the sapphire throne, Where Thy redeemed be - hold Thy face,

En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.

# Consecration of Churches

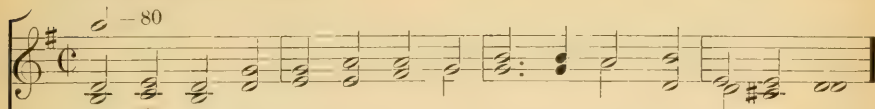
298

God of love, our Father, Saviour

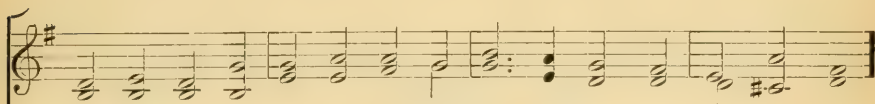
8.7.

H. W. ROBILLIARD. 1888

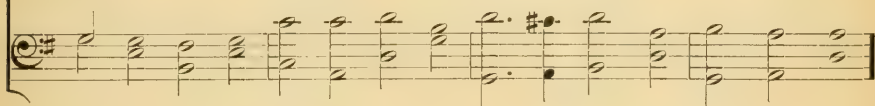
*St. Austell*  
A. H. BROWN. 1865



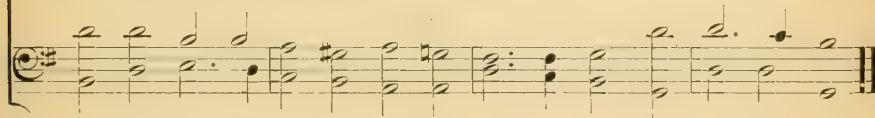
1. God of love, our Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee we praise!



Tri - une God, all thought transcending, Fain would we a tem - ple raise



Wor-thy of Thy lov - ing-kindness, Hallowed thro' all earthly days!



2 Make these stones a hallowed symbol,  
Saints of God who run may read,  
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,  
Thou from sin and woe hast freed,  
Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,  
Thine elect in very deed!

3 Lord! restore the gates of Sion,  
Let her courts with praise resound!  
May Thy light and love descending  
Shed their radiant joys around,  
So shall man reveal Thy glory:  
Earth, like heav'n, be hallowed ground!

*Also the following :*

382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
479 Oh, with due reverence let us all.

482 In loud exalted strains.  
483 Christ is made the sure foundation.  
484 We love the place, O God.  
489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.



# Restoration of a Church

299

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving

8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1869

*Rex gloria*  
H. SMART. 1868



1. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving! Tread with songs the hallowed way!



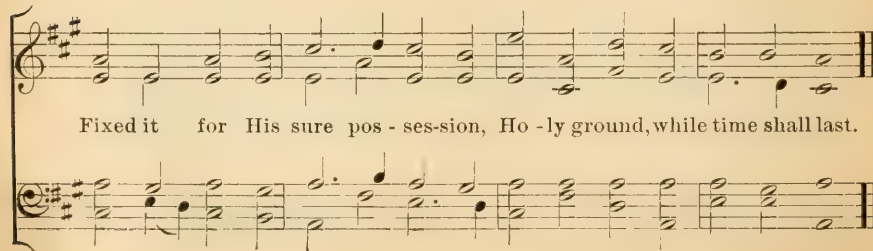
Praise our fathers' God, for mer-cies New to us their sons to - day:



Here they built for Him a dwell-ing, Served Him here in a - ges past,



Fixed it for His sure pos - ses-sion, Ho - ly ground, while time shall last.



# Restoration of a Church

- 2 When the years had wrought their changes  
He, our own unchanging God,  
Thought on this His habitation,  
Looked on His decayed abode;  
Heard our prayr's, and helped our counsels  
Blessed the silver and the gold,  
Till once more His house is standing  
Firm and stately as of old.
- 3 Ent'ring then Thy gates with praises,  
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:  
"Rise into Thy place of resting,  
Show Thy promised presence there!"  
Let the gracious word be spoken  
Here, as once on Sion's height,  
"This shall be My rest forever,  
This My dwelling of delight."
- 4 Fill this latter house with glory  
Greater than the former knew;  
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,  
Guide us all to rev'rence true;  
Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
Here its sev'nfold blessing shed;  
Spread for us the heav'nly banquet,  
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.
- 5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,  
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,  
Praise to Thee, all-quick'ning Spirit,  
Ever blessed Three in One:  
Threefold Pow'r and Grace and Wisdom,  
Molding out of sinful clay,  
Living stones for that true temple  
Which shall never know decay.

## Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

### HOSPITAL

300

Spirit of truth, we call

S. M.

*Moravia*

REV. WM. A. WHITE. 1890

REV. L. WEST. 1800

76

1. Spir - it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless,  
Give wisdom, strength and grace to all Who here Thy Name con - fess.

2 Spirit of mercy, bring  
Thy balm the sick to heal;  
And make the weary ones to sing,  
Who shall Thy presence feel.

Let care for souls and bodies blend  
In ministries of love.

4 Spirit of Christ, abide  
In ev'ry heart away;  
And crown, O Jesus crucified,  
The work begun to-day.

3 Spirit of peace, descend,  
Thyself the heav'nly Dove;

# Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

## HOME FOR THE AGED

301

Lord of life, of love, of light

7s.

B. H. HALL. 1881

Maidstone  
DR. GILBERT

1. Lord of life, of love, of light, Clothed in  
Wor - ship cen - tres at Thy throne, Praise be -

mer - cy, armed with might, } Be this house for -  
- longs to Thee a - lone!

- ev - er Thine; Through it let Thy fa - vor shine; Feed the

souls that here shall meet, From Thy boun - ty pure and sweet.

2 Write salvation on these walls;  
Succor those whom sin enthalls;  
Lightened with celestial rays,  
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.  
Thou Who dwellest where is sung  
Praise to Thee by human tongue,  
With the presence of Thy grace  
Dwell henceforth within this place.

3 On Thine aged servants pour  
Richest mercies from Thy store,  
And till life's brief hour shall end,  
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend,  
Father holy! Christ most blest!  
Evermore within us rest!  
Spirit pure, illumine our ways  
With Thy bright, celestial rays!

# Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

## BURIAL GROUND

302

O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose

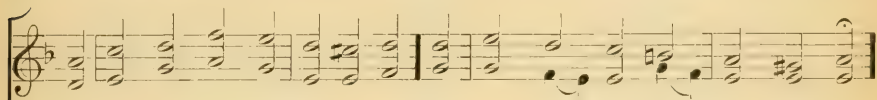
8s.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

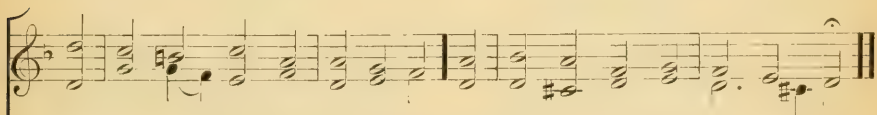
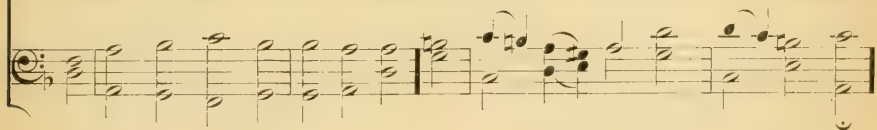
*Old 112th*  
GERMAN. 15.40



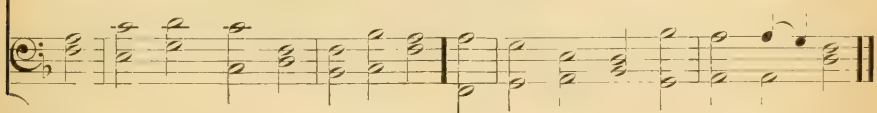
1. O Thou, in Whom Thy saints re - pose, When life's brief con - flict finds its close;



Behold us met be - fore Thy face To hal - low this their rest - ing - place:



Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safely here their dust shall sleep.



<p>2 Thou knowest, Lord, — for Thou hast wept Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept, — What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed, When here we sow the precious seed: Thou still rememb'rest, on Thy throne, Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.</p>	<p>4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair, In lonely grief and trembling prayer, Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes To those fair glades of Paradise, Where safe within the guarded gate Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.</p>
--	---

<p>3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around This chosen spot of holy ground: Here let calm hope with mem'ry dwell, And faith of heav'nly comfort tell: No thought of ill, no footstep rude Profane the sacred solitude.</p>	<p>5 And when the valley, thick with corn, Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn, Here may the angel-reapers find Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind, And in Thy golden garner store, Our fruit of tears for evermore.</p>
---	--

# Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

## CHURCH BELLS

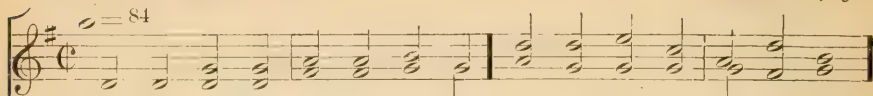
303

Raised between the earth and heaven

8.7.

REV. W. B. SMITH. 1882

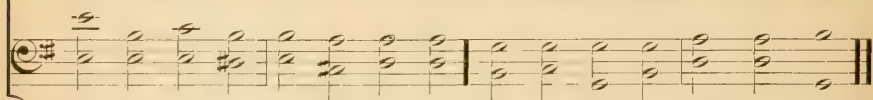
*Stuttgart*  
GERMAN. 1715



1. Raised be-tween the earth and heav-en, Now our bells are set on high;



In the Name of Him Who giv-eth Skill, and strength, and in - dus - try.



2 For His praise we meekly lay them  
As a gift beneath His throne;  
All their sweet and noblest music  
Shall resound for Him alone.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,  
Shall be minded, as they sigh,  
Of the Church's one communion,  
God's true home and family.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,  
'Mid their daily toil or rest,  
While the melody shall bid them  
Love the Church where all are blest.

6 When the spirits of the faithful  
Pass away to light and peace;  
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,  
Soon our life and work must cease.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,  
Shall be signed with joyful peal;  
And the music from the steeple  
Shall our faith and love reveal.

7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,  
Pealing forth in grand accord,  
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow  
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

## AN ORGAN

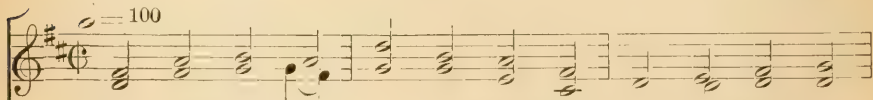
304

Angel-voices, ever singing

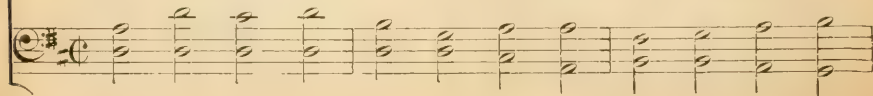
P. M.

REV. F. POTT. 1861

*Angel Voices*  
DR. E. G. MONK



1. An - gel - voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of





# Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

*cres.*  
light: . . . An - gel - harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note B. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics 'light: . . . An - gel - harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,' are written below the notes.

Rest not day nor night;      Thousands on - ly

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note C, a quarter note D, and a half note E. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics 'Rest not day nor night;      Thousands on - ly' are written below the notes.

*cres.*      *f*  
live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might!

The third system concludes the hymn. The treble staff has a half note F, a quarter note G, and a half note A. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics 'live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might!' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of Thine;  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices  
For Thy praise combine;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.
- 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.
- 4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be!  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessèd Trinity!  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee!

# Travellers by Sea or Land

305

O Lord, be with us when we sail

C. M.

*Albano*

V. NOVELLO. 1800

REV. E. A. DAYMAN. 1865

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lord, be with us when we sail Up -

- on the lone - ly deep, Our guard, when on the

si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,  
'Mid rising winds, we hear  
The multitude of waters surge;  
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the  
storm,  
The ocean and the land,  
All, all are Thine, and held within  
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth  
Rose high the angry wave,  
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,  
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise  
From man's unbridled will,  
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts  
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 \*If duty calls, from threatened strife  
To guard our native shore,  
And shot and shell are answering  
The booming cannon's roar;

7 Be Thou the mainguard of our host  
Till war and dangers cease,  
Defend the right, put up the sword,  
And through the world make peace.

8 Across this troubled tide of life  
Thyself our pilot be,  
Until we reach that better land,  
The land that knows no sea.

\* To be added in time of war.

# Travellers by Sea or Land

306

Eternal Father! strong to save

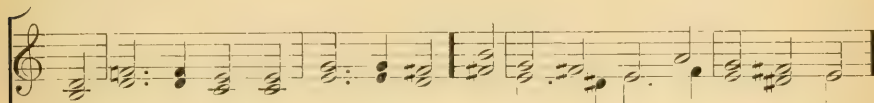
8s.

W. WHITING. 1860

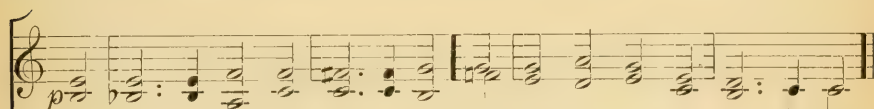
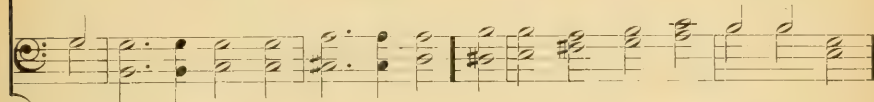
*Melita*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest-less wave,



Who bidd'st the migh-ty o - cean deep Its own ap-point - ed li - mits keep;



Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!



2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

# Travellers by Sea or Land

307

Almighty Father, hear our cry

L. M.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1870

*Rockingham*  
DR. MILLER. 1790

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Al - mighty Fa-ther, hear our cry, As o'er the trackless deep we roam;

Be Thou our ha - ven al - ways nigh, On homeless wa-ters, Thou our home.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice  
The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled  
breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power  
The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fost'ring warmth, Thy quick'ning  
might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee  
We love, we worship, we adore;  
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

308

While o'er the deep Thy servants sail

L. M.

BISHOP BURGESS. 1845

*Isley*  
J. BISHOP. 1702

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. While o'er the deep Thy ser-vants sail, Send Thou, O Lord, the prosp'rous gale;

# Travellers by Sea or Land



And on their hearts, where'er they go, Oh, let Thy heav'nly breez - es blow.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 If on the morning's wings they fly,<br/>They will not pass beyond Thine eye:<br/>The wand'rer's pray'r Thou bend'st to<br/>hear,<br/>And faith exults to know Thee near.</p> | <p>3 When tempests rock the groaning<br/>bark,<br/>Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!<br/>When in the tempting port they ride,<br/>Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!</p> |
|---|--|

- 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,  
Still guide them to the heav'nly shore;  
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,  
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

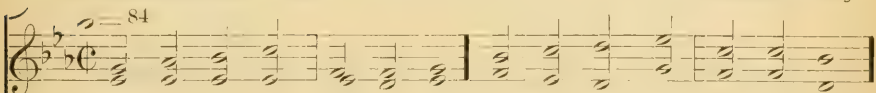
309 D

Safe upon the billowy deep

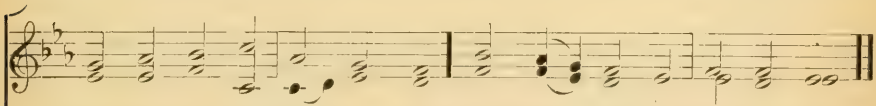
7s.

DR. HENRY COPPEE. 1887

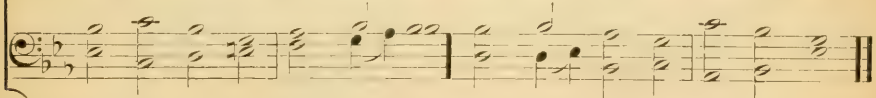
Whitehall  
O. GIBBONS. 1625



1. Safe up - on the billowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy ser - vants keep;



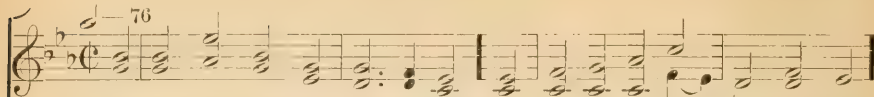
Help-less, trust-ing pilgrims they, Guard them on their watery way.



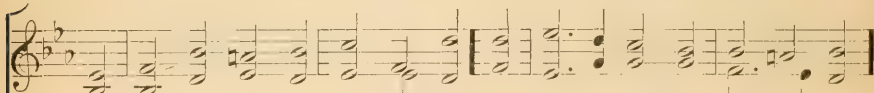
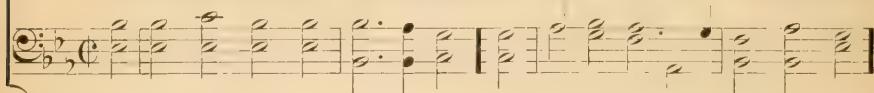
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 In the morning fill their sails,<br/>'Mid the dark send fav'ring gales;<br/>If their sky be overcast,<br/>Calm the waves, and still the blast.</p> | <p>4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by<br/>Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:<br/>Guide with Thine almighty hand<br/>Safe unto the haven-land.</p>            |
| <p>3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;<br/>Send at eve the starry ray;<br/>Through the watches of the night,<br/>' Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.</p> | <p>5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,<br/>Take us to the heav'nly shore,<br/>Safe in port, to dwell with Thee<br/>Where there shall be "no more sea."</p> |



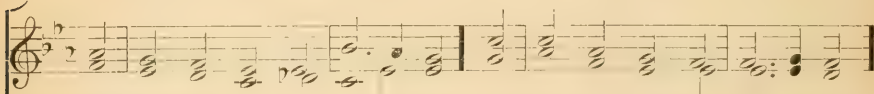
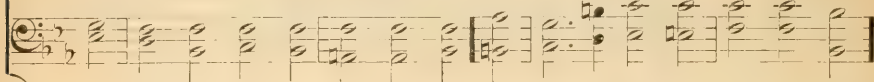
REV. G. THRING. 1878



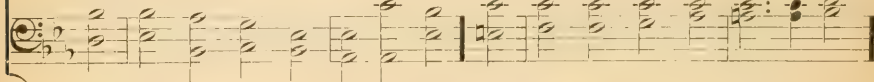
1. O mighty God. Cre - a - tor, King, Who rulest o - ver sea and land,



And dost the o - cean deeps sus - tain With - in the hol - low of Thine hand;



Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee For those who traverse land or sea,



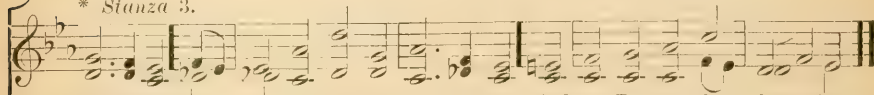
That they may now and ev - er be Safe in Thy ho - ly keep - ing.



2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe  
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,  
Durst walk upon the angry wave,  
And bid the troubled sea "be still,"  
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee,  
For those who traverse land or sea,  
That they may now and ever be  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

3 Wherever danger threatens, then,  
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,  
And breathe into each trembling heart  
The will and pow'r of fervent pray'r;  
That we and all who cry to Thee,  
With those who traverse land or sea,  
Both now and evermore may be,  
O ever Blessed Trinity,  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

\* Stanza 3.



- more may be, O e - ver blessed Trin - i - ty, Safe in Thy ho - ly keep - ing.



## VI. GENERAL

311 Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory 11.10.

BISHOP W. C. DOANE. 1886

*Eden*  
SIR. J. STAINER. 1872

92

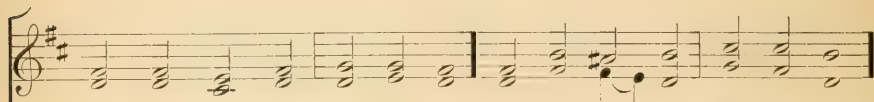
1. An - cient of days, Who sit - test, throned in glo - ry; To Thee all  
knees are bent, all voices pray; Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous  
sto - ry, With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.

- 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children  
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,  
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewild'ring;  
To Thee, in rev'rent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
Stillling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,  
Thine is the quick'ning pow'r that gives increase:  
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,  
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;  
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

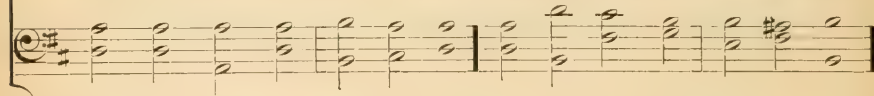
C. WESLEY. 1740

*Ratisbon*  
GERMAN. 1815

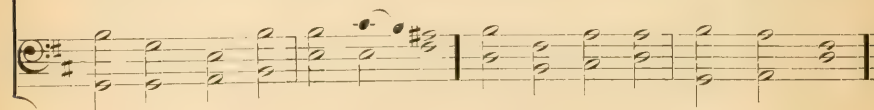
1. Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,



Sun of Right - eous-ness, a - rise! Triumph o'er the shades of night!



Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear.



2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!  
Fill me, Radiancy divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief!  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day!

# General

313

Lord of all being; throned afar

L. M.

DR. O. W. HOLMES. 1848

*Hesperus*  
H. BAKER. 1870

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Lord of all being; throned afar, Thy glo - ry

flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of

ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

# General

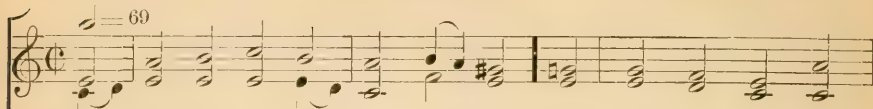
314

Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright 8s.

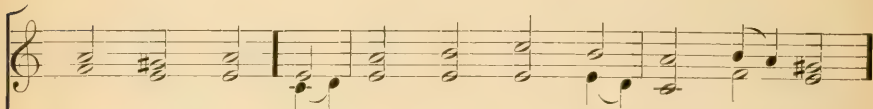
BISHOP COXE. 1840

FIRST TUNE

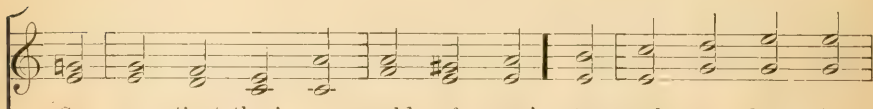
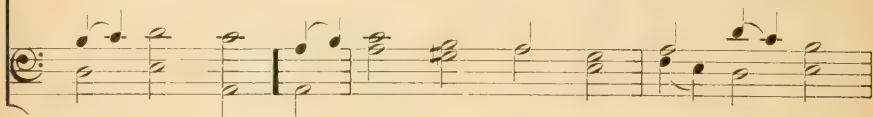
*Bremen*  
G. NEUMARK. 1657



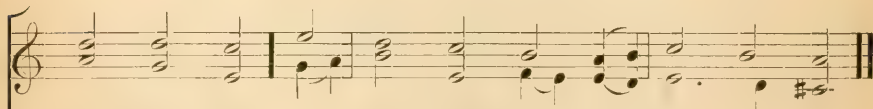
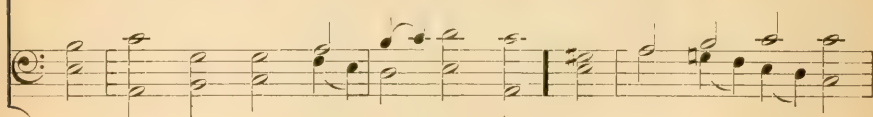
1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou



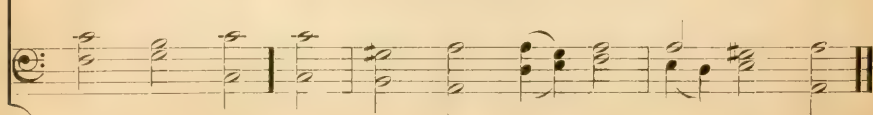
Light of Light! Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go



So pa - tient thro' a world of woe! So meek, so low - ly,



yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty.





# General

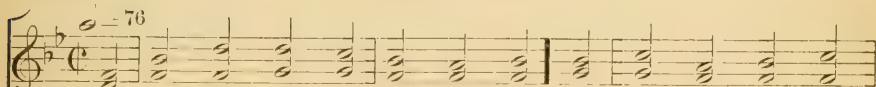
2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be  
Still more and more conformed to Thee;  
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
That burns these fevered veins within;  
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,  
And like Thee all our journey run.

3 Oh, grant us ever on the road  
To trace the footsteps of our God;  
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed  
In light to judge the quick and dead,  
We may to life immortal soar,  
Through Thee, Who livest evermore.

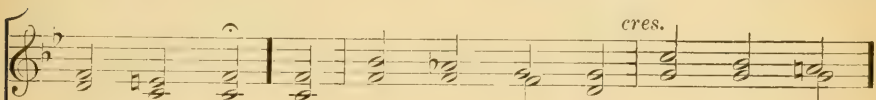
314

SECOND TUNE

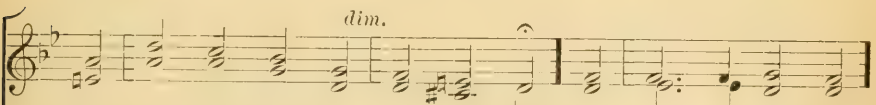
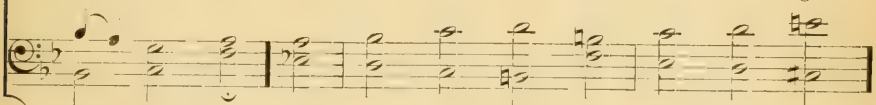
*Viventes*  
H. R. ROSE. 1880



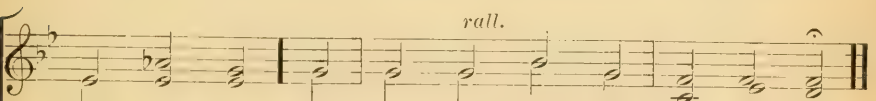
1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou



Light of Light! Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go



So pa - tient thro' a world of woe! So meek, so low - ly,



yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty



ANON.

*\* Kent*  
J. F. LAMPE. 1745

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Wher - e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach

us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace, Where men in bu - sy

con - course meet, Or in the lone - ly wild - er - ness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;  
Where'er Thou goest may we go:  
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;  
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy Tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee!  
Content if only by Thy side  
In life or death we still may be.

## Hosanna to the living Lord!

8.8.8.8.11.

BISHOP HEBER. 1827

Hosanna 1  
REV. J. B. DYKES 1870

80

1. Ho - san - na to the living Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

*p* *cres.* *f*

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

- 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound;  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy house of prayer:  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim:  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

# General

317

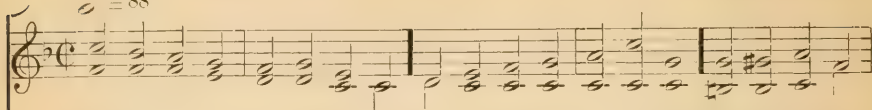
Thou art coming, O my Saviour

P. M.

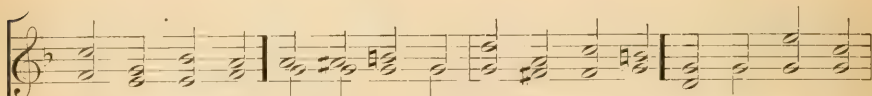
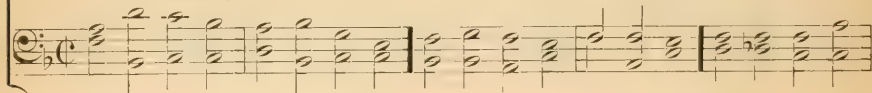
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1873

*Mells*  
A. H. MESSITER. 1890

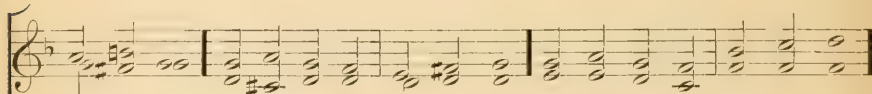
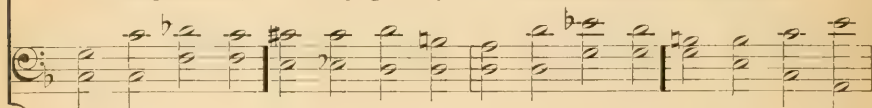
$\text{♩} = 88$



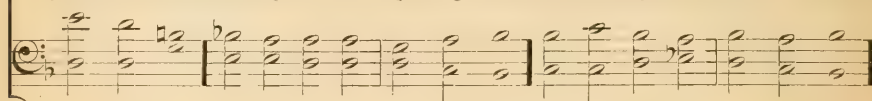
1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy beauty



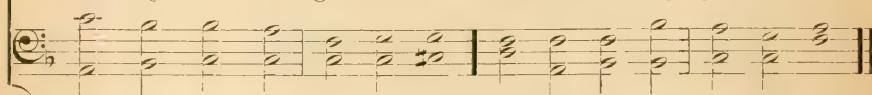
all - resplendent, In Thy glo - ry all - transcendent; Well may we re -



- joice and sing; Coming: in the opening east Herald brightness slow - ly swells;



Com - ing: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy gol - den bells?



2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;

We shall meet Thee on Thy way;  
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
All our hearts could never say;  
What an anthem that will be,  
Music rapturously sweet,  
Pouring out our love to Thee  
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table

We are witnesses for this;  
While rememb'ring hearts Thou meetest  
In communion clearest, sweetest,  
Earnest of our coming bliss;  
Showing not Thy death alone,  
And Thy love exceeding great,  
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
All for which we long and wait.

# General

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail;  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure;  
 Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, our own beloved Lord!  
 Ev'ry tongue Thy Name confessing,  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
 Brought to Thee with one accord;  
 Thee, our Master, and our Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned;  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

## 318

Jesus came, the heavens adoring

8.7.

REV. G. THRING. 1864

*Bethany*  
 H. SMART. 1870

80

1. Je - sus came, the heav'ns a-dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low-ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked '80'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care;  
 Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiv'n;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heav'n;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Now the gate of death is riv'n.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heav'ns shall pass away;  
 Jesus comes again in glory;  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
 Alleluia! ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.



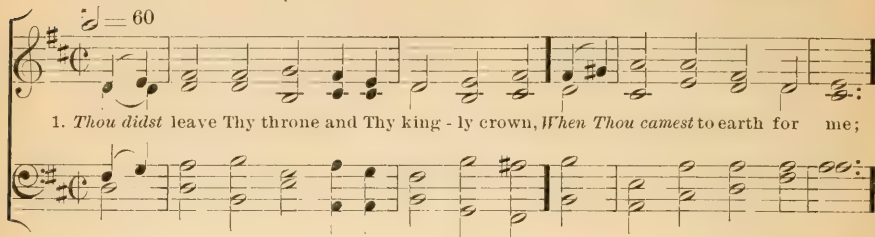
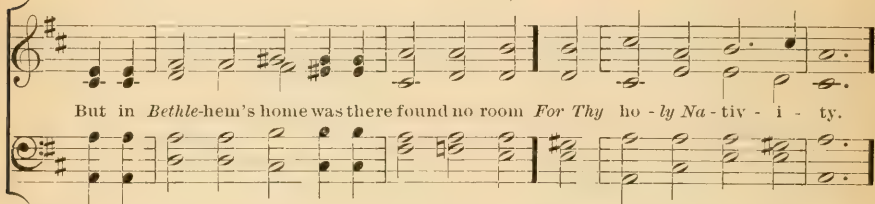
## 319 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown

P. M.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT. 1864

Margaret  
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS

♩ = 60

1. *Thou didst* leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, *When Thou camest* to earth for me;But in *Bethle-hem's* home was there found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty.Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! *There is room* in my heart for Thee.2 *Heaven's* arches rang when the angels sang,

Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,

*And in great humility.*

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

*There is room* in my heart for Thee.3 The *foxes* found rest, and the birds *had their* nest*In the shade of the forest tree;*But Thy couch *was the* sod, O Thou Son of God,*In the desert of Galilee.*

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

*There is room* in my heart for Thee.4 Thou *camest*, O Lord, with the living word,*That should* set Thy people free;

But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,

They bore *Thee* to Calvary.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

Thy cross is my only plea.

# General

- 5 When the heav'ns shall ring, and the angels sing  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,  
There is room at My side for thee."  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

320

All praise to Thee, eternal Lord

L. M.

"Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ."

Brockham

M. LUTHER. 1523

DR. CLARKE. 1700

76

1. All praise to Thee, e - ternal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;

And chose a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine a - lone.

- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:  
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
While angels who in Thee rejoice  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little child, Thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest:  
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heav'n from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us, children of the light,  
To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done;  
By this to Thee our love is won;  
For this our joyful songs we raise;  
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

# General

321

To the Name of our salvation

8.7.

GERMAN. 1500

NEALE. 17.

"Gloriosi Salvatoris.

FIRST TUNE

*Oriel*

M. HAYDN. 1775

84

1. To the Name of our sa - va - tion, Laud and hon - or

let us pay, Which for many a gen - er - a - tion

Hid in God's fore - knowledge lay; But with ho - ly

ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.

# General

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;  
Name beyond what words can tell;  
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
Ear and heart delighting well;  
Name of sweetness, passing measure,  
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
Name for songs of victory,  
Name for holy meditation  
In this vale of misery,  
Name for joyful veneration  
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
Speaks like music to the ear;  
Who in pray'r this Name beseecheth  
Sweetest comfort findeth near;  
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,  
Heav'nly joy possesseth here.

5 Therefore we in love adoring,  
This most blessed Name revere;  
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
So to write it in us here,  
That hereafter, heav'nward soaring,  
We may sing with angels there.

321

SECOND TUNE

\* *Salvatoris*  
SIR J. BENEDICT. 1872

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - or let us pay,

*p*

Which for many a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay;

*f*

But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.

# General

322

## Conquering kings their titles take

7s.

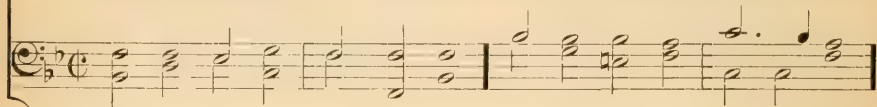
ABBÉ BENAULT. 1726  
CHANDLER. 77.

"Victis sibi cognomina."

Xavier  
DR. CHAMPNEYS. 1889



1. Conqu'ring kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap - tive make:



Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.



2 Yes: none other Name is giv'n  
Unto mortals under heav'n,  
Which can make the dead arise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

3 We would gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame:  
Joyfully for Him to die,  
Is not death but victory.

4 Jesus, Who dost condescend  
To be called the sinner's Friend,  
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

323

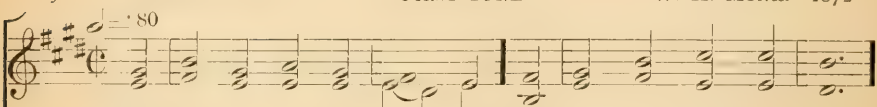
## Hail to the Lord's Anointed

7.6.

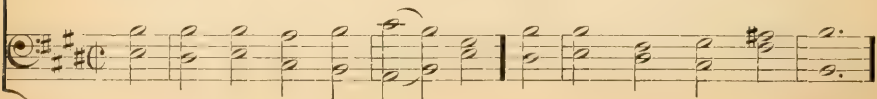
J. MONTGOMERY. 1821

FIRST TUNE

Greenland  
W. H. MONK. 1872

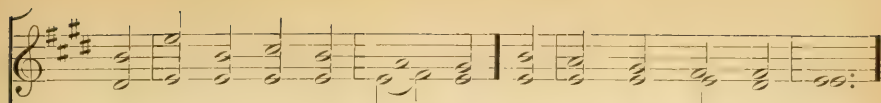


1. Hail to the Lord's An - oint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

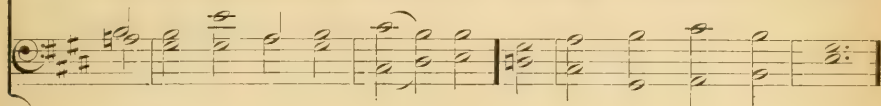




# General



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:



To take a - way transgres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.



2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall pray'r unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

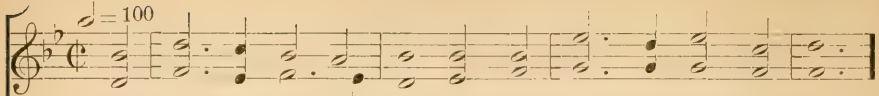
5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand forever,  
His changeless Name of Love.

# General

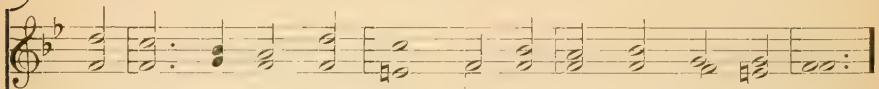
323

SECOND TUNE

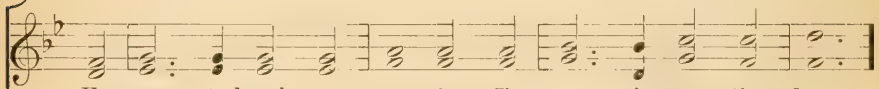
*Zoan*  
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1859



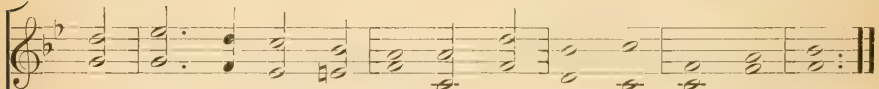
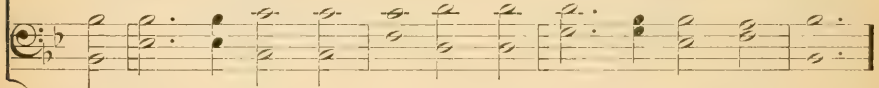
1. Hail to the Lord's An-oint-ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son!



Hail, in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun!



He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free:



To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e-qui-ty.



2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall pray'r unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand forever,  
His changeless Name of Love.

# General

324

Joy to the world! the Lord is come

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1719

FIRST TUNE

*Selby*  
A. J. EYRE. 1889

80

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

324

SECOND TUNE

*Redhead 100*  
R. REDHEAD. 1853

80

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

# General

325

Light of those whose dreary dwelling

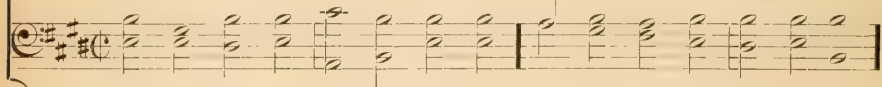
8.7.

C. WESLEV. 1746

Sharon  
DR. BOYCE. 1765



1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Bor-ders on the shades of death,



Je - sus, now Thy - self re - veal-ing, Scat - ter ev - 'ry cloud beneath.



2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
Ev'ry meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy pow'r in ev'ry nation,  
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!

Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Ev'ry burdened soul release:  
By the presence of Thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

326

O very God of very God

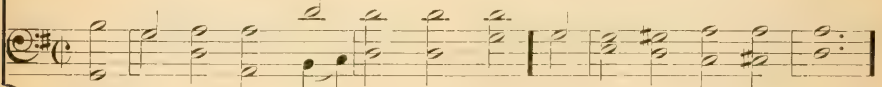
C. M.

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1846

Redhead 94  
R. REDHEAD. 1855



1. O ve - ry God of ve - ry God, And ve - ry Light of Light,



Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright;



# General

- 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
Cold is the night; Thy people long  
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.
- 3 And even now, though dull and gray,  
The east is bright'ning fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day,  
That never shall be past.
- 4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore!
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,  
With healing in Thy wings.

327

Thou, Whose almighty word

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

REV. J. MARRIOTT. 1813

*Moscow*  
F. GIARDINI. 1760

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Thou, Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!

- 2 Thou Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly-blind,  
Oh, now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light!
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight!

Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

- 4 Holy and blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light!



# General

328

Lord of all power and might

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

REV. H. STOWELL. 1854

*St. Chrysostom*  
W. A. RABOCH. 1890

♩ = 92

1. Lord of all pow'r and might, Fa - ther of love and light,  
Speed on Thy word! Oh, let the Gos - pel sound All the wide world a -  
- round, Wher - ev - er man is found! God speed His word!

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee!  
Thine, Lord, the glory be;  
Alleluia!

Thine was the mighty plan;  
From Thee the work began;  
Away with praise of man!  
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy word!  
One for His truth we stand,

Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band:  
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force;  
God is before.  
His words ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun;  
His purpose must be done,  
God bless His word!

329

Thy kingdom come, O God!

6s.

REV. L. HENSLEY. 1867

*St. Cecilia*  
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

♩ = 84

1. Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!

# General

Break with Thine i - ron rod The ty - ran - nies of sin!

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

330

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!

6.6.6.6.8.8.

C. WESLEY. 1750

*Christchurch*  
DR. STEGGALL. 1870

1. Blow ye the trum - pet, blow! The glad - ly sol - emn sound;

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest!  
Ye mournful souls, be glad!  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God!  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Through all the world proclaim!  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

# General

333

Far from my heavenly home

S. M.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

FIRST TUNE

*Lyte*

J. WILKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Fainting I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:  
On Thee my hopes I cast:  
Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last!

333

SECOND TUNE

*Procul*

DR. S. S. WESLEY

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

# General

Faint-ing I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.

334

My soul with patience waits

S. M.

*Annandale*

TATE and BRADY. 1698

ARTHUR ROSE. 1890

1. My soul with pa - tience waits For Thee, the liv - ing Lord;

My hopes are on Thy pro - mise built, Thy never - fail - ing word.

- 2 My longing eyes look out  
For Thy enliv'ning ray,  
More dully than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God;  
No bounds His mercy knows;  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succor flows;
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
And wash our guilt away.

# General

335

Jesu, lover of my soul

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740

*Hollingside*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



# General

336

Rock of ages, cleft for me

7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1776

FIRST TUNE

*Redhead 76*

R. REDHEAD. 1853

♩ - 72

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

- Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# General

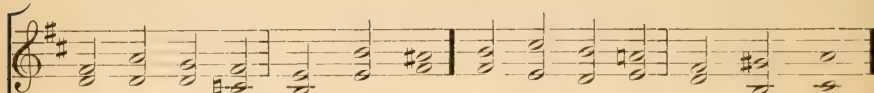
336

SECOND TUNE

*St. Bruno*  
J. HULLAH. 1867



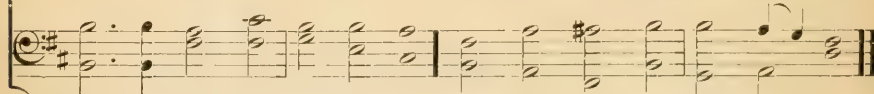
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,



Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



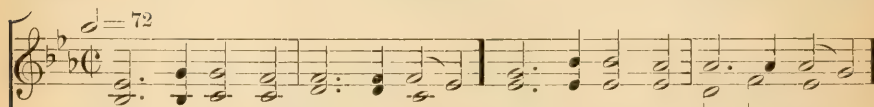
2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

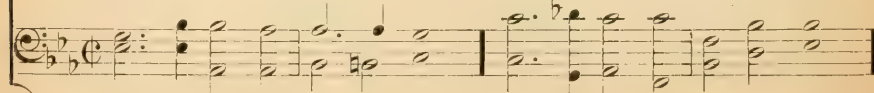
336

THIRD TUNE

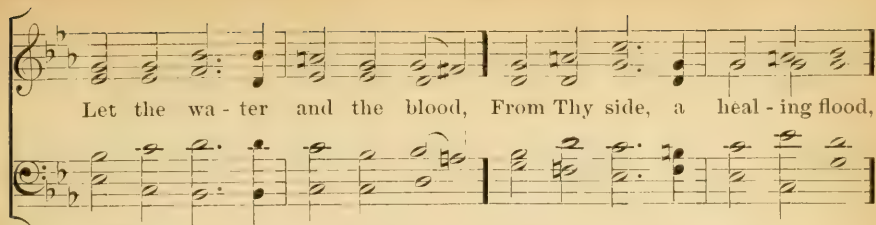
*Rock*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



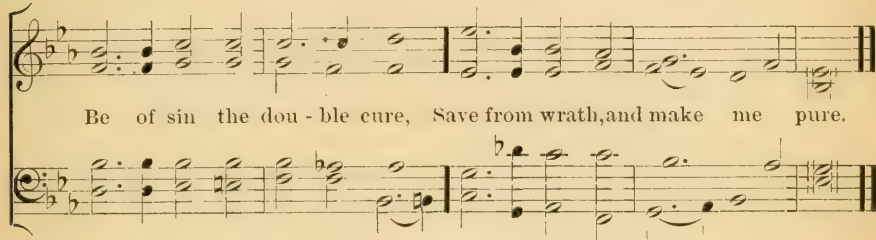
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



# General



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

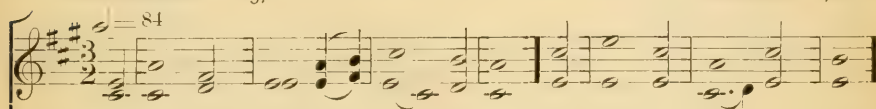


Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

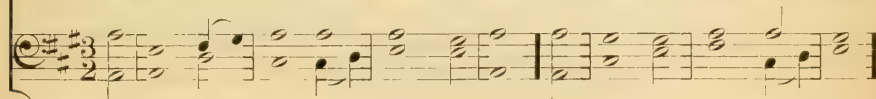
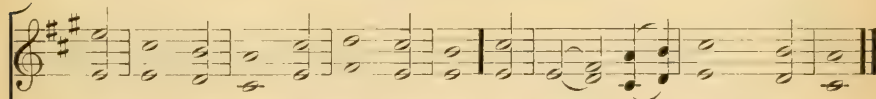
## 337 *Hy* Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need **C. M.**

DEAN MILMAN. 1837

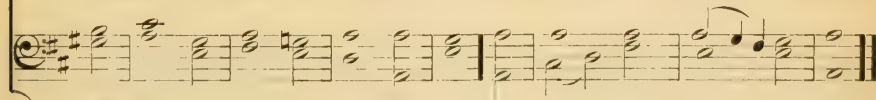
*Martyrdom*  
H. WILSON. 1768



1. Oh, help us, Lord: each hour of need Thy heav'nly suc - cor give:

Help us in thought, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live!



- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dry,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh, help us through the pray'r of faith  
More firmly to believe!

For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

- 4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:  
We have no help but Thee.  
Oh, help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heav'n to be!

# General

338

O gracious God, in Whom I live

C. M.

*Bedford*

W. WHEALL. 1729

76

1. O gracious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid:

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trembling and a - fraid.

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, Thy pow'rful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.

4 Oh, keep me in Thy heav'nly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and Thee.

339

O Thou to Whose all-searching sight

L. M.

"Seelenbräutigam, O du Gotteslamm!"

COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1721

*Grace Church*

J. WESLEY. *Tr.*

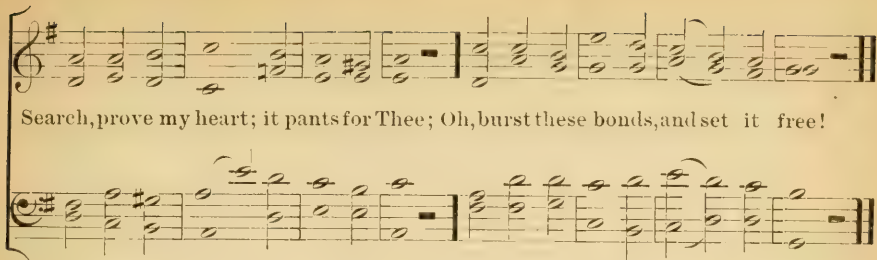
FIRST TUNE

From I. J. PLEVEL. 1800

76

1. O Thou to Whose all - search-ing sight The darkness shineth as the light,

# General



Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

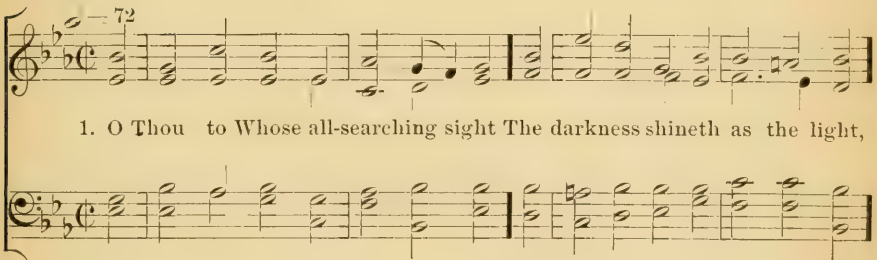
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

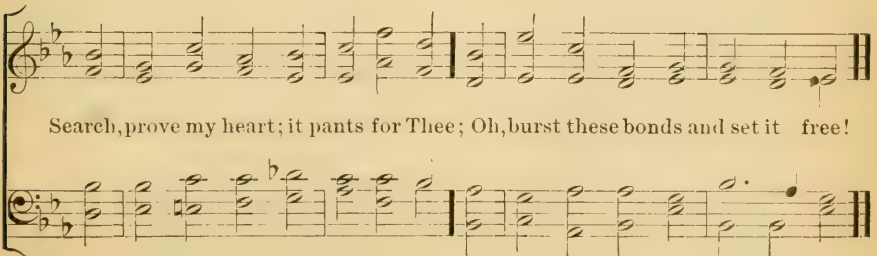
## 339

SECOND TUNE

*Shropshire*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



1. O Thou to Whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light,



Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!



J. MONTGOMERY. 1834

*Magdalene*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857

80

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures

Would this vain world charm;

Or its sordid treasures

Spread to work me harm;

Bring to my remembrance,

Sad Gethsemane,

Or, in darker semblance,

Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me

Sorrow, toil, and woe;

Or should pain attend me

On my path below;

Grant that I may never

Fail Thy hand to see;

Grant that I may ever

Cast my care on Thee.

# General

4 When my last hour cometh,  
 Fraught with strife and pain,  
 When my dust returneth  
 To the dust again;  
 On Thy truth relying,  
 Through that mortal strife,  
 Jesu, take me, dying,  
 To eternal life.

341

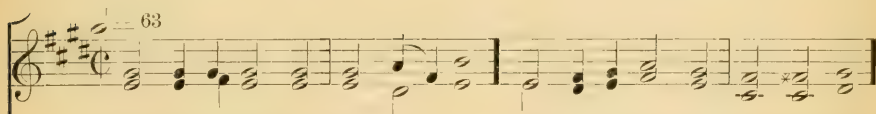
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me

8.8.8.4.

*Helena*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1869

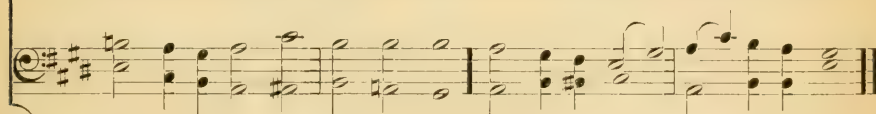
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1876



1. Je-sus, my Saviour, look on me, For I am wea-ry and opprest;



I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest, Thou art my Rest.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
 I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
 Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,  
 Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
 Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!  
 Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
 I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
 Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
 In that tremendous, latest strife,  
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
 Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply,  
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
 Through life, in death, eternally,  
 Thou art my All.

# General

342

Art thou weary, art thou languid

P. M.

Κόπον τε καὶ κάρατον.

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. 775

NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

*Stephanos*  
REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

♩ = 72

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.”

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, “Yes.”

342

SECOND TUNE

*Consolator*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

♩ = 52 *Slowly, and with expression.*

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis -

# General

- trest? "Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."  
Be at rest.

343

I hunger and I thirst

6s.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1873

*Moschely*  
H. SMART. 1880

$\text{♩} = 84$   
1. I hun - ger and I thirst; Je - su, my Man - na be:  
Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the Rock for me.

- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
My life-long wants supply;  
As living souls are fed,  
Oh, feed me, or I die!
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,  
Let me Thy sweetness prove;  
Renew my life with Thine,  
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,  
Since first their course began;  
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;  
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies  
My thirsting soul before;  
Oh, living waters, rise  
Within me evermore!

# General

344

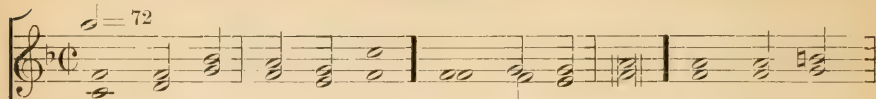
Nearer, my God, to Thee

P.M.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1841

FIRST TUNE

*Oxford*  
H. SMART. 1868



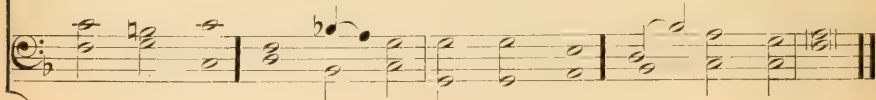
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it



be a cross, That rais - eth me; Still all my



song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.



# General

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

344

SECOND TUNE

*Horbury*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

— 60

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross, That rais - eth  
me; . . . Still all my song shall be,  
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

# General

## 345

### My faith looks up to Thee

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

*Faith*

REV. RAY PALMER. 1830

J. H. CORNELL. 1872

76

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

## 346

### Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee

C. M.

*St. Etheldreda*

REV. J. H. GURNEY. 1838

BISHOP TURTON. 1860

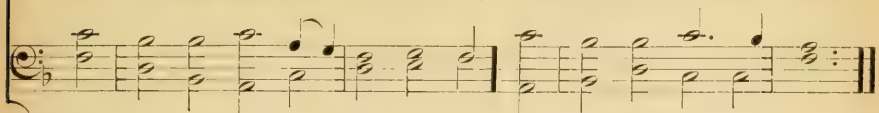
76

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,

# General



So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.



2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will;  
Our brethren's grief to share.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
"Father, Thy will be done."

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

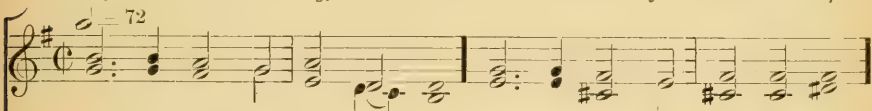
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiv'n,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heav'n!

## 347 Sinful, sighing to be blest

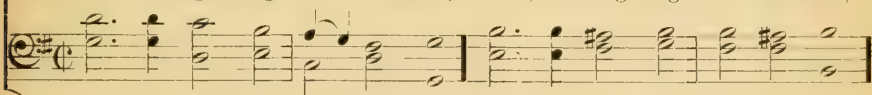
7s.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL 1857

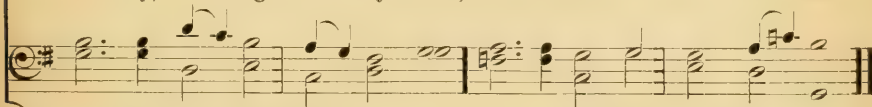
*Paraclete*  
J. T. COOPER. 1870



1. Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;



Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest; God be mer - ci - ful to me.



2 Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need;  
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;  
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:  
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
To Thy bosom I would flee:

I am not my own but Thine:  
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone:  
God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be;  
He's my all; and for His sake  
God be merciful to me.

# General

348

When our heads are bowed with woe

7s.

DEAN MILMAN. 1827

FIRST TUNE

*Redhead 47*

R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

348

SECOND TUNE

*Mercy*

REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'er - flow,

# General

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

349

Out of the deep I call

S. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

*Southwell*  
ENGLISH. 1558

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;

Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me.

- 2 Out of the deep I cry,  
The woful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame,  
From morning watch till night is near  
I plead the precious Name.
- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,  
As ever was, with Thee;  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;  
Be merciful to me.



# General

350

Jesu, Lord of life and glory

8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. J. CUMMINS. 1839

*St. Raphael*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1863

- 76

1. Je - su, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy

gra - cious ear; While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee,

Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear: By Thy mer - cy,

Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

- |  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 2 From the depths of nature's blindness, | 3 When temptation sorely presses, |
| From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,         | In the day of Satan's power,      |
| From all malice and unkindness,          | In our times of deep distresses,  |
| From the pride that lurks within,        | In each dark and trying hour,     |
| By Thy mercy,                            | By Thy mercy,                     |
| Oh, deliver us, good Lord.               | Oh, deliver us, good Lord.        |

# General

4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When all human help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

351

PH

Have mercy, Lord, on me.

S. M.

*St. Bride.*

TATE and BRADY. 1696

DR. HOWARD. 1762

*♩ = 76*

1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind;

Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mer - cy find.

2 Wash off my foul offense,  
And cleanse me from my sin;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in Thy sight,  
Have I transgressed; and, though con-  
demned,  
Must own Thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view:

Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take  
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favor gives  
Let me, O Lord, regain;  
And Thy free Spirit's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

# General

352

In mercy, not in wrath

S. M.

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

*Crotch*  
DR. CROTCH. 1836

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. In mer-cy, not in wrath, Re-buke me, gra-cious God!

Lest, if Thy whole dis-pleas-ure rise, I sink be-neath Thy rod.

2 Touched by Thy quick'ning power,  
My load of guilt I feel;  
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,  
Oh, let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,  
Must I forever mourn?  
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return?

4 Oh, come, ere life expire;  
Send down Thy pow'r to save;  
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,  
Or praise Thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,  
Or yield to dread despair?  
Thou wilt fulfill Thy promised word,  
And grant me all my prayer.

353

My God, permit me not to be

L. M.

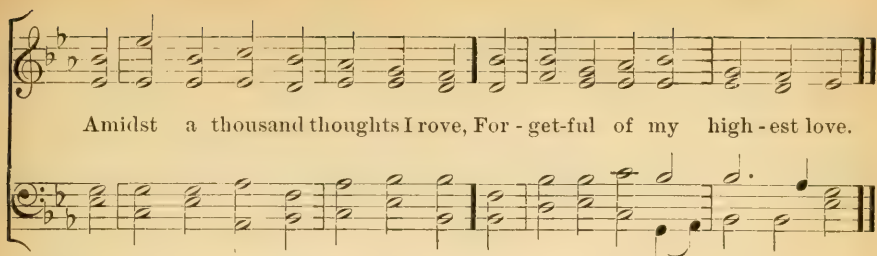
DR. WATTS. 1709

*Leipsic*  
J. H. SCHEIN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and Thee:

# General



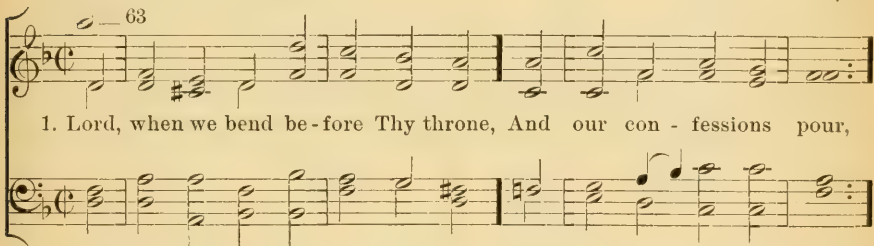
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Why should my passions mix with earth,<br/>And thus debase my heav'nly birth?<br/>Why should I cleave to things below,<br/>And all my purest joys forego?</p> | <p>3 Call me away from flesh and sense;<br/>Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:<br/>I would obey the voice divine,<br/>And all inferior joys resign.</p> |
|--|---|

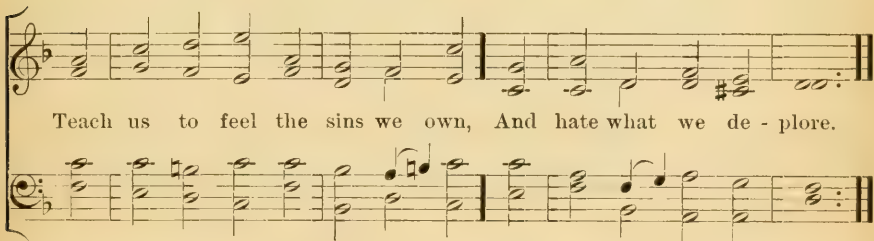
## 354 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne C. M.

REV. J. D. CARLYLE. 1802

*St. Mary*  
DR. BLOW. 1648



1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fessions pour,



Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;<br/>True penitence impart;<br/>And let a kindling glance from Thee<br/>Beam hope upon the heart,</p> | <p>3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,<br/>May we our wills resign;<br/>And not a thought our bosom share<br/>Which is not wholly Thine.</p> |
|---|--|

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

# General

355

Saviour, Whom I fain would love

7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1774

*Cassel*  
GERMAN. 1784

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Saviour, Whom I fain would love, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,

Fix my roving heart above, Draw me nearer unto Thee.

Thee to praise and Thee to know Make the joy of saints below:

Thee to see and Thee to love Make the bliss of saints above.



# General

2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If Thy presence Thou deny:  
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die.  
 Source and Giver of repose,  
 Only from Thy love it flows;  
 Peace and happiness are Thine,  
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

356

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal

7s.

REV. G. THRING. 1866

*Grace*  
 J. W. ELLIOTT. 1874

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel;  
 Heal me, and my par - don seal

- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
 Hear the pray'rs I oft have prayed,  
 And in mercy send me aid.
- 3 Helpless, none can help me now;  
 Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;  
 Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.
- 4 Thou the true Physician art;  
 Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
 Binding up the bleeding heart.
- 5 Other comforters are gone;  
 Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
 Thou for all my sin atone.
- 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;  
 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
 To Thy mercy I appeal.

# General

357

O Jesu, Thou art standing

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1867

FIRST TUNE

*Lux Mundi*

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:

Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!

# General

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

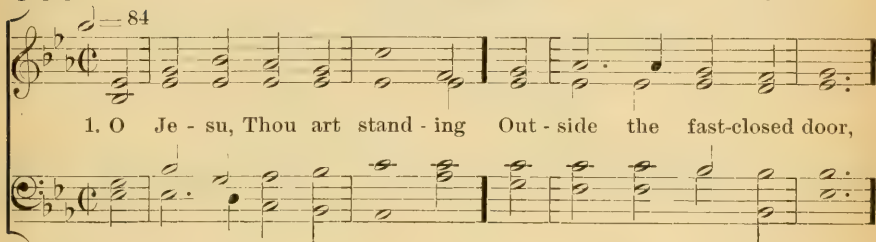
3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

357

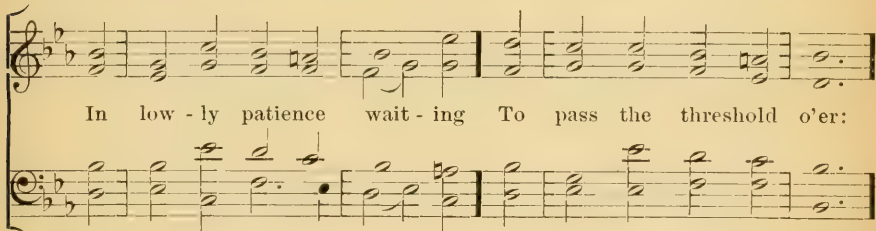
SECOND TUNE

*Patience*  
H. SMART

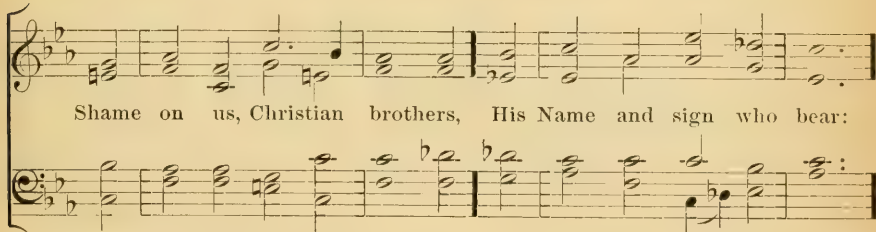
♩ = 84



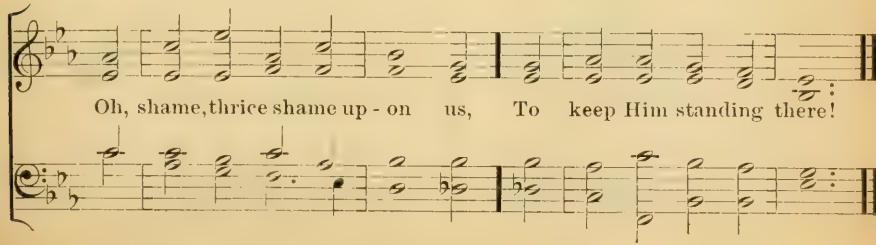
1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



In low - ly patience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear:



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!

# General

358

Jesus, I my cross have taken

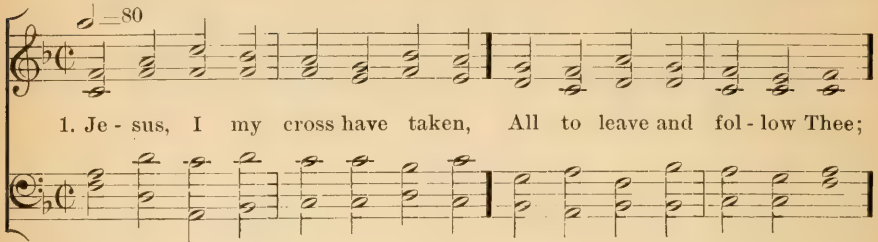
8.7.

*Iona*

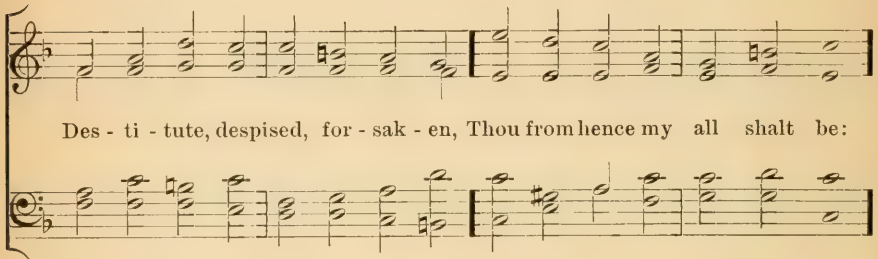
REV. H. F. LYTE. 1824

SIR J. STAINER 1868

$\text{♩} = 80$

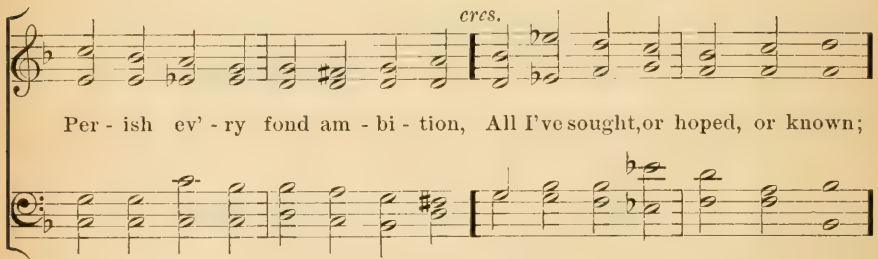


1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;



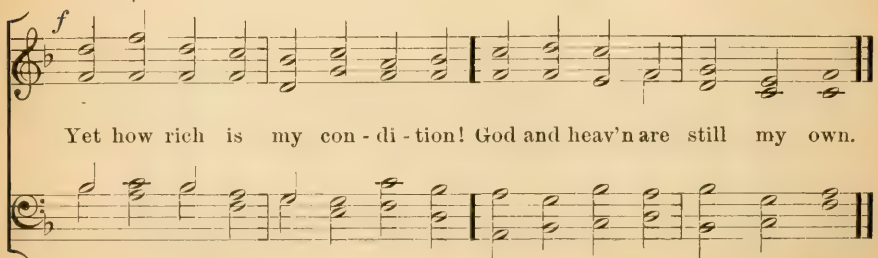
Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

*cres.*



Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

*f*



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

# General

2 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me:  
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in ev'ry station  
 Something still to do or bear:  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 What a Father's smile is thine;  
 What a Saviour died to win thee;  
 Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

359 *14*

## In the cross of Christ I glory

8.7.

SIR J. BOWRING. 1825

*Ad inferos*  
 W. H. SANGSTER

*♩* = 76

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, 'Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me:  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds new lustre to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 'Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.



REV. J. HAMILTON. 1867

*Intercessor*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O Je - su! Lord most merci - ful, Low at Thy cross I lie;

O sin - ner's friend, most piti - ful, Hear my be - wail - ing cry.

I come to Thee with mourn - ing, I come to Thee in woe;

With con - trite heart re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.

2 O gracious Intercessor!  
O Priest within the veil!  
Plead, for a lost transgressor,  
The blood that cannot fail.  
I spread my sins before Thee,  
I tell them one by one;  
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,  
Forgive all I have done!

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,  
Thy tears and agony,  
And crown of cruel fashion,  
And death on Calvary;

By all that untold suff'ring  
Endured by Thee alone;  
O Priest! O spotless Off'ring!  
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

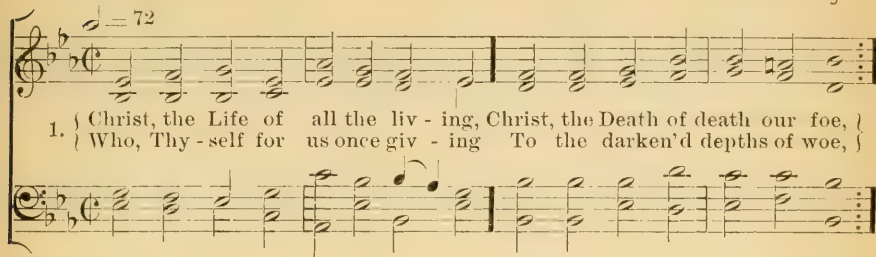
4 And in this heart now broken,  
Re-enter Thou and reign;  
And say, by that dear token,  
I am absolved again;  
And build me up, and guide me,  
And guard me day by day;  
And in Thy presence hide me,  
And keep my soul away.

E. C. HOMBURG. 1659  
WINKWORTH. Tr.

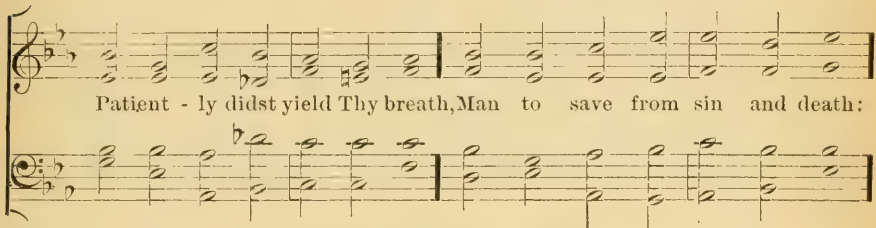
"Jesu, meines Lebens Leben."

Gütersloh  
GERMAN. 1650

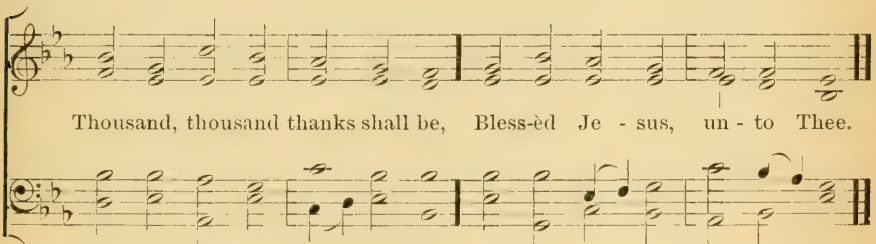
$\text{♩} = 72$



1. { Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death our foe, }  
{ Who, Thy - self for us once giv - ing To the darken'd depths of woe, }



Patient - ly didst yield Thy breath, Man to save from sin and death;



Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Bless-èd Je - sus, un - to Thee.

2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee  
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;  
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
Thou sinless Son of God;  
Only thus for us to win  
Rescue from the bonds of sin:  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only  
That it might not fall on me;  
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,  
That I might be safe and free;  
Comfortless, that I might know  
Comfort from Thy boundless woe:  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,  
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
For Thine anguish in the garden,  
I will thank Thee evermore;  
Thank Thee with the latest breath  
For Thy sad and cruel death;  
For that last most bitter cry,  
Praise Thee evermore on high.

# General

362

## Glory be to Jesus

6.5.

ITALIAN. 1750  
CASWALL. Tr.

Caswall  
F. FILITZ. 1847

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. { Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains  
Grace and life e - - ter - nal In that blood I find,

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins! }  
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind! }

2 Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from sin and sorrow  
Does the world redeem!  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel hosts, rejoicing,  
Make their glad reply.  
Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder,  
Praise the precious Blood.

363

## O Lamb of God, still keep me

7.6.

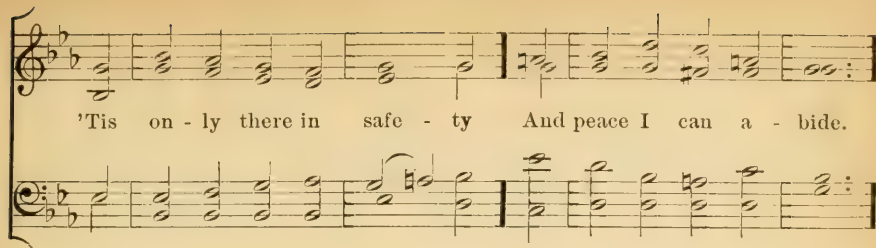
J. G. DECK. 1842

*Dies Dominica*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

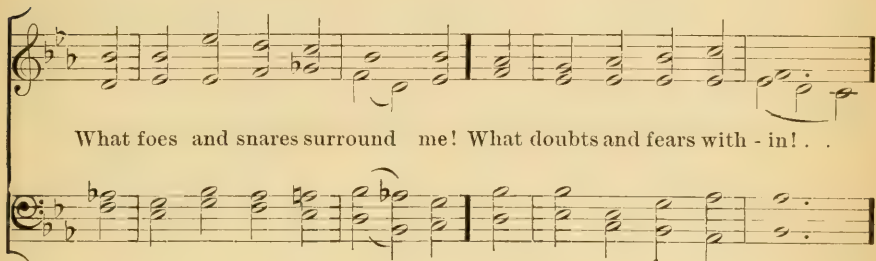
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side!

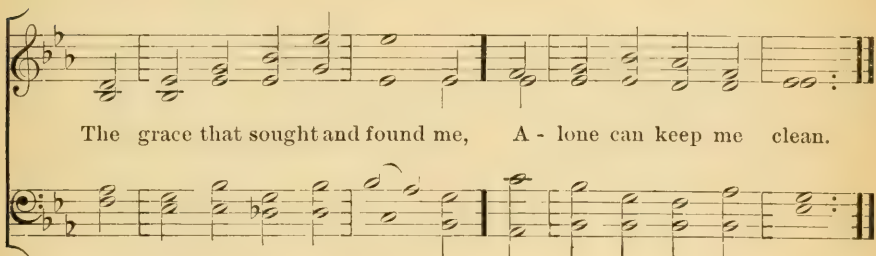
# General



'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.



What foes and snares surround me! What doubts and fears with - in! . .



The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I feel my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure;  
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth  
O'er ev'ry hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy pow'r and grace:  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

## O Jesu, we adore Thee

7.6.

REV. A. T. RUSSELL 1851

*Holy Church*  
A. H. BROWN

88

1. O Je - su, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King:

We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious Name we sing:

That Name hath brought sal - va - tion, That Name, in life our stay;

Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,  
Still pressing by Thy cross:  
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,  
Counting all else but loss.  
The grief Thy soul endured,  
Who can that grief declare?  
Thy pains have thus assured  
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

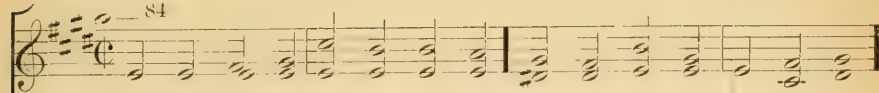
3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,  
And nailed Thee to the tree:  
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;  
Yet deign our hope to be.  
O glorious King, we bless Thee,  
No longer pass Thee by;  
O Jesu, we confess Thee  
Our Lord enthroned on high.



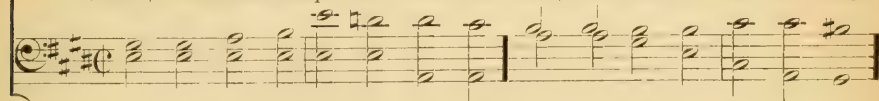
J. BAKWELL. 1757

*St Hilda*  
J. BARNBY. 1861

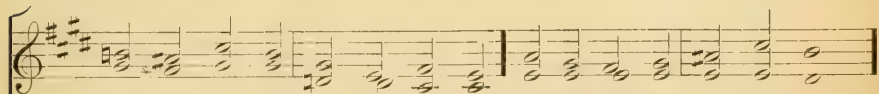
84



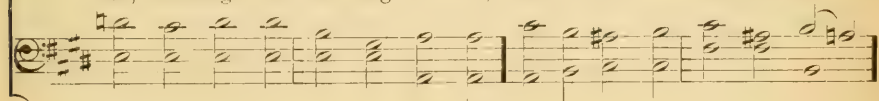
1. Hail, Thou once-des-pis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us: Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.



Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!



By Thy merit we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through Thy Name.



- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid:  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood:  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.

- There for sinners Thou art pleading:  
There Thou dost our place prepare:  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive:  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!  
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

# General

366

To Him Who for our sins was slain

8.8.6.

REV. A. T. RUSSELL. 1851

*Rye*  
REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880

80

1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His

dy - ing pain, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To

Him, the Lamb our sac - ri - fice, Who gave His blood our

ran - som - price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) with piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

- 2 To Him Who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!

- To Him Who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore:  
Ye heav'nly hosts, your Lord adore;  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
Sing we Alleluia!

367

## General

Jesus, our risen King

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

*Philippi*

J. ALLEN. 1761

J. G. EBELING. 1666

♩ - 66

1. Je - sus, our ris - en King, Glo - ry to Thee we sing,

Prais - ing Thy Name: Thy love and grace a - dore, Which all our

sor - rows bore; Sing - ing for ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb."

2 Oh, haste, ye ransomed race!  
 For all His gifts of grace  
 Praise ye His Name:  
 He wondrous things hath done;  
 Triumph o'er death hath won;  
 Heav'n's gate hath open thrown;  
 "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Come, all ye hosts above!  
 Join in one song of love,  
 Praising His Name:  
 To Him ascribed be  
 Honor and majesty  
 Through all eternity:  
 "Worthy the Lamb."

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Praise to Thy Name:  
 Father, Thy love we bless;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 We praise Thee and confess,  
 "Worthy the Lamb."

# General

368

## Alleluia! sing to Jesus

8.7.

W. C. DIX. 1866

FIRST TUNE

*Alleluia*  
DR. S. S. WESLEY. 1868

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep-tre, His the throne;

Al - le - lu - ia! His the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:

Hark! the songs of peaceful Si - on Thunder like a mighty flood;

Je - sus out of ev - 'ry nation Hath re-deemed us by His blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans

Are we left in sorrow now;

Alleluia! He is near us,

Faith believes, nor questions how:

Though the cloud from sight received

When the forty days were o'er: [Him,

Shall our hearts forget His promise,

"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,

Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!

Alleluia! here the sinful

Flee to Thee from day to day:

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,

Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,

Where the songs of all the sinless

Sweep across the crystal sea.

# General

4 Alleluia! King eternal,  
Thee the Lord of lords we own;  
Alleluia! born of Mary,  
Earth Thy footstool, heav'n Thy throne:  
Thou within the veil hast entered,  
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;  
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim  
In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!  
His the sceptre, His the throne;  
Alleluia! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone;  
Hark! the songs of holy Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood;  
Jesus out of ev'ry nation  
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

368

SECOND TUNE

*Knightsbridge*  
REV. J. BADEN POWELL. 1885



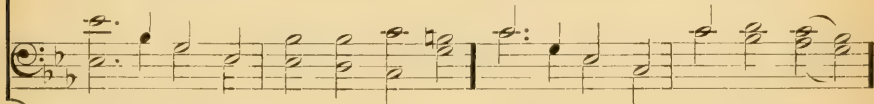
1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;



Al - le - lu - ia! His the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



Hark! the songs of peaceful Si - on Thunder like a mighty flood;



Jesus out of ev' - ry na - tion Hath redeemed us by His blood.





# General

369

Awake, and sing the song

S. M.

W. HAMMOND. 1745

*Day of Praise*

DR. STEGGALL

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!

Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love!  
Sing of His rising power!  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore!

3 Sing on your heav'nly way!  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
In Christ, th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come:"  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take His wand'ers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of glory to the Lamb.

370

Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done

L. M.

REV. DR. IRONS. 1861

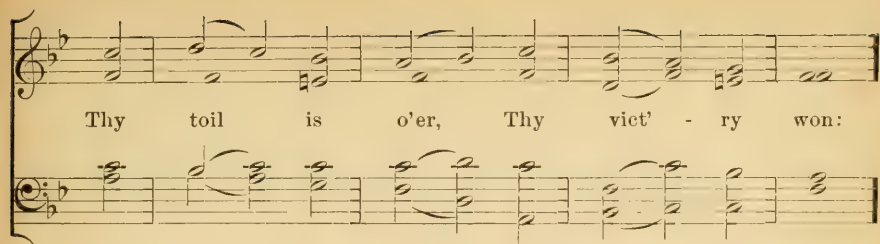
*Wareham*

W. KNAPP. 1750

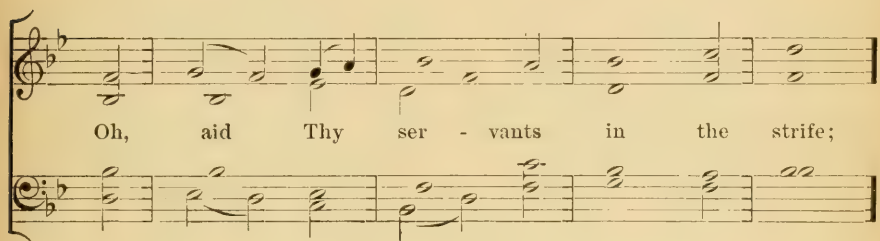
$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Tri - um - phant Lord, Thy work is done,

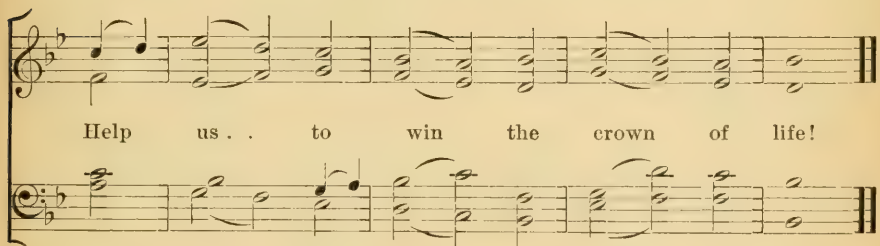
# General



Thy toil is o'er, Thy vict' - ry won:



Oh, aid Thy ser - vants in the strife;



Help us . . to win the crown of life!

2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice,  
Our pray'rs like incense round Thee rise;  
For "Thou art Priest forever," Thou  
Art interceding for us now.

3 Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,  
And by Thy bitter death on earth,  
And by Thy rising from the grave,  
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine  
All honor, praise, and pow'r divine;  
One with the Father now confest,  
And with the Spirit ever blest.

# General

371

Christ, above all glory seated

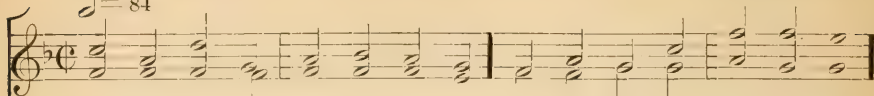
8.7.

ELEVENTH CENTURY  
WOODFORD. 7<sup>th</sup>.

"Aeternae Rex altissime."

*Harting*  
REV. F. A. J. HERVEY. 1889

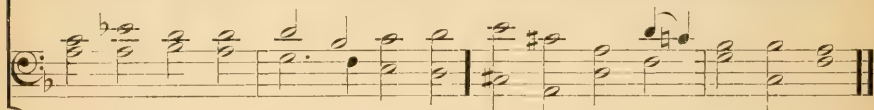
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!



Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.



2 Thou art gone, where now is given  
What no mortal might could gain,  
On th' eternal throne of heaven  
In Thy Father's pow'r to reign.

Hear our pray'rs, Thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
Heav'n above and earth below;  
While the depths of hell before Thee  
Trembling and defeated bow.

5 So, when Thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,  
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
Owned for evermore as Thine.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
Follow Thee above the sky;

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,  
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
In Thy Father's might abiding  
With one Spirit evermore!

372

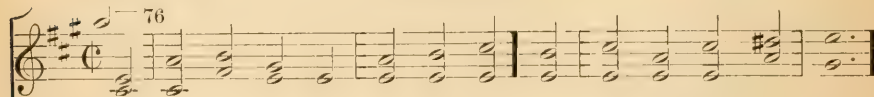
The Head that once was crowned with thorns C. M.

T. KELLY. 1820

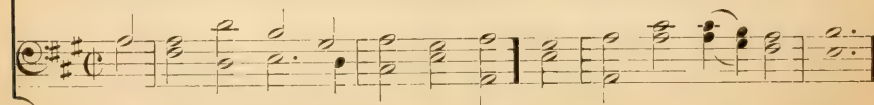
FIRST TUNE

*St. Magnus*  
J. CLARK. 1700

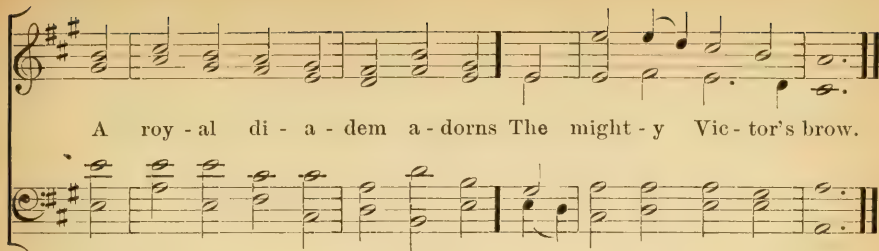
$\text{♩} = 76$



1. The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;



# General



2 The highest place that heav'n affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And heav'n's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love  
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace is given;  
Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

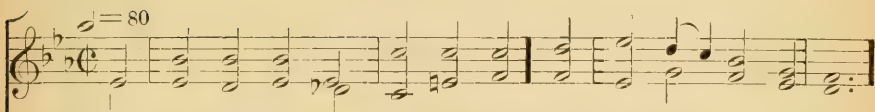
5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The myst'ry of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him:  
His people's hope, His people's wealth  
Their everlasting theme.

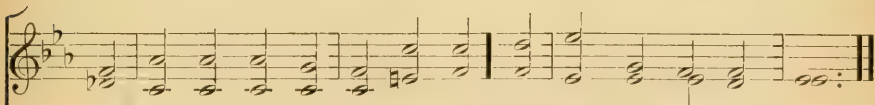
372

SECOND TUNE

*Leeds*  
DR. SPARK. 1872



1. The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vict - or's brow.



# General

373

Thou art gone up on high

D.S.M.

EMMA TOKE, 1851

FIRST TUNE

*Fairfield*  
REV. P. LATROBE, 1863

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Thou art gone up on high To mansions in the skies;

And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - prest;

Lord, send Thy promised Comfort - er, And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony,  
To pass unto Thy crown;  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.



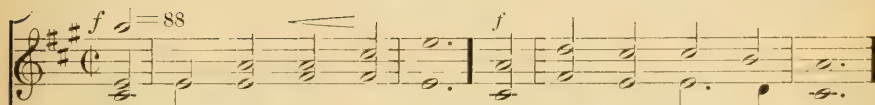
# General

3 Thou art gone up on high;  
 But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Lord, by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high.

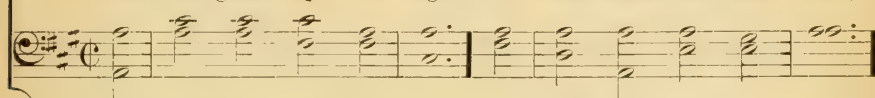
373

SECOND TUNE

*Olivet*  
 REV. J. B. DYKES. 1877



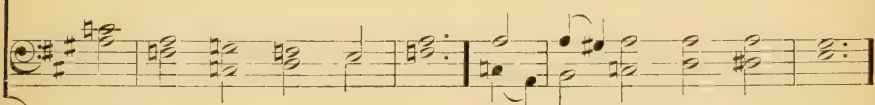
1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;



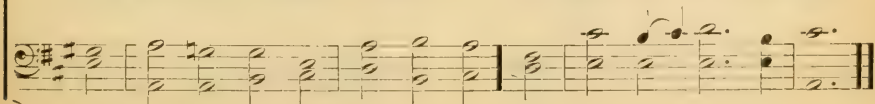
And round Thy throne un- ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:



But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - prest;



Lord, send Thy promised Com-fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest.



# General

374

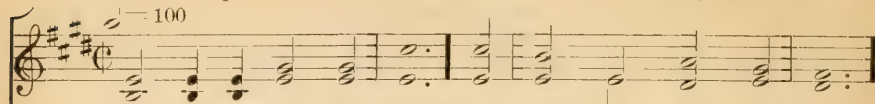
Crown Him with many crowns

D. S. M.

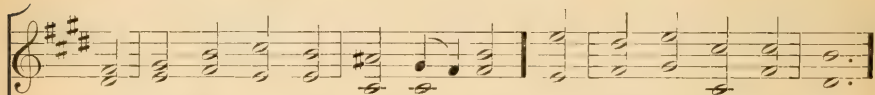
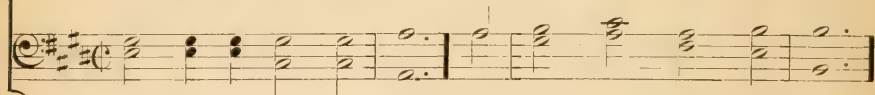
M. BRIDGES. 1851

FIRST TUNE

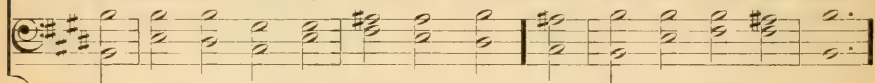
*Diademata*  
SIR G. J. ELVEY. 1868



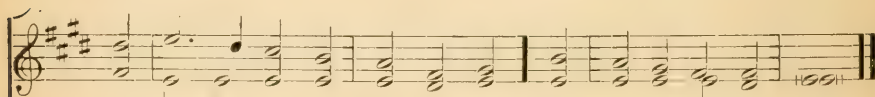
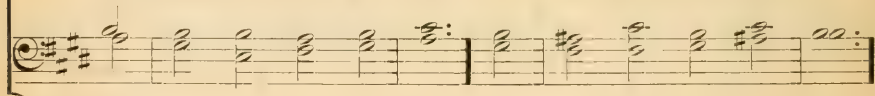
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



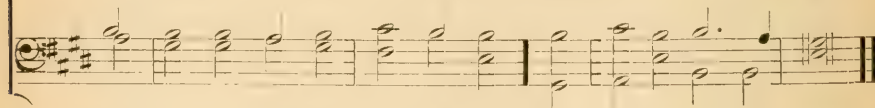
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.



2 Crown Him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man;  
Who ev'ry grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save;  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

# General

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth, th' Incarnate Word,  
For ransomed sinners slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

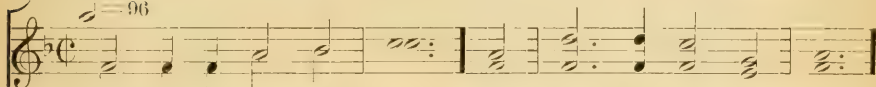
5 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n,  
Enthroned in worlds above;  
Crown Him the King, to Whom is giv'n,  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns,  
As thrones before Him fall,  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For He is King of all.

374

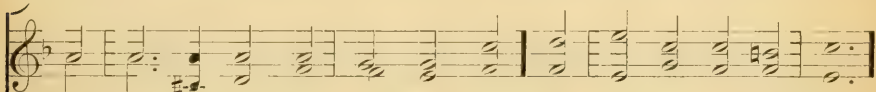
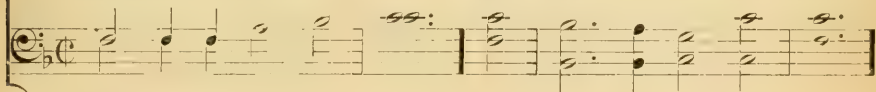
SECOND TUNE

*See*  
C. L. WILLIAMS. 1885

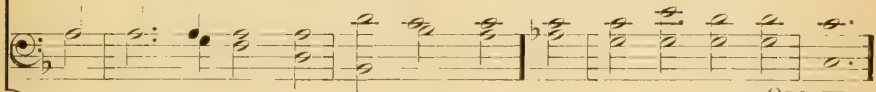
$\text{♩} = 96$



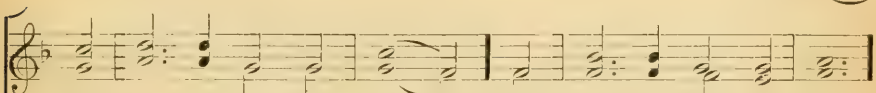
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



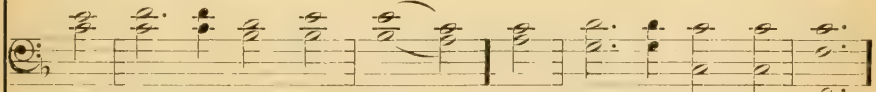
Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:



ORG.

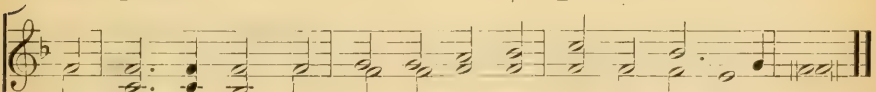


A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,

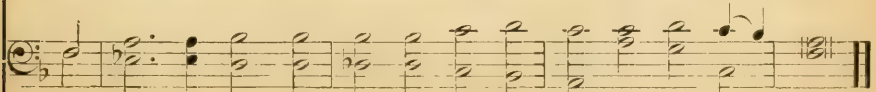


HCH

HCH



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



375

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed 8.6.8.4.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829

*St. Cuthbert*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Our blest Re - deemer, ere He breath'd His ten - der, last fare-well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

4 And ev'ry virtue we possess,  
And ev'ry vict'ry won,  
And ev'ry thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

376

Come, Holy Spirit, come

S. M.

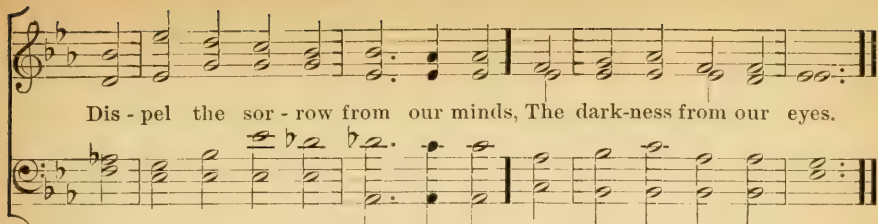
J. HART. 1759

*Crux*  
J. BARNBY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

# General



Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.

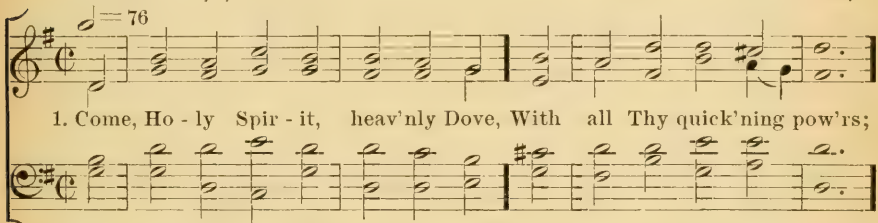
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

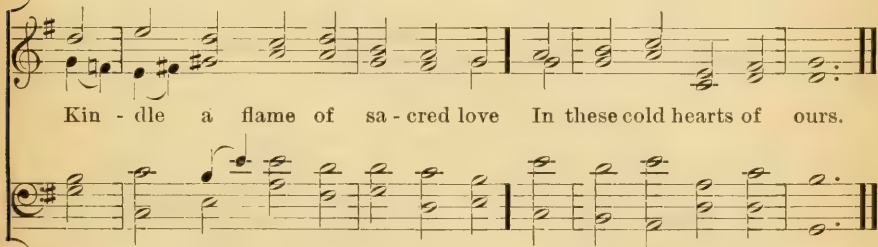
## 377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1707

*Dalmore*  
F. W. THURSCH. 1884



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys:  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise:  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.



13TH CENTURY  
CASWALL Tr.

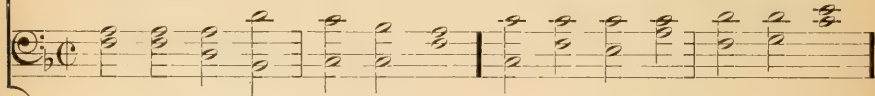
"Veni Sancte Spiritus."

*Light*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

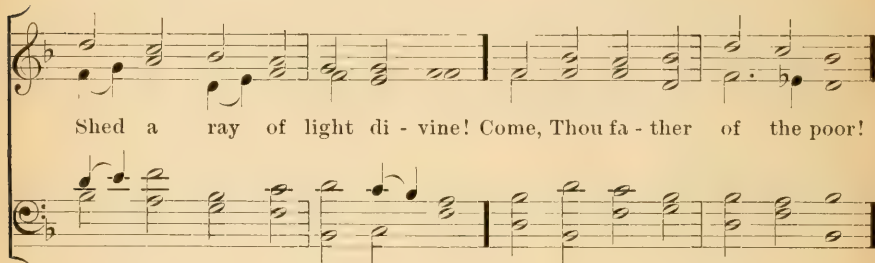
♩ = 80



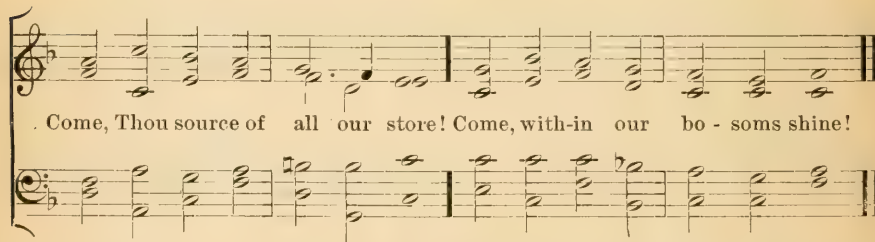
1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home



Shed a ray of light di - vine! Come, Thou fa - ther of the poor!



Come, Thou source of all our store! Come, with-in our bo - soms shine!



2 Thou, of comforters the best;  
Thou, the soul's most welcome guest;  
Sweet refreshment here below;  
In our labor, rest most sweet;  
Grateful coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away;  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

3 O most blessèd Light divine,  
Shine within these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill!  
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,  
Nothing good in deed or thought,  
Nothing free from taint of ill,

5 On the faithful, who adore  
And confess Thee, evermore  
In Thy sev'nfold gifts descend;  
Give them virtue's sure reward;  
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;  
Give them joys that never end.

# General

379

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove

L.M.

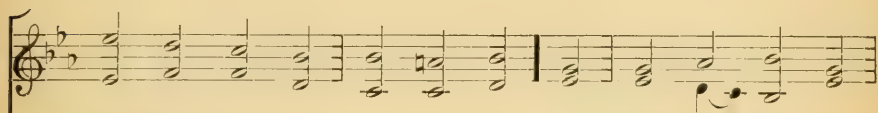
S. BROWNE. 1720

FIRST TUNE

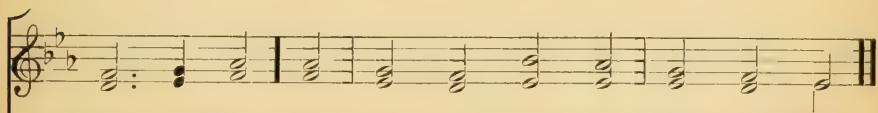
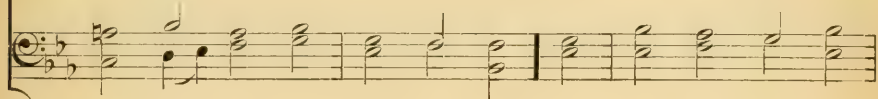
*Melcombe*  
S. WEBBE. 1790



1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With



light and com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our guar - dian,



Thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.



2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share  
Fullness of joy forever there:  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him forever blest,

# General

379

SECOND TUNE

*Desuper*  
W. HARRISON. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and

com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our guar - dian,

Thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share  
Fullness of joy forever there:  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him forever blest.

# General

380

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest

L. M.

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

TENTH CENTURY  
CASWALL. Tr.

Holland  
B. TOURS. 1875

♩ = 76

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouch -

- safe with - in our souls to rest; Come with Thy grace and

heav'n - ly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

- 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;  
To Thee, the gift of God most High;  
The fount of life, the fire of love,  
The soul's anointing from above.
- 3 The sacred, sev'nfold grace is Thine,  
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:  
The promise of the Father Thou!  
Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.
- 4 Thy light to ev'ry sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in ev'ry heart;  
Thine own unfailing might supply  
To strengthen our infirmity.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
And Thine abiding peace bestow;  
If Thou be our preventing guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

## Creator Spirit, by Whose aid

8s.

TENTH CENTURY  
DRYDEN. *Tr.*

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

*Surrey*  
H. CAREY. 1730

80

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by Whose aid The world's foun-da-tions

first were laid, Come, vis - it ev' - ry hum - ble mind;

Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind; From sin and sor - row

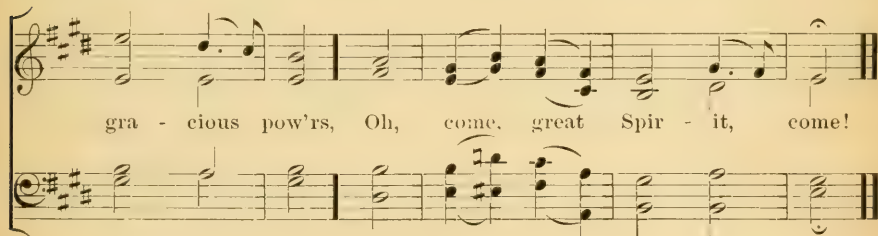
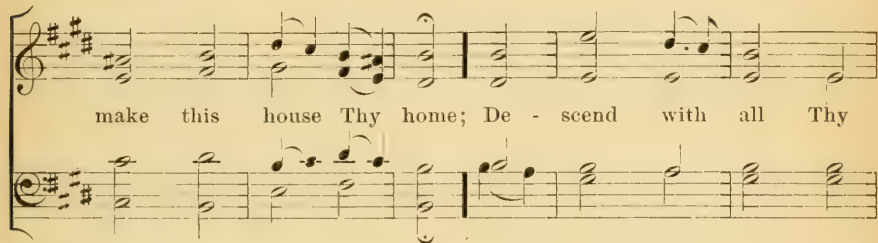
set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,  
Rich in Thy sev'nfold energy;  
Make us eternal truth receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.



63



- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe:  
And lead us in those paths of life,  
Whereon the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an off'ring be  
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.
- 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;  
Make a lost world Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

# General

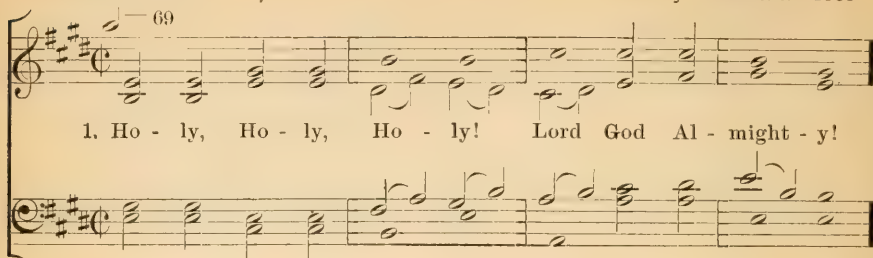
383

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty **P.M.**

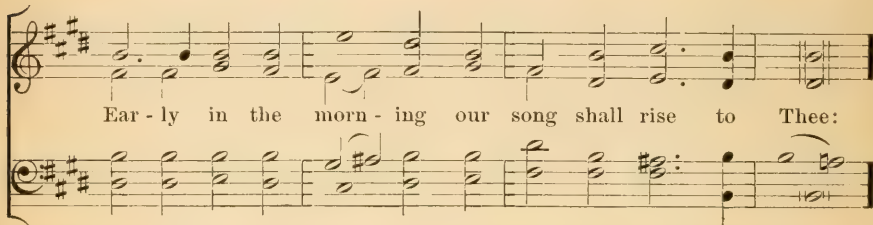
BISHOP HEBER. 1827

*Nicæa*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

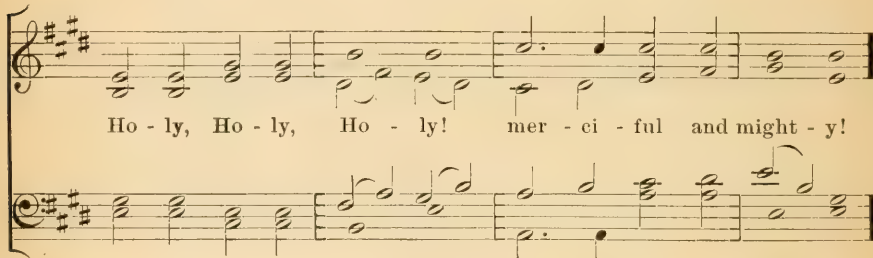
— 69 —



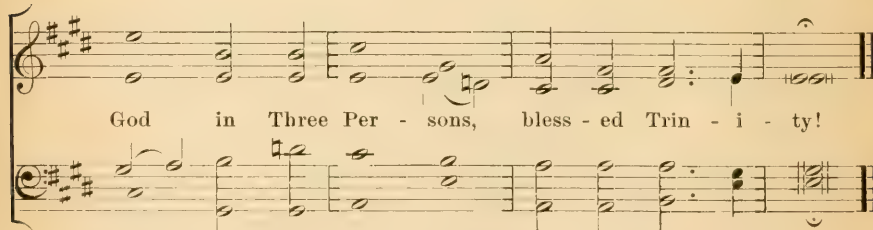
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

# General

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

384

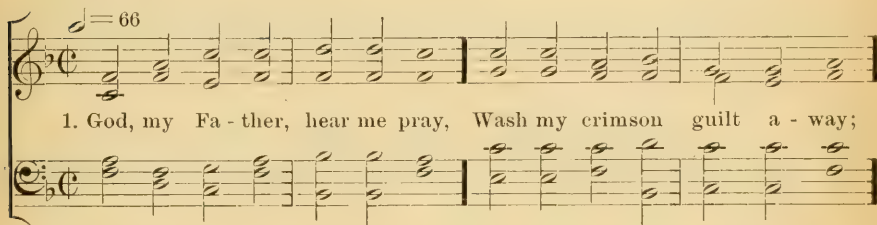
God, my Father, hear me pray

7s.

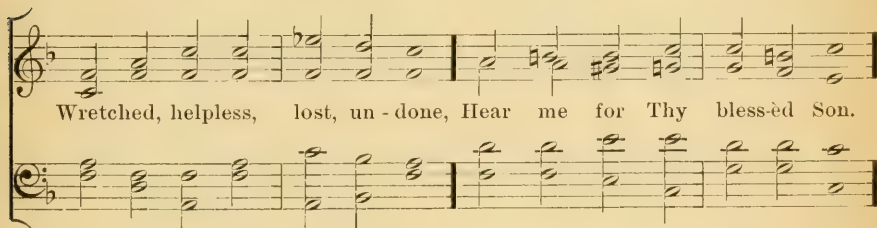
REV. J. HOLME. 1861

Grove  
DR. GAUNTLETT

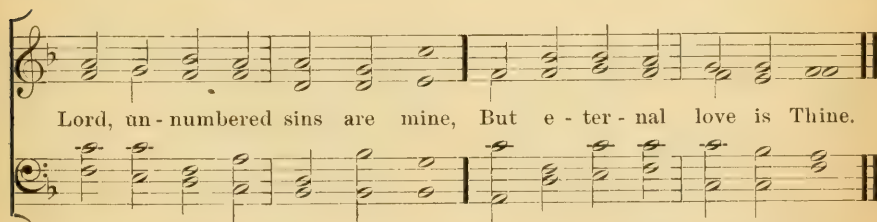
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. God, my Fa - ther, hear me pray, Wash my crimson guilt a - way;



Wretched, helpless, lost, un - done, Hear me for Thy bless - ed Son.



Lord, un - numbered sins are mine, But e - ter - nal love is Thine.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me;  
All my guilt I cast on Thee:  
Give my troubled spirit peace;  
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,  
Strengthen me with holy might,  
Make Thy dwelling in my heart:  
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!  
Holy, everlasting Three!  
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,  
And my soul for heav'n prepare!  
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
But eternal love is Thine.

BISHOP CHR : WORDSWORTH. 1862

*Videam*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

76

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chanting ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honor paid,  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
Spirits blest before Thy throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command;  
And when Thy command is done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
Thee, the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee,  
Thee, the Church in ev'ry land;  
Singing everlastingly,  
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Join we with the heav'nly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

# General

386

## Holy Father, great Creator

8.7.8.7.4.7.

\* Lindeman

DANISH. 1873

BISHOP GRISWOLD. 1835

72

1. Ho - ly Father, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,

Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His righteousness;

*rall.*

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - iour hear and bless.

- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
Meet and worship in Thy Name,  
Dear Redeemer,  
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
Come with unction from above,  
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
Source of comfort,  
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.
- 4 God the Lord, through ev'ry nation  
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
In the song of Thy salvation  
Ev'ry tongue and race combine!  
Great Jehovah,  
Form our hearts and make them Thine.



# General

387

Round the Lord in glory seated

8.7.

BISHOP MANT. 1837

FIRST TUNE

*Moultrie*  
G. F. COBB

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His temple, and repeat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn:

“Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heaven, Earth is with Thy full-ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord.”

2 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 “Holy, Holy, Holy,” singing,  
 “Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High.”  
 With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow;

# General

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
With Thine angel hosts we cry  
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing  
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

387

SECOND TUNE

*St. Frideswide*  
C. H. LLOYD. 1889

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' alter - nate hymn:

“Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord.”

92

1. Come, Thou al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,  
 Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
 Our pray'r attend!  
 Come, and Thy people bless;  
 Come, give Thy word success;  
 'Stablish Thy righteousness,  
 Saviour and Friend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour!

Thou, Who almighty art,  
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of pow'r!

4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore;  
 Thy sov'reign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

76

1. Three in One, and One in Three, Ru - ler of the earth and sea,

# General

*rall.*

Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine,  
Lift on us Thy light divine;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the ev'n,  
Let it close on sin forgiv'n;  
Fold us in the peace of heav'n;  
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.

390

Oh, what, if we are Christ's

S. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1852

*Utrecht*  
B. TOURS. 1889

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's suff'rings shared below.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here:

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

5 Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

# General

391

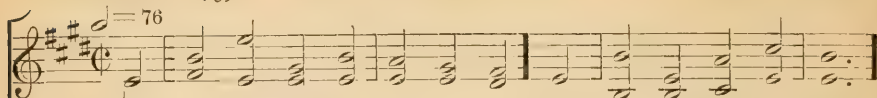
Let saints on earth in concert sing

C. M.

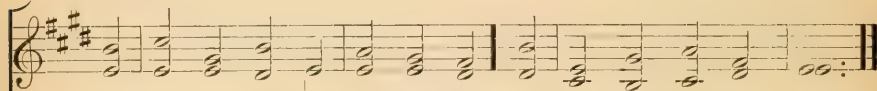
C. WESLEY. 1759

*St. David*

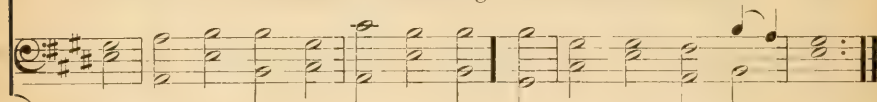
ENGLISH. 1621



1. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;



For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.



- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

- 4 E'en now to their eternal home  
There pass some spirits blest;  
While others to the margin come,  
Waiting their call to rest.
- 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;  
Then, when the word is giv'n,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heav'n.

392

Not to the terrors of the Lord

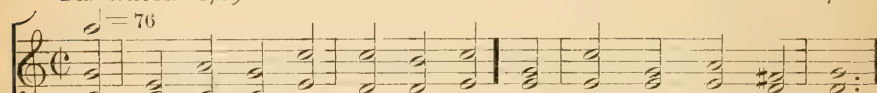
C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1709

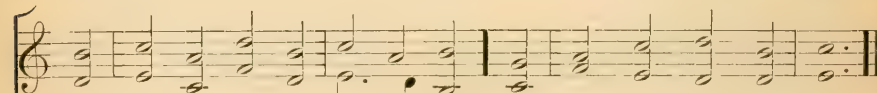
FIRST TUNE

*St. Anne*

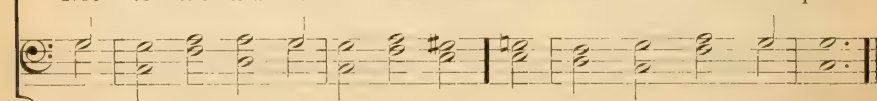
DR. CROFT. 1708



1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke:



Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke:





# General

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God;  
Where milder words declare His will,  
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light:  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heav'n;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, forgiv'n.

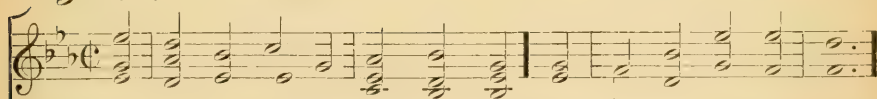
5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,  
But one communion make:  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of His love partake.

392

SECOND TUNE

*Suther*  
REV. W. LEIGH. 1867

$\text{♩} = 69$  *Voices in Unison.*



# General

393

Lo! what a cloud of witnesses

C. M.

*Witness*

H. SMART

SCOTCH. 1745

76

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En -

- com - pass us a - round! Men once like us with

suff - 'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race;  
And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path;  
Jesus, the author, finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before Him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now He reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we to God's right hand;  
There, with the Saviour and His saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

*Handwritten notes:*  
The hymn is  
very beautiful  
The joy that  
is in it  
1/2 x 11.2

# General

394

## O Paradise, O Paradise

P. M.

*Paradise*

REV. F. W. FABER. 1862

FIRST TUNE

H. SMART. 1863

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest ?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight ?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

# General

394

SECOND TUNE

*Waiting*  
J. BARNBY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest ?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rapture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight ?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold ?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep us in thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

## Those eternal bowers

6.5.

Τὰς ἐδρὰς τὰς αἰωνίας

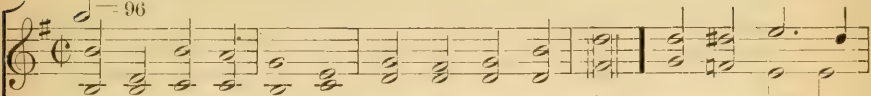
ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS. 750

NEALE. Tr.


David

T. MORLEY


96



1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fad - ing



flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them



Af - ter weary fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber  
At the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number  
Things unseen his choice:  
He who casts his burden  
Down at Jesus' cross;  
Christ's reproach his guerdon,  
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter  
All on earthly ground;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, "I will be crowned;"  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation  
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heav'nly King,  
Citizens of regions  
Past imagining!  
What, with pipe and tabor  
Dream away the light!  
When He bids you labor,  
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,  
As we breast the tide,  
Whisper Thou the story  
Of the other side;  
Where the saints are casting  
Crowns before Thy feet,  
Safe for everlasting,  
In Thyself complete.



# General

396

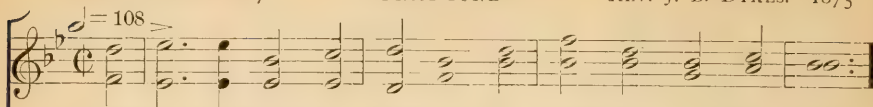
Ten thousand times ten thousand

P. M.

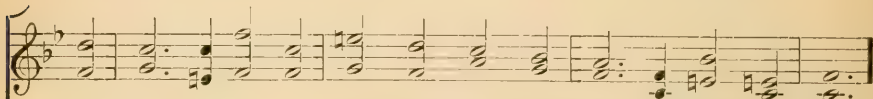
DEAN ALFORD. 1867

FIRST TUNE

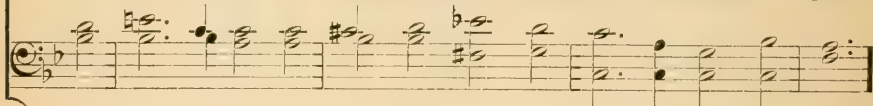
*Alford*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875



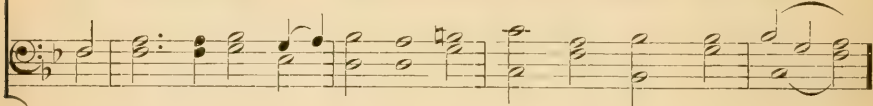
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thousand In sparkling rai - ment bright,



The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:



'Tis finished! all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: . .



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.



2 What rush of alleluia

Fills all the earth and sky!

What ringing of a thousand harps

Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation

And all its tribes were made!

O joy, for all its former woes

A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore!

What knitting severed friendships up,

Where partings are no more!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle

That brimmed with tears of late;

Orphans no longer fatherless,

Nor widows desolate.

# General

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy pow'r and reign!  
Appear, Desire of nations!  
Thine exiles long for home:  
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign!  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

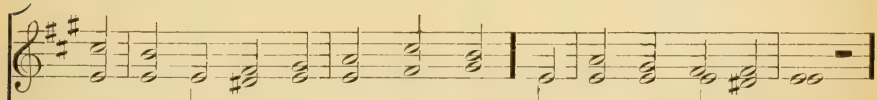
396

SECOND TUNE

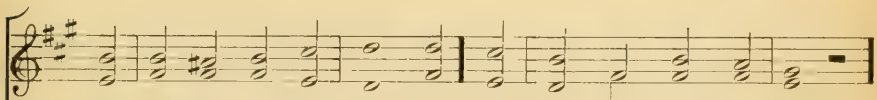
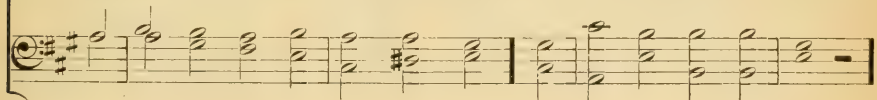
*Eastham*  
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1877



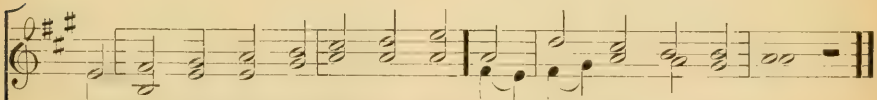
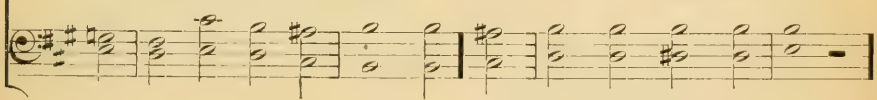
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright,



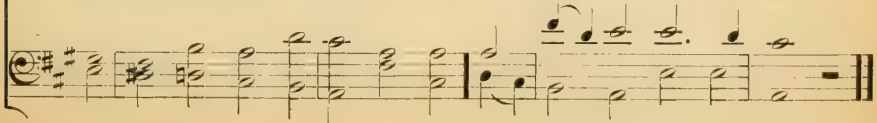
The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:



'Tis finished! all is finished, Their fight with death and sin:



Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic - tors in.



# General

397

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be

10s.

"O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata."

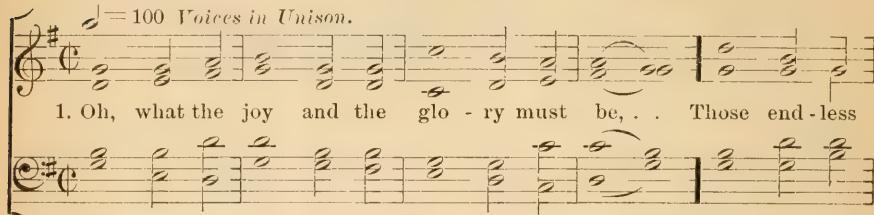
PETER ABELARD. 1200

NEALE. Tr.


*O quanta*

ANCIENT

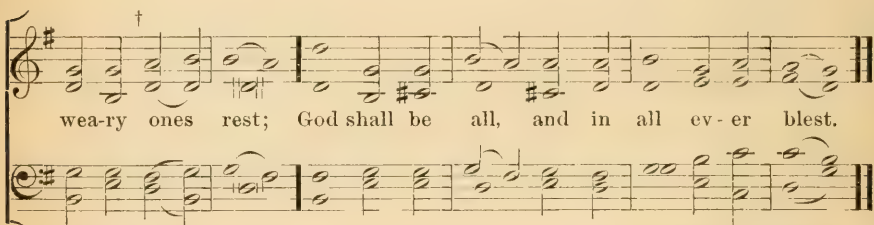
$\text{♩} = 100$  Voices in Unison.



1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . Those end - less



Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to



wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?<br/>What are the peace and the joy that they own?<br/>Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,<br/>All that they feel could as fully declare!</p> <p>3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,<br/>Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;<br/>Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,<br/>Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.</p> <p>4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,<br/>We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;<br/>While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise<br/>Thy blessed people eternally raise.</p> | <p>5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,<br/>Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;<br/>One and unending is that triumph-song<br/>Which to the angels and us shall belong.</p> <p>6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,<br/>We for that country must yearn and must sigh;<br/>Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,<br/>Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.</p> <p>7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,<br/>Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;<br/>Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;<br/>Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.</p> |
|--|--|

\* Change place of slur, in all stanzas after the first.

† Change place of slur, in last three stanzas.

# General

398 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling P.M.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1854

FIRST TUNE

*Pilgrims*  
H. SMART. 1868

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring -  
ing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at ev'ning pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and  
dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come  
at last.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep -  
ing,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
love.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

# General

398

SECOND TUNE

*Vox angelica*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 100$

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel - ie songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing

*p*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je - sus,

*cres.* *pp*

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come The pil-grims of the

*cres.* *pp* *rall.* - - -

night, Sing - - - ing  
night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.



# General

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-  
 ing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at ev'ning pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
 Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and  
 dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
 past;  
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come  
 at last.  
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-  
 ing,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
 love.  
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

## 399

## Light's abode, celestial Salem

8.7.

"Jerusalem luminosa."

ANON. 1500  
 NEALE. 7r.

FIRST TUNE

*Garzanza*  
 A. E. CROOK. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vision whence true peace doth spring,

Bright-er than the heart can fan - cy, Mansion of the high - est King;

Oh, how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of Thee the prophets sing!

2 There forever and forever  
 Alleluia is outpoured;  
 For unending, for unbroken  
 Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
 All is pure and all is holy  
 That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor  
 dims the brightness of the air;  
 Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
 From the Sun of suns is there;  
 There no night brings rest from labor,  
 For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
 When endued with so much beauty,  
 Full of health, and strong, and free,  
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
 That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
 Bear the burden on thee laid,  
 That hereafter these thy labors  
 May with endless gifts be paid,  
 And in everlasting glory  
 Thou with brightness be arrayed.

# General

399

SECOND TUNE

St. Helen  
DR. MARTIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$  Voices in Unison.



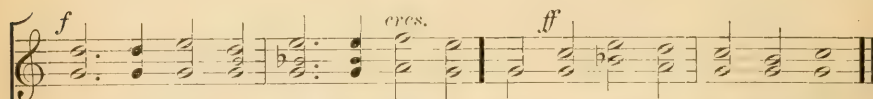
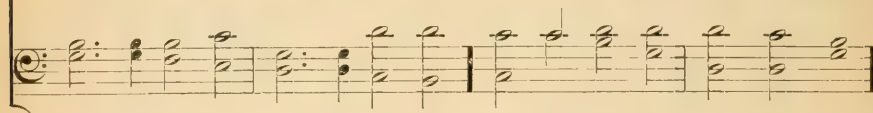
1. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vision whence true peace doth spring,



*Harmony.*



Brighter than the heart can fan - cy, Mansion of the high - est King;



Oh, how glorious are the prais - es Which of Thee the prophets sing!



2 There forever and forever  
Alleluia is outpoured;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
All is pure and all is holy  
That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor  
Dims the brightness of the air;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;  
There no night brings rest from labor,  
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labors  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

## Blessed city, heavenly Salem

8.7.

ANON. 600  
NEALE. Tr.

"Urbs beata, Hierusalem."

\* *Urbs beata*  
ANCIENT

FIRST TUNE

♩ = 76 *Voices in Unison.*

1. Bless - ed ci - ty, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of

peace and love, Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed

In the height of heav'n a - bove, And, with an - gel

hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earth - ward move;

- 2 From celestial realms descending,  
Bridal glory round thee shed,  
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;  
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.
- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls do soar,  
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heav'nly Architect,  
Who therewith hath willed forever  
That His palace should be decked.
- 5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
Laud and honor to the Son,  
Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.

# General

400

SECOND TUNE

*Oriel*  
M. HAYDN. 1775

♩ = 84

1. Bless - ed ci - ty, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of

peace and love, Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed

In the height of heav'n a - bove, And, with an - gel

hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earth - ward move;

2 From celestial realms descending,  
Bridal glory round thee shed,  
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;  
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls do soar,  
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heav'nly Architect,  
Who therewith hath willed forever  
That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
Laud and honor to the Son,  
Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.

## O heavenly Jerusalem

7.6.

PARIS BREVARY  
WILLIAMS.. Tr.*Argyle*  
E. H. TURPIN

1. O heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Of

ev - er - last - ing halls, Thrice bless - ed are the

peo - ple Thou stor - est in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints forever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown;  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;  
They sing their God forever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;  
Our longings thither tend;  
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below;  
To Father, and to Spirit  
All things created bow.

\* Omit this slur, in first stanza.



F. B. P. 1590  
J. MONTGOMERY. 1802

*Southwell*  
H. S. IRONS. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name  
ev - er dear to me, When shall my la - bors  
have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand:  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

F. B. P. 1590  
D. DICKSON. 1650

*Semper*  
J. H. CASSON. 1875

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When  
shall I come to Thee? When shall my sor - rows  
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!

O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow can be found,

Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,

Nor gloom, nor darksome night;

But ev'ry soul shines as the sun;

For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,

Thy joys when shall I see?

The King that sitteth on thy throne

In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks

Continually are green,

Where grow such sweet and pleasant  
flowers

As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with silver  
sound,

The living waters flow,

And on the banks, on either side,

The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,

And evermore do spring:

There evermore the angels are,

And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,

Would God I were in Thee!

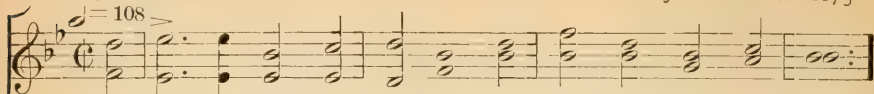
Would God my woes were at an end,

Thy joys that I might see!

## I heard a sound of voices

P. M.

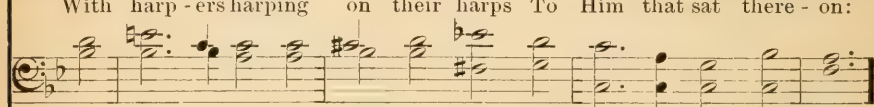
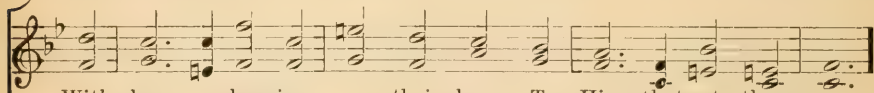
REV. GODFREY THRING.

Alford  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

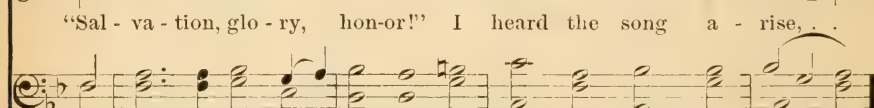
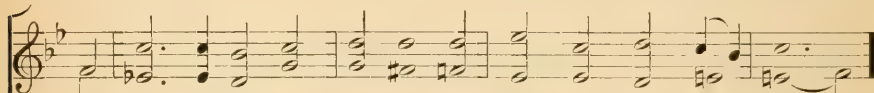
1. I heard a sound of voices A - round the great white throne,



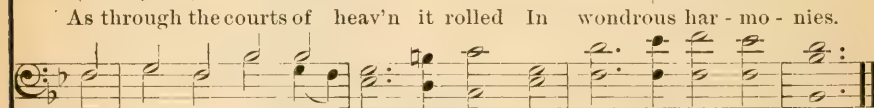
With harp - ers harping on their harps To Him that sat there - on:



"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - or!" I heard the song a - rise, . .



As through the courts of heav'n it rolled In wondrous har - mo - nies.



2 From ev'ry clime and kindred,  
And nations from afar,  
As serried ranks returning home  
In triumph from a war,  
I heard the saints upraising,  
The myriad hosts among,  
In praise of Him Who died and lives,  
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,  
The New Jerusalem,  
Come down from heav'n, a bride adorned  
With jewelled diadem;  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street;  
And nations brought their honors there,  
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night,  
God's glory did enlighten all,  
The Lamb Himself, the light;

And there His servants serve Him,  
And, life's long battle o'er,  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,  
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
O wondrous sight for man to see!  
The Saviour with His own:  
To drink the living waters  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death  
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth  
Which now we see from far!  
O worthy Judge eternal!  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
And call Thy servants home.

## The world is very evil

7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150  
NEALE. Tr."Hora novissima."  
PART I.*Cluny*  
DR. WESLEY

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. The world is ve - ry e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;  
Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,  
To term - i - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heav'nly gladness lead:  
To the home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flow'rs that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;
- 3 'Mid pow'r that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
Where rests a peace untroubled,  
Peace holy and profound.

- O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure for all distrest!
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

# General

406

Brief life is here our portion

7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150  
NEALE. Tr.

"Hic breve vivitur."  
PART II.

*St. Alphege*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1852

♩ = 88

1. { Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;  
O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there! }  
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! }

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know;  
And after fleshly weakness,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;  
And He Whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him,  
Shall have Him for their own.

4 And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope;  
But there is David's fountain,  
And life in fullest glow;  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows flee away,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day;  
For God our King and Portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see forever,  
And worship face to face.

407

For thee, O dear, dear country

7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150  
NEALE. Tr.

"O bona patria."  
PART III

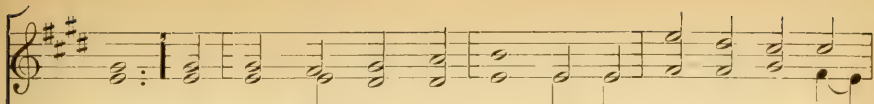
*Genesis*  
DR. GARRETT. 1889

♩ = 88

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils



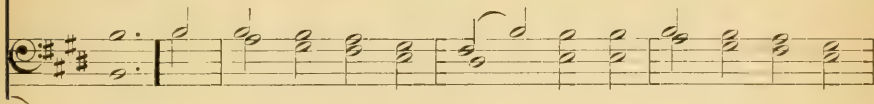
# General



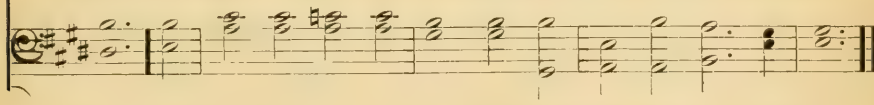
keep; For ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they



weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unction to the



breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.



2 O one, O only mansion!

O Paradise of joy!

Where tears are ever banished

And smiles have no alloy;

Thy loveliness oppresses

All human thought and heart,

And none, O Peace, O Sion,

Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,

Thy streets with em'ralds blaze;

The sardius and the topaz

Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced;

The saints build up thy fabric,

And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,

The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise:

Upon the Rock of Ages

They build thy holy tower;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

## Jerusalem the golden

"Urbs Syon aurea."

7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150  
NEALE. *Tr.*PART IV.  
FIRST TUNE*Ewing*  
A. EWING. 1853

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!

What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

# General

The following may be sung also at the end of the other parts preceding.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest!  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

408

SECOND TUNE

*Greenland*  
W. H. MONK. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!

# General

409

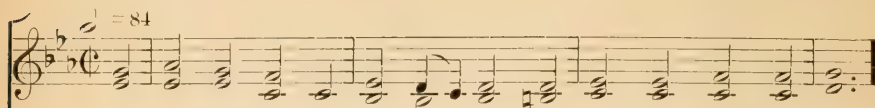
The roseate hues of early dawn

D. C. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

*Castle Rising*

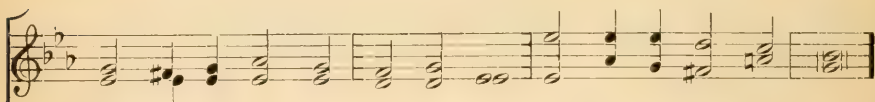
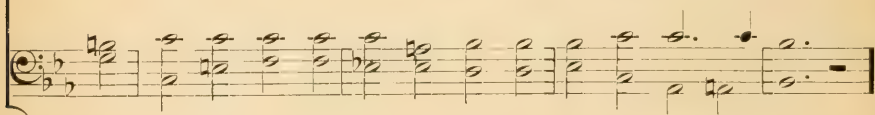
REV. F. J. HERVEY



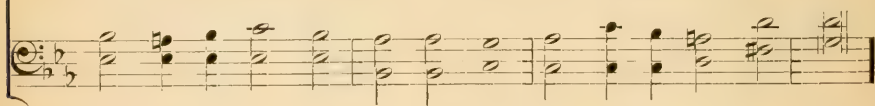
1. The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,



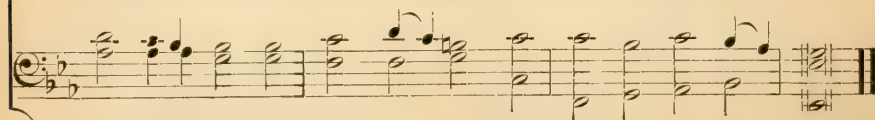
The crimson of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!



Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor!



Oh, for the Sun of right - eousness That set - teth nev - er - more!



# General

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint!  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!  
Oh, for a heart that never sins!  
Oh, for a soul washed white!  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness, and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown!

410

Blest are the pure in heart

S. M.

*Laurel*

REV. J. KEEBLE. 1819

F. R. STATHAM. 1872

— 80

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;

The se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men  
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart;  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.



# General

411

Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love

7s.

ANON. 1865

*Lüneburg*  
J. SCHOP. 1642

1. Shepherd, with Thy tend'rest love, Guide me to Thy fold a - bove;

Let me hear Thy gen - tle voice; More and more in Thee re - joice;

From Thy full - ness grace re - ceive, Ev - er in Thy Spir - it live.

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,  
For Thy love no limit knows;  
Guardian angels, ever nigh,  
Lead and draw my soul on high:  
Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor rest;  
Guide me while I draw my breath;  
Guard me through the gate of death,  
And at last, oh, let me stand  
With the sheep at Thy right hand!

# General

412

The King of love my Shepherd is **P. M.**

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

*Dominus regit*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

72

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I no - thing lack if

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth:  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever.

# General

413

The God of love my Shepherd is

8.6.8.4.

G. RAWSON. 1876

FIRST TUNE

*Dona*  
SIR. J. GOSS

76

1. The God of love my Shepherd is, My gracious, constant guide;

\* Stanza 3.

I shall not want, for I am His: In all supplied. Bearing me home.

- 2 In His green pastures do I feed,  
And there lie down at will;  
He leads me in my thirsty need  
By waters still,
- 3 His tenderness restores my soul,  
When sick and faint I roam;  
Shows the right path and makes me  
Bearing me home. [whole,
- 4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,  
No evil will I fear;

Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;  
I feel Thee near.

- 5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes:  
The oil of grace is mine;  
My cup with mercy overflows,  
And love divine.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my days  
My constant song shall be,  
Till heav'nly anthems fill with praise  
Eternity.

413

SECOND TUNE

*Pastor*  
W. A. RABOCH. 1890

92

1. The God of love my Shep-herd is, My gracious, con-stant guide;

I shall not want, for I am His: In all sup-plied.

# General

414

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah

8.7.

REV. W. WILLIAMS. 1745

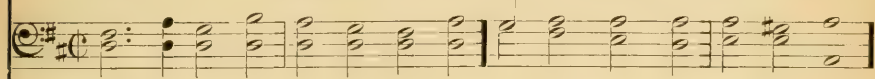
FIRST TUNE

*St. Oswald*

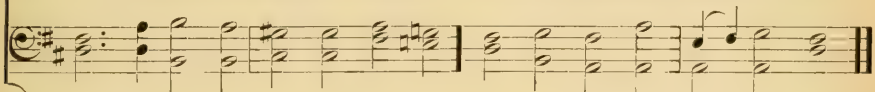
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land,



I am weak, but Thou art mighty: Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.



2 Open now the crystal fountains  
Whence the living waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna  
In this barren wilderness;

Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

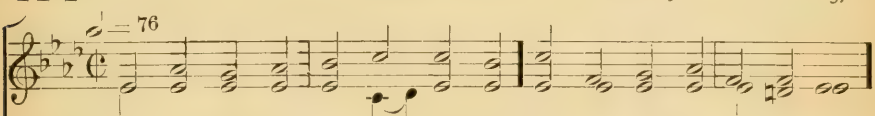
4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

414

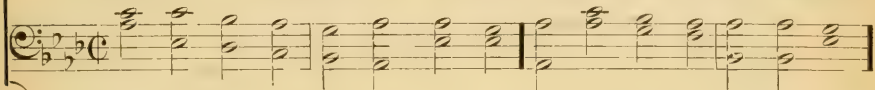
SECOND TUNE

*Arundel*

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land,



I am weak, but Thou art mighty: Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.



# General

415

Call Jehovah thy salvation

8.7.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1822

*Trust*  
MENDELSSOHN. 1840

60

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;  
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 There no tumult can alarm thee,<br/>Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;<br/>Guile nor violence can harm thee,<br/>In eternal safeguard there.</p> <p>3 God shall charge His angel legions<br/>Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:<br/>Though thou walk through hostile<br/>regions,<br/>Though in desert wilds thou sleep.</p> | <p>4 Since, with pure and firm affection,<br/>Thou on God hast set thy love,<br/>With the wings of His protection,<br/>He will shield thee from above.</p> <p>5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,<br/>He will hearken, He will save;<br/>Here for grief reward thee double,<br/>Crown with life beyond the grave.</p> |
|---|--|

416

A tower of strength our God doth stand 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1529  
BUCKOLL. *Tr.*

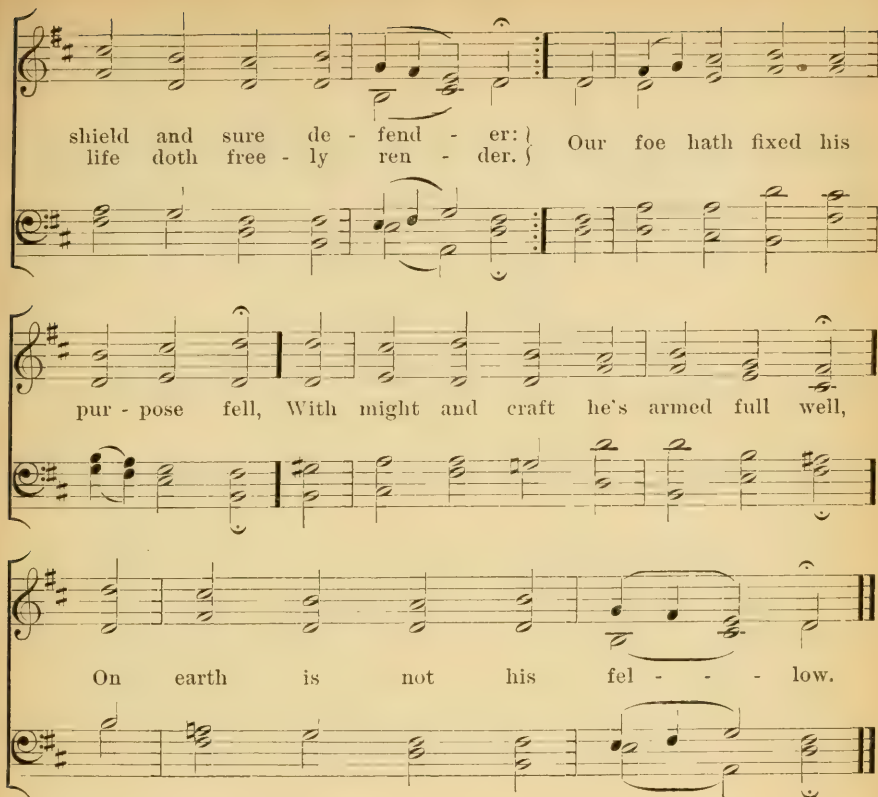
\* *Ein feste Burg*  
M. LUTHER. 1529

63

1. { A tower of strength our God doth stand, A  
True help from all our woes, His hand Through



# General



shield and sure de - fend - er: } Our foe hath fixed his  
life doth free - ly ren - der. }

pur - pose fell, With might and craft he's armed full well,

On earth is not his fel - - - low.

2 With force of arms we nothing can:

Full soon were we o'erridden:  
But for us fights the goodly Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye His Name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,  
The God of Hosts alone adored,  
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

3 Should hell's whole legion round us press,

All banded to devour us,  
Yet this should work us good success,  
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:  
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,  
It matters not, his doom is told,  
A single word can foil him.

4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;

No thanks for this they're reaping;  
God's Spirit in His way secure,  
God's grace our souls is keeping;  
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss;  
Let be! they win no gain from this,  
God's kingdom still is left us.

# General

417

O God of Bethel, by Whose hand

C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1736

*St. Flavian*  
ENGLISH. 1563

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O God of Bethel, by Whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;

Who through this wea - ry pil - grimage Hast all our fa - thers led:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present<br>Before Thy throne of grace:<br>God of our fathers, be the God<br>Of their succeeding race.     | 4 Oh, spread Thy shelt'ring wings around,<br>Till all our wand'rings cease,<br>And at our Father's loved abode<br>Our souls arrive in peace! |
| 3 Through each perplexing path of life<br>Our wand'ring footsteps guide;<br>Give us each day our daily bread,<br>And raiment fit provide. | 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand<br>Our humble pray'rs implore;<br>And Thou shalt be our chosen God,<br>And portion evermore.         |

418

O God, our help in ages past

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1719

*St. Anne*  
DR. CROFT. 1708

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to 'come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home:

# General

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

419

It is not death to die

S. M.

H. A. C. MALAN. 1832  
BETHUNE. *Tr.*

"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."

*Sandford*  
J. STEPHENSON

*♩ = 80*

1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road,

And 'midst the brother - hood on high To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear  
The wretch that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

# General

420

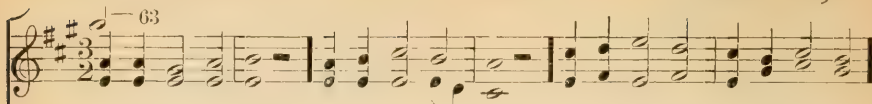
Jesu, still lead on

5.5.8.8.5.5.

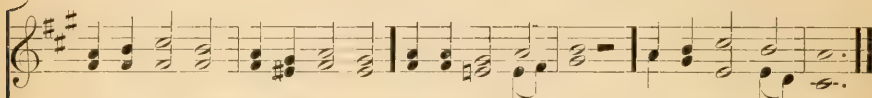
COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1778  
BORTHWICK. Tr.

"Jesu, geh voran."

*Fatherland*  
A. DRESE. 1698



1. Je-su, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, altho' the way be cheerless,



We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa-ther - land.



2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For through many a woe  
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief:  
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesu, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

421

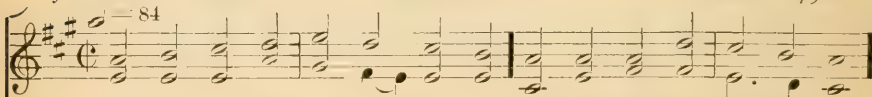
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

8.7.

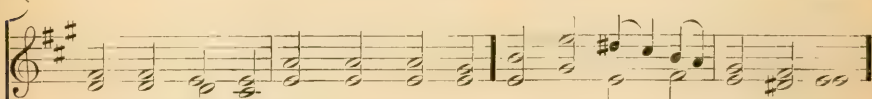
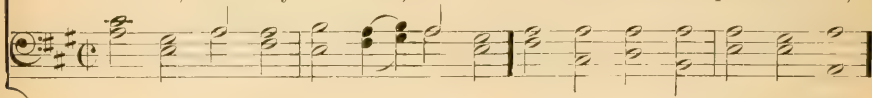
J. EDMESTON. 1821

FIRST TUNE

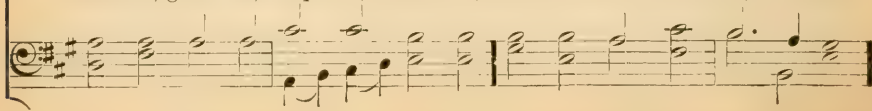
*Dulce carmen*  
S. WEBBE. 1792




1. Lead us, heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:



# General



Yet possess-ing Ev - 'ry blessing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

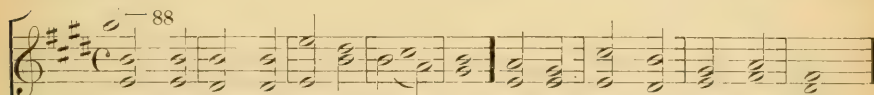
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 Lone and dreary,  
 Faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;  
 Love with ev'ry passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy:  
 Thus provided,  
 Pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

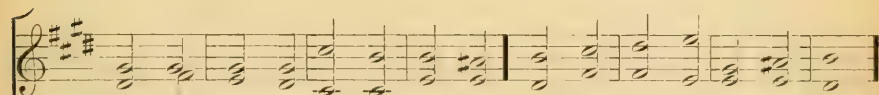
421

SECOND TUNE


*Benedic*  
 SIR JOHN GOSS. 1869



1. Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:



Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry blessing, If our God our Fa - ther be.



# General

422

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

10s.

W. H. BURLEIGH. 1840

*Vera*  
J. BARNBY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pall, and

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

sorrows still increase; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,  
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heav'nly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

# General

423 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom P. M.

*Lux benigna*

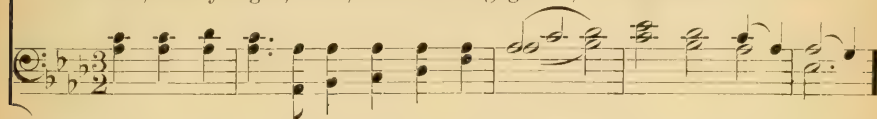
REV. J. H. NEWMAN. 1833

FIRST TUNE

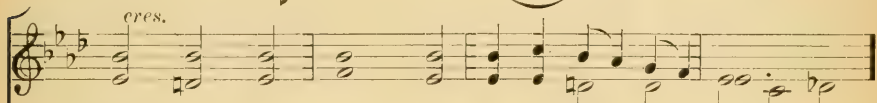
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868



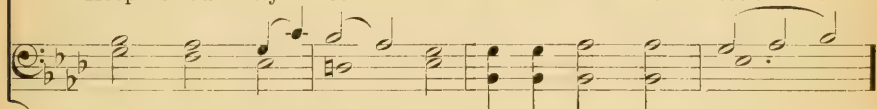
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid, th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!



Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.



- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years
- 3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# General

423

SECOND TUNE

Newman  
J. BARNBY. 1868

*p*  $\text{♩} = 50$  *cres.*

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!

*p* *cres.*

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead

*mf*

Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see

*dim*

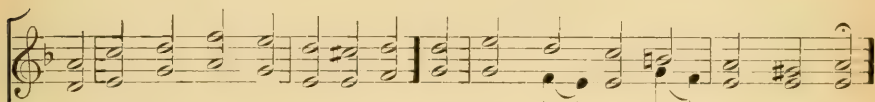
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

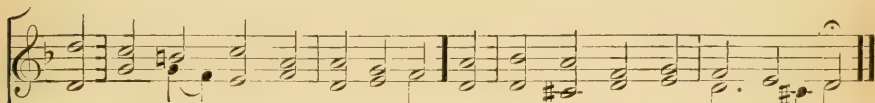
REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865

Old 112th  
GERMAN. 1540

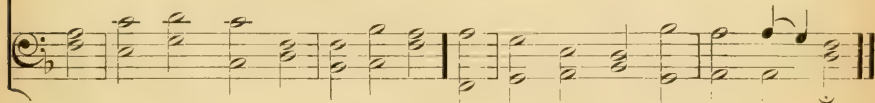
1. O Light, Whose beams il - lu - mine all From twi - light dawn to per - fect day,



Shine Thou be - fore the shadows fall, That lead our wand - 'ring feet a - stray:



At morn and eve Thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a - dore.



- 2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
 To yon eternal home of peace,  
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
 And earth's vain toil and wand'ring  
 cease;  
 In strength or weakness may we see  
 Our heav'nward path, O Lord, through  
 Thee.
- 3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
 Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
 To Thee our earliest strength we vow;  
 Thy love will bless the pure and meek;  
 When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
 Turn Thou our darkness into light.
- 4 O Life, the well that ever flows  
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
 Thy pow'r to bless, what seraph knows?  
 Thy joy supreme, what words can  
 paint?  
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath.  
 Be Thou our conqu'ror over death.
- 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,  
 Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;  
 Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest  
 wave;  
 Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
 Lord of the living and the dead.

# General

425

Thou art the Way, to Thee alone

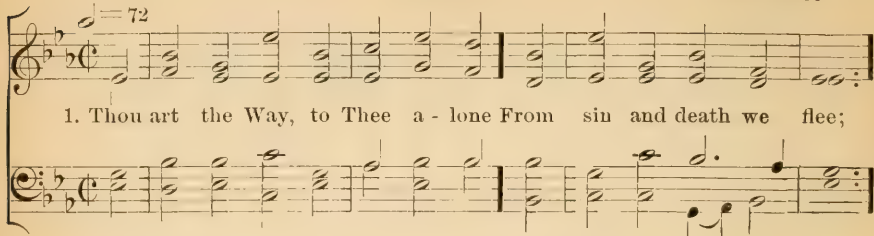
C. M.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE. 1824

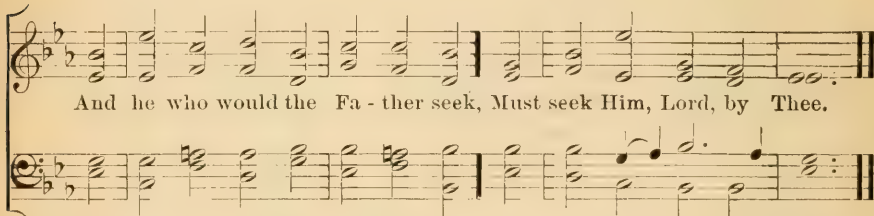
FIRST TUNE

*London New*  
SCOTCH. 1635

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

- 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;

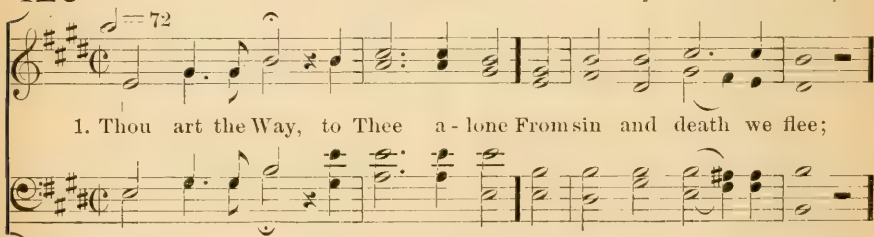
- And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

425

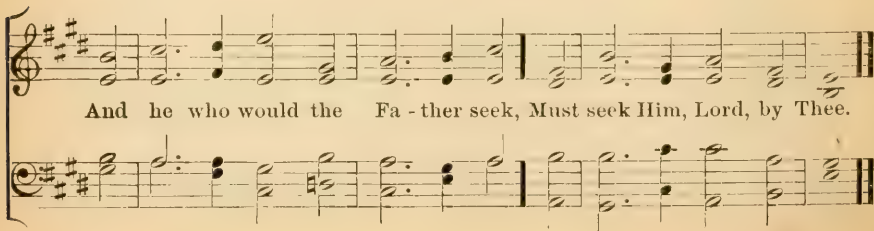
SECOND TUNE

*Haight*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.



# General

426

We walk by faith, and not by sight

C.M.

DEAN ALFORD. 1845

*Tallis*  
T. TALLIS. 1560

76

1. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No

gra - cious words we hear From Him Who spake as

man ne'er spake; But we be - lieve Him near.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,  
Nor follow where He trod;  
But in His promise we rejoice,  
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;  
And may our faith abound,  
To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,  
In realms of clearer light  
We may behold Thee as Thou art,  
With full and endless sight.

# General

427

God moves in a mysterious way

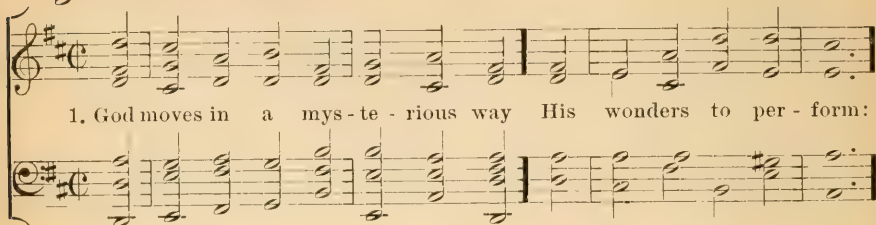
C. M.

W. COWPER. 1773

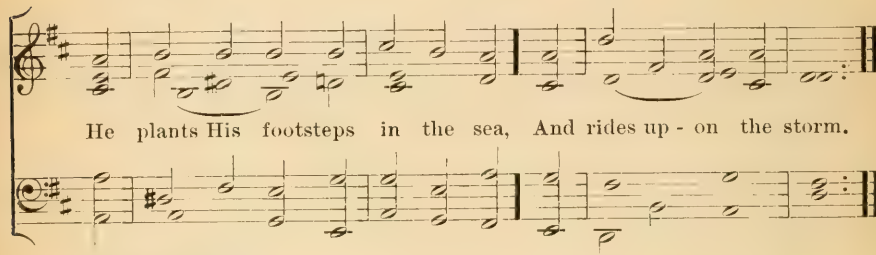
*Suther*

REV. W. LEIGH. 1867

$\text{♩} = 72$  Voices in Unison.

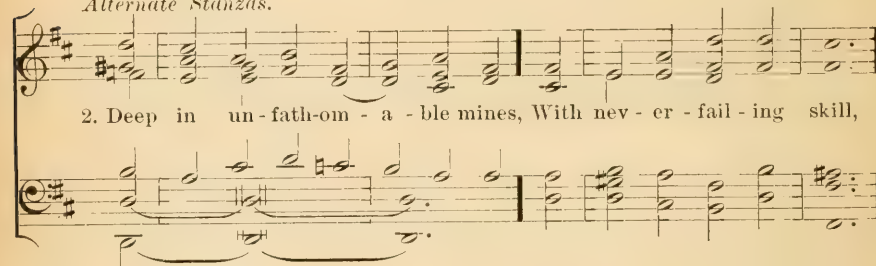


1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His wonders to per-form:

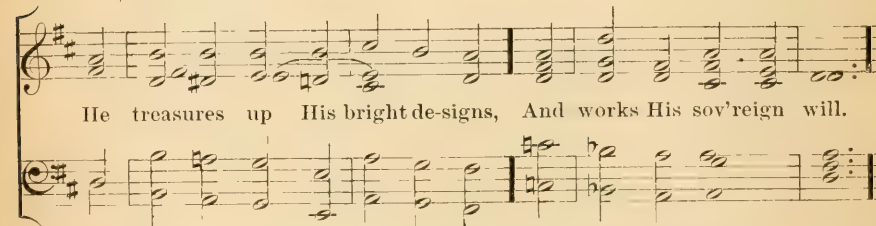


He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

*Alternate Stanzas.*



2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines, With nev-er-fail-ing skill,



He treasures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

# General

428

O Thou, Who hast at Thy command

L. M.

JANE COTTERILL. 1815

*Redhead 90*  
R. REDHEAD. 1850



1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy command The hearts of all men in Thy hand,



Our way-ward, err-ing hearts in-cline To have no other will but Thine.



2 Our wishes, our desires, control;  
Mold ev'ry purpose of the soul;  
O'er all may we victorious prove  
That stands between us and Thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to Thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls Thy willing servants home.

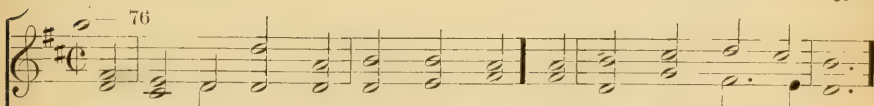
429

My God, accept my heart this day

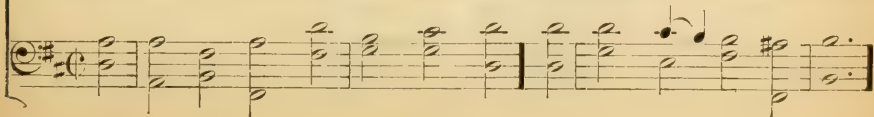
C. M.

M. BRIDGES. 1848

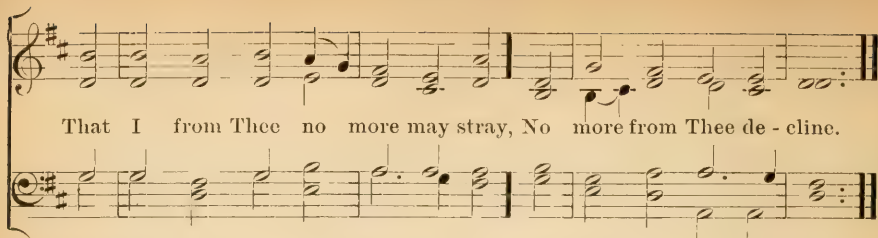
*Metzler*  
R. REDHEAD. 1859



1. My God, ac-cept my heart this day, And make it always Thine,



# General



That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him Who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let ev'ry sin be crucified,  
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heav'nly grace  
And seal me for Thine own;  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

## 430

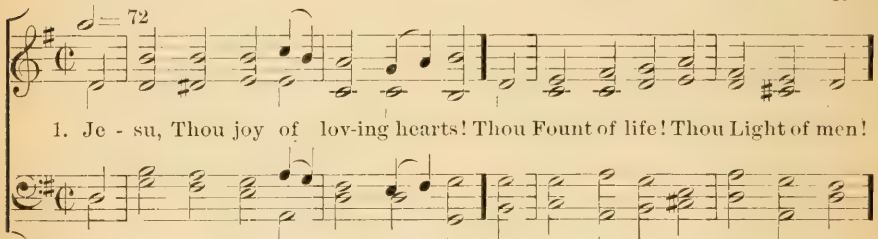
## Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!

L. M.

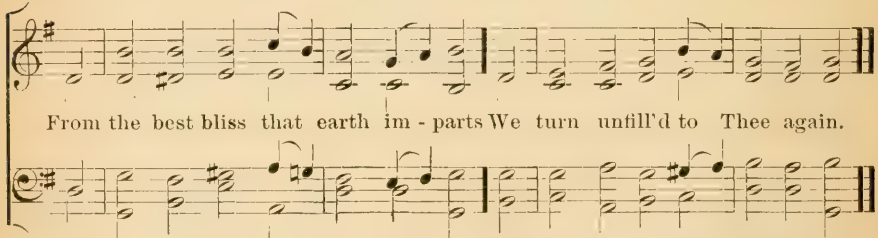
ST. BERNARD, 1150  
RAY PALMER. Tr.

"Jesu, dulcedo cordium."

*Asch*  
From R. SCHUMANN. 1839



1. Je - su, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!



From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!  
Make all our moments calm and bright!  
Chase the dark night of sin away!  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

# General

431

O love that casts out fear

6s.

*Bowring*

J. BARNBY.

DR. BONAR. 1864

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O love that casts out fear, O

love that casts out sin, Tar - ry no more with -

- out, But come and dwell with - in!

2 True sunlight of the soul,  
Surround us as we go;  
So shall our way be safe,  
Our feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God come in!  
Well-spring of heav'nly peace;  
Thou Living Water. come!  
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,  
Of Father and of Son;  
Love of the Holy Ghost,  
Fill Thou each needy one.



# General

432

Love divine, all love excelling

8.7.

*Falfield*

C. WESLEY 1747

FIRST TUNE

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874



1. Love di vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



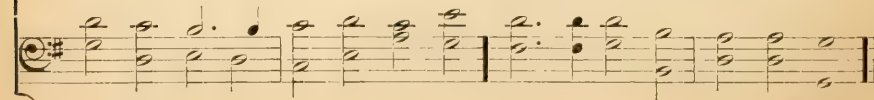
Fix us in Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer - cies crown.



2. Je - sus, Thou art all compas - sion, Pure, unbound-ed love thou art;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.



# General

- 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured in Thee:
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heav'n we take our place:  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

432

SECOND TUNE

*Love Divine*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1889

$\text{♩} = 72$

1 Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of

heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble

dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

# General

433

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

C. M.

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

*St. Peter*  
A. R. REINAGLE. 1867

80

1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear!

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought:  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting breath:  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

434

Jesu, the very thought of Thee

C. M.

ST. BERNARD. 1150  
CASWALL. *Tr.*

"Jesu, dulcis memoria."

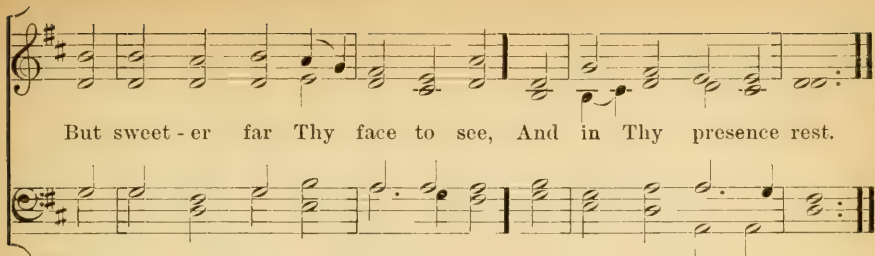
FIRST TUNE

*Metzler*  
R. REDHEAD. 1859

76

1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;

# General



But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the mem'ry find,  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of ev'ry contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek.  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

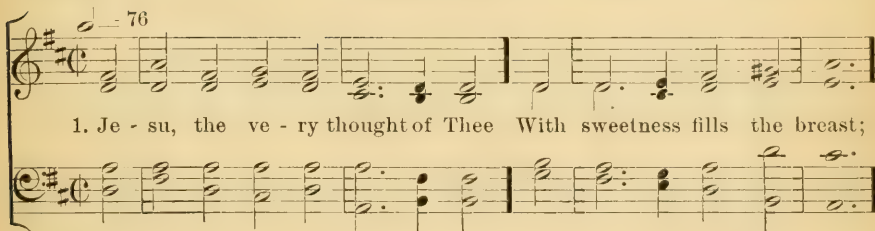
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

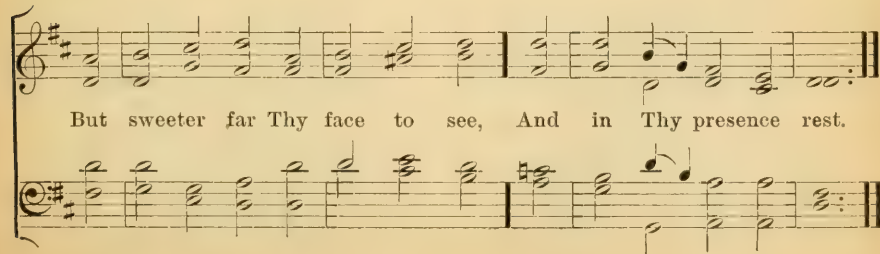
434

SECOND TUNE

*Memoria*  
REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1876



1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;



But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

# General

435

Eternal God, we look to Thee

C. M.

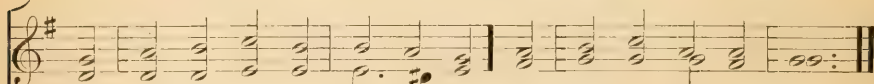
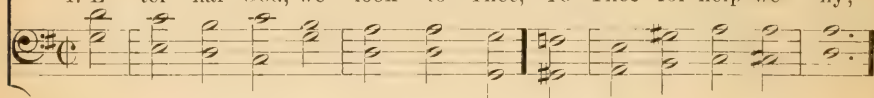
REV. J. MERRICK. 1763

*St. Luke*

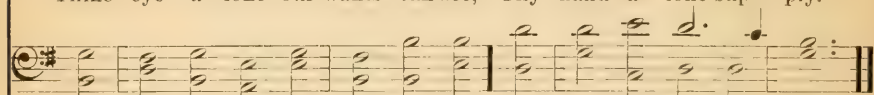
J. HEYWOOD. 1889



1. E - ter - nal God, we look to Thee, To Thee for help we fly;



Thine eye a - lone our wants can see, Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.



2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide:  
That love will all vain love expel;  
That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh, let Thy grace supply!  
The good unasked in mercy grant;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

436

Laboring and heavy laden

8.7.

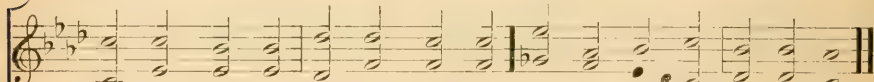
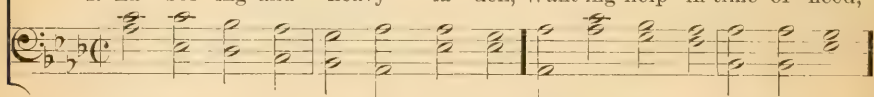
REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

*Arundel*

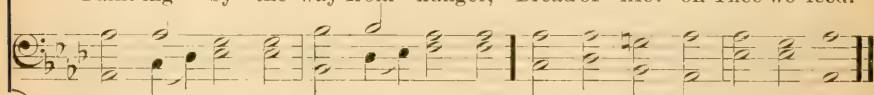
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. La - bor - ing and heavy la - den, Want - ing help in time of need,



Faint - ing by the way from hunger, "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed.



2 Thirsting for the springs of waters  
That, by love's eternal law,  
From the stricken Rock are flowing,  
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,  
Where no human eye can see,

Light to those who sit in darkness,  
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,  
Thou the crown of life wilt give;  
Dead to sin, and daily dying,  
"Life of life!" in Thee we live,



## Come unto Me, ye weary

7.6.

W. C. DIX. 1867

*Come unto me*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

76  
ORG. *Pia.*

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

*p* *cres.*  
Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op-press!

*mf*  
It tells of be - ne - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

*f* *rall.*  
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'ers,  
And I will give you light."  
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night!  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But He has brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife!

The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt!  
Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

# General

438

Sing, my soul, His wondrous love

7s.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Lubeck*

GERMAN. 1704

80

1. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,

Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace.

2 Heav'n and earth by Him were made;	3 God, the merciful and good,
All is by His sceptre swayed;	Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
What are we that He should show	And, to make our safety sure,
So much love to us below?	Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!  
 Let His glory be thy theme:  
 Praise Him till He calls thee home;  
 Trust His love for all to come.

439

O for a heart to praise my God

C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1742

*Metzler*

R. REDHEAD. 1859

76

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!

# General

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best Name of Love.

## 440 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1739

*Selby*  
A. J. EYRE. 1889

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My blest Redeemer's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!

- 2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks; and list'ning to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb;  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 5 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
And spread through all the world abroad  
The honors of Thy Name.

# General

441

My God, how wonderful Thou art

C. M.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1848

*Taunton*  
J. TURLE. 1860

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. My God, how won-der - ful Thou art, Thy ma - jies - ty how bright,

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

442

Saviour, source of every blessing

8.7.

R. ROBINSON. 1758

FIRST TUNE

*Trust*  
MENDELSSOHN. 1840

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. Saviour, source of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:

# General

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

442

SECOND TUNE

*Sharon*  
DR. BOYCE. 1765

1. Saviour, source of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays:

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.



# General

443

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee

8.7.

F. SCOTT KEY. 1823

*Falfield*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874



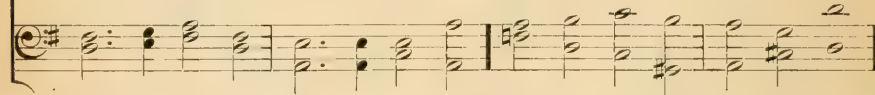
1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows,



For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:



Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:



Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,<br/>Wretched wand'rer, far astray;<br/>Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee<br/>From the paths of death away;<br/>Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,<br/>Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,<br/>And, the light of hope revealing,<br/>Bade the blood-stained cross appear.</p> | <p>3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling<br/>Vainly would my lips express:<br/>Low before Thy footstool kneeling,<br/>Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless:<br/>Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,<br/>Love's pure flame within me raise:<br/>And, since words can never measure,<br/>Let my life show forth Thy praise.</p> |
|--|---|

# General

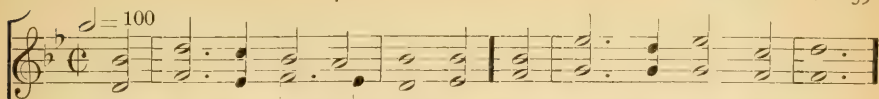
444

## O Saviour, precious Saviour

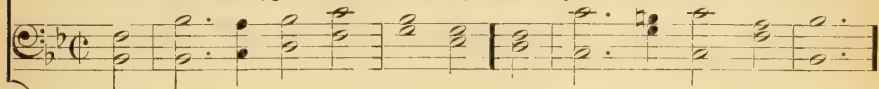
7.6.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1870

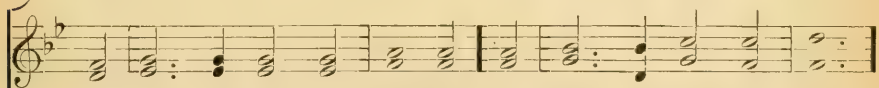
*Zoan*  
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1859



1. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, Whom yet un - seen we love!



O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!



We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;



We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.



2 O bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,  
All grace and pow'r divine;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation  
Of this our song above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love!  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King.

## When morning gilds the skies

6s.

GERMAN. 1828

"Beim frühen Morgenlicht."

*Laudes Domini*

CASWALL. Tr.

J. BARNEY. 1868

*mf* 88

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r  
*f* *dim.* *p*  
*cres.*  
 To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!

2 Where'er the sweet church bell  
 Peals over hill and dell,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Oh, hark to what it sings,  
 As joyously it rings,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire  
 Of chanting with the choir,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 This song of sacred joy,  
 It never seems to cloy,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,  
 My silent spirit sighs,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 When evil thoughts molest,  
 With this I shield my breast,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?  
 A solace here I find,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss?  
 My comfort still is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,  
 When from the heart we say,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 The pow'rs of darkness fear,  
 When this sweet chant they hear,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heav'n's eternal bliss  
 The loveliest strain is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Let earth, and sea, and sky  
 From depth to height reply,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle divine,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Be this th' eternal song  
 Through ages all along,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

Στομῖον πῶλων ἀδαῶν.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. 200

DEXTER. Tr.

Westerdale

DR. HILES. 1850

76

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth

Through devious ways; Christ our tri - umphant King, We come Thy

Name to sing; Hith - er our children bring Tri - butes of praise.

- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife:  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.
- 3 Thou art the great High-Priest;  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heav'nly love;  
While in our mortal pain  
None calls on Thee in vain;  
Help Thou dost not disdain,  
Help from above,

- 4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
Our shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song:  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy perennial word  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing.  
Let all the holy throng  
Who to Thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

# General

447

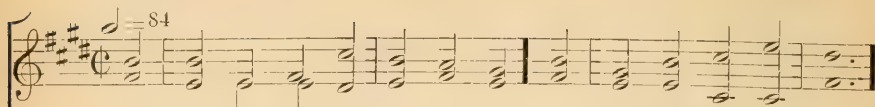
Come, let us join our cheerful songs

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1707

*St. Fulbert*

DR. GAUNTLETT



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an - gels round the throne!



Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,<br/>"To be exalted thus:"<br/>"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,<br/>For He was slain for us.</p> | <p>4 Let all that dwell above the sky,<br/>And air, and earth, and seas,<br/>Conspire to lift Thy glories high,<br/>And speak Thine endless praise!</p> |
| <p>3 Jesus is worthy to receive<br/>Honor and pow'r divine;<br/>And blessings more than we can give,<br/>Be, Lord, forever Thine!</p>         | <p>5 The whole creation join in one<br/>To bless the sacred Name<br/>Of Him that sits upon the throne,<br/>And to adore the Lamb.</p>                   |

448

Come, let us sing the song of songs

L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1841

*Spotswood*

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

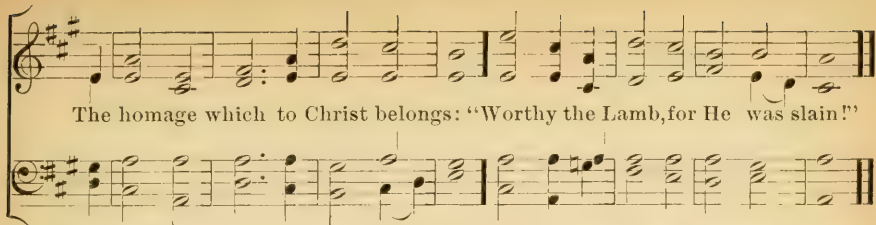


1. Come, let us sing the song of songs! The saints in heav'n began the strain:





# General



2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
To cleanse from ev'ry sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,  
All pow'r in heav'n and earth proclaim,  
Honor, and majesty, and might:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heav'n with Him we  
reign,  
This song, our song of songs shall be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

449

Who is this that comes from Edom

8.7.8.7.7.7.

*All Saints 1.*

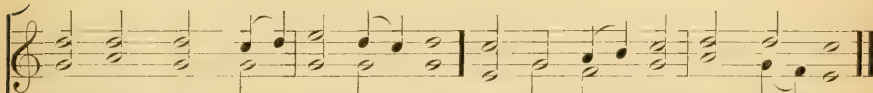
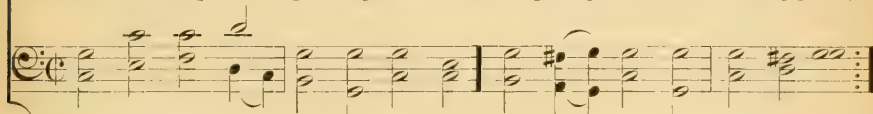
GERMAN. 1711

T. KELLY. 1809

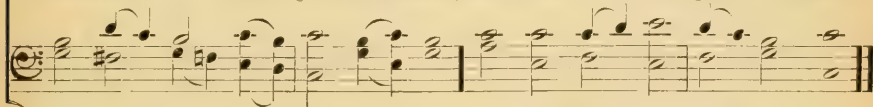
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. { Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His raiment stain'd with blood, }  
{ To the captive speaking freedom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good; }



Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears?



2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Trav'ling onward in His might;  
'Tis the Saviour; Oh, how glorious,  
To His people, is the sight!  
Satan conquered, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?  
'Tis the blood of many slain;  
Of His foes there's none remaining,

None, the contest to maintain:  
Fall'n they are, no more to rise:  
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever;  
Wear the crown so dearly won;  
Never shall Thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;  
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;  
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

# General

450

All hail the power of Jesus' Name

C. M.

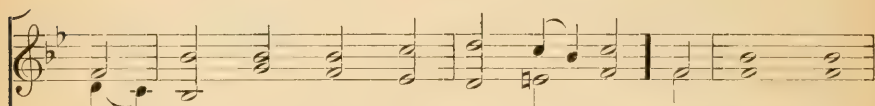
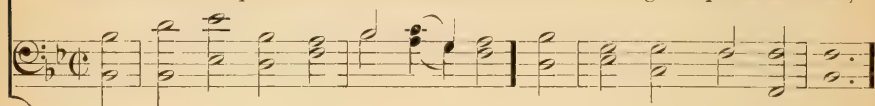
E. PERONNET. 1779

FIRST TUNE

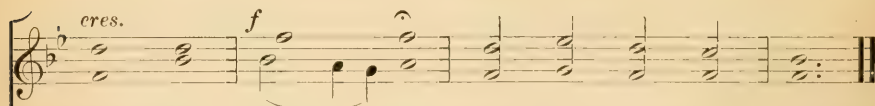
*Miles Lane*  
W. SHRUESOLE. 1780



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,



crown Him, crown . . . Him, crown Him Lord of all!



2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call:  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
Before Him prostrate fall!  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

# General

450

SECOND TUNE

Coronation  
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

69

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

451

To our Redeemer's glorious Name

C. M.

ANNE STEELE. 1760

Dances.  
DR. HOWARD. 1762

76

1. To our Redeem - er's glorious Name A - wake the sa - cred song;  
Oh, may His love (im - mor - tal flame!) Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,<br/>What mortal tongue display!<br/>Imagination's utmost stretch<br/>In wonder dies away.</p> <p>3 He left His radiant throne on high,<br/>Left the bright realms of bliss,<br/>And came to earth to bleed and die:<br/>Was ever love like this?</p> | <p>4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay<br/>Our humble thanks to Thee,<br/>May ev'ry heart with rapture say,<br/>"The Saviour died for me."</p> <p>5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,<br/>Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,<br/>Till strangers love Thy charming Name,<br/>And join the sacred song.</p> |
|--|--|

# General

452

## Children of the heavenly King

7s.

*Pleyel*

J. CENNICK. 1742

FIRST TUNE

I. PLEYEL. 1790

80

1. Children of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing!

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light! ,  
Sion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

452

SECOND TUNE

*Bowdley*  
REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY. 1889

84

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing!

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

# General

453

Praise to the Holiest in the height

C. M.

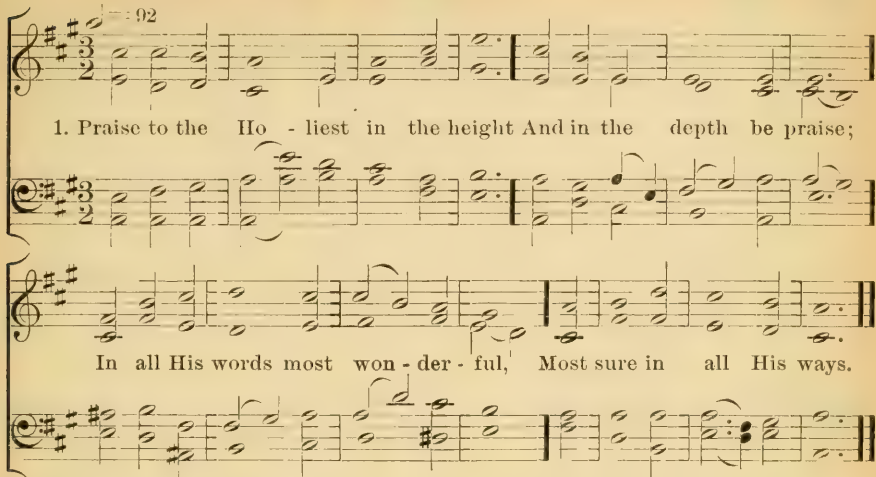
*Gerontius*

REV. J. H. NEWMAN. 1868

FIRST TUNE

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

92



1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height And in the depth be praise;  
In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.

- 2 O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against their foe,  
Should strive and should prevail:
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine;  
God's presence and His very Self,  
And essence all-divine.

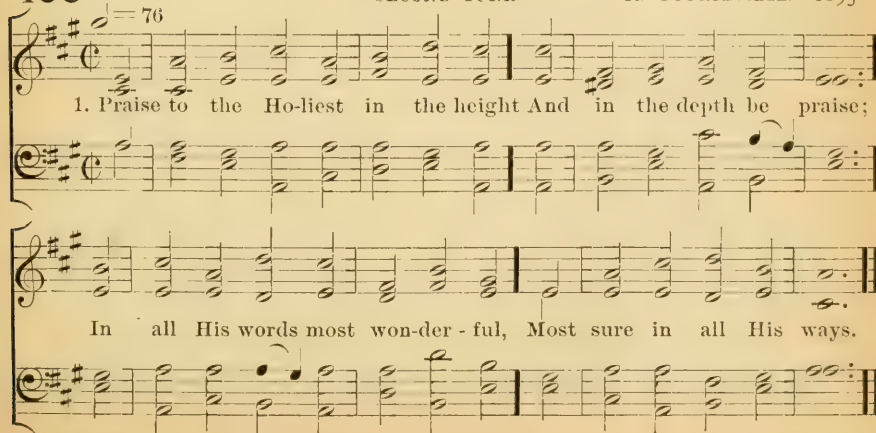
- 5 O gen'rous love! that He, Who smote  
In Man for man the foe;  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo;
- 6 And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.
- 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

453

SECOND TUNE

*St James*  
R. COURTEVILLE. 1695

76



1. Praise to the Ho-liest in the height And in the depth be praise;  
In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.



# General

454

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates

L. M.

G. WEISSEL. 1642

"Macht hoch die Thür."

*Nevin*

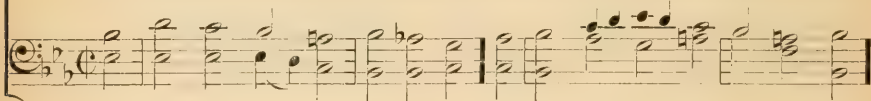
WINKWORTH. *Tr.*

F. H. MESSITER. 1890

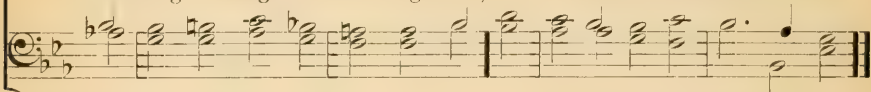
76



1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the King of glo-ry waits;



The King of kings is draw-ing near; The Saviour of the world is here.



- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;  
Mercy is ever at His side;  
His kingly crown is holiness;  
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph comes!
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!  
Make it a temple, set apart

- From earthly use for heav'n's employ,  
Adorned with pray'r and love and joy
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide  
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!  
Let me Thy inner presence feel:  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sov'reign! enter in!  
Let new and nobler life begin!  
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,  
Until the glorious crown be won!

455

O God of God! O Light of Light

L.M.D.

REV. J. JULIAN. 1883

SIR J. BARNBY. 1872

*Jordan*

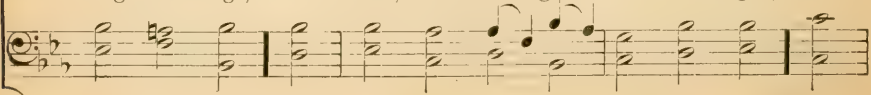
76



1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou



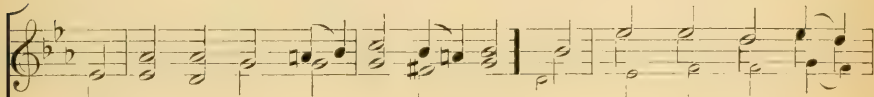
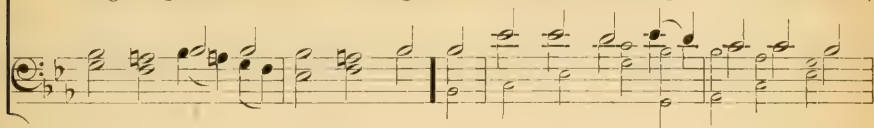
King of kings, To Thee, where an-gels know no night, The



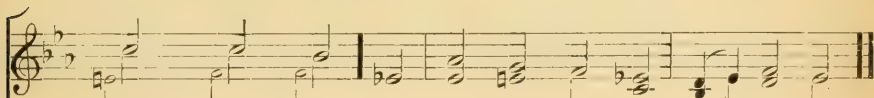
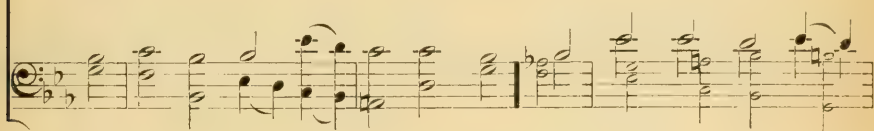
# General



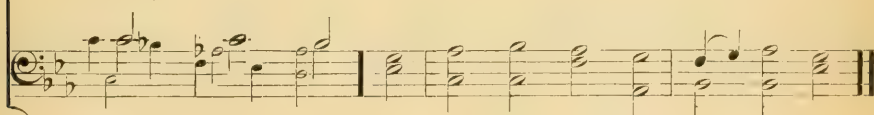
song of praise for - ev - er rings: To Him Who sits up - on the throne,



The Lamb onceslain for sin - ful men, Be hon - or, might; all



by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men.



2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,  
Grand in the poets' winged word,  
Slowly in type, from age to age,  
Nations beheld their coming Lord;  
Till through the deep Judean night  
Rang out the song "Good will to  
men!"  
Hymned by the first-born sons of  
light,  
Re-echoed now, "Good will!"  
Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,  
That death of pain, mid hate and scorn;  
These all are past, and now above,  
He reigns our King! once crowned  
with thorn.  
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly  
gates;  
So sang His hosts, unheard by  
men;  
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.  
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ign'rance deep;  
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;  
These hear His voice, they wake from  
sleep,  
And throng with joy the upward way.  
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy  
light,"  
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;  
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;  
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,  
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;  
Sing on, heav'n's hosts, His praise pro-  
long;  
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;  
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
From angels, praise; and thanks  
from men;  
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to  
reign,  
Glory and pow'r! Amen, Amen!

# General

456

Thou, God, all glory, honor, power

C. M.

*Bristol New*

TATE and BRADY. 1702

DR. HODGES. \*

66

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r, Art

wor - thy to re - ceive; Since all things by Thy

pow'r were made, And by Thy boun - ty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honor, and wealth to gain,  
Glory and strength; Who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed  
And ransomed us to God,  
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,  
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be given.

\* Used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the Copyright.

# General

457

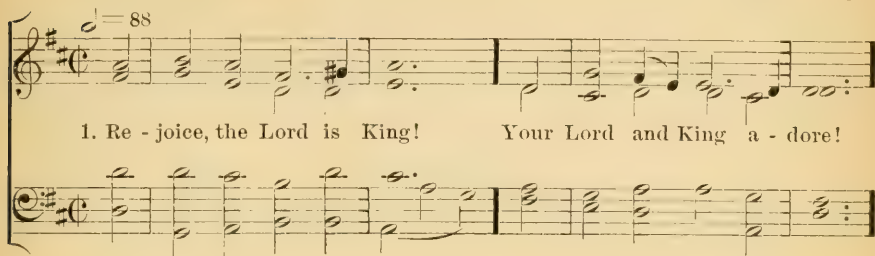
## Rejoice, the Lord is King

6.6.6.6.8.8.

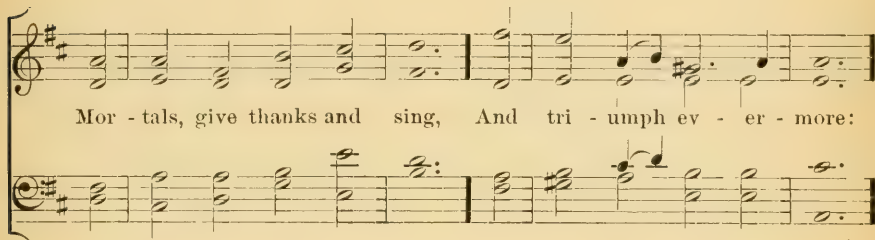
C. WESLEY. 1744  
J. TAYLOR. 1795

*Gopsal*  
G. F. HANDEL. 1745

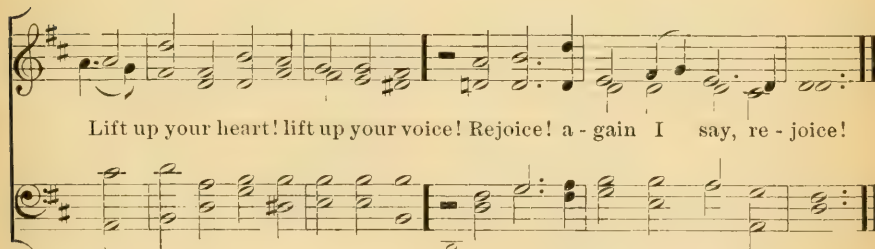
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!



Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:



Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! a - gain I say, re - joice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

# General

458

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

8.7.

*Benedic*

REV. H. F. LYTF. 1834

FIRST TUNE

SIR JOHN GOSS. 1869

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, for-giv - en, Ev - er - more His praises sing;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.



# General

4 Angels in the height adore Him!

Ye behold Him face to face;

Saints triumphant bow before Him!

Gathered in from ev'ry race.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise with us the God of grace.

458

SECOND TUNE

*Smart*  
H. SMART

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy

tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,

Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

# General

459 Oh, worship the King, all glorious above 10.10.11.11.

SIR R. GRANT. 1833

*Hanover*  
DR. CROFT. 1699

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove!

Oh, grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love!

Our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of days,

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!  
Whose robe is the light: Whose canopy, space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy pow'r hath founded of old,  
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;

It streams from the hills; it descends to the  
plain,  
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

## The God of Abraham praise

P. M.

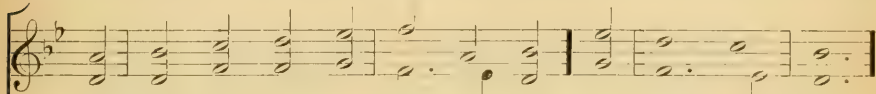
T. OLIVERS. 1770

*Leoni*  
HERREW

♩ = 76



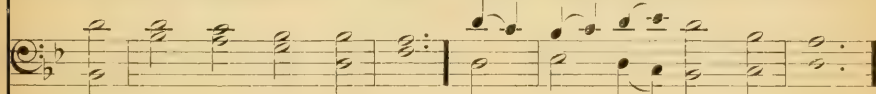
1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove;



An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:



Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;



I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest.



- 2 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend,  
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
To heav'n ascend:  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His pow'r adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

- 3 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace;

On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom He maintains,  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
Forever reigns.

- 4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!  
I join the heav'nly lays;  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

# General

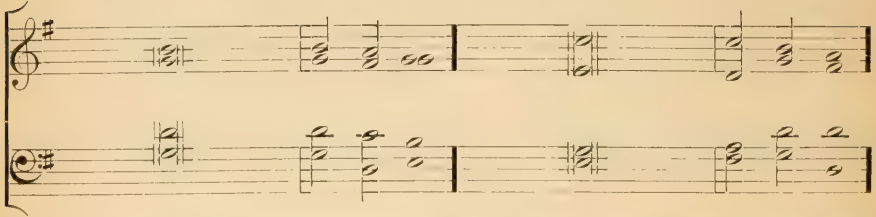
461

## The strain upraise of joy and praise

B. NOTKER. 880

NEALE. *Tr.*

" Cantemus cuncti melodum."



*f* 1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | -lu-ia! || To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransomed | peo-ple sing . . . . .

And the choirs that | dwell on high || Shall re-echo | through the sky, . . . . .

*mf* 2. They through the fields of | Paradise who roam, || The blessed ones repeat  
through | that bright home . . . . .

*Unison.*

The planets beaming on their | heaven-ly way, || The shining constellations, |  
join and say . . . . .

*Harmony.*

*p* 3. Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pin-ions light, || *f* Ye thunders,  
echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, | wildly bright, . . . . .

*mf* 4. Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and | win-ter snow, || Ye days of cloud-  
less beauty, Hoar frost and | summer glow: . . . . .

*Trebles only.*

*p* 5. First let the birds, with painted | plum-age gay, || Exalt their great Creator's |  
praise, and say . . . . .

*Men only.*

Then let the beasts of earth, with | vary-ing strain, || Join in creation's hymn,  
and | cry again . . . . .

*Men only.*

*f* 6. Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | -no - - rous || Alle- | -lu-ia! . . . . .

*Men only.*

*mf* Thou jubilant abyss of | o-cean cry || Alle- | -lu-ia! . . . . .

*Harmony.*

7. To God, Who all cre- | -a-tion made, || The frequent hymn be | duly paid: . . .  
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | -might-y loves: || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | -wak - - ing, || Alle- | -lu-ia! . . .

*Unison.*

8. Now from all men | be out-poured || Alleluia | to the Lord; . . . . .

*Harmony.*

*ff* Praise be done to the | Three in One, || Alle- | -lu-ia! . . . . .

# General

P. M.

*Troyte 2*

From Chant by DR. HAYES. 1740



1. Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

2. Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

*f* Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

3. *p* In sweet con- | -sent u-nite || your Alle- | -lu-ia!

4. Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | fo-rests, sing || *f* Alle- | -lu-ia!

5. *f* Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

*Trebles only.*

6. *p* There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho-rus || Alle- | -lu-ia!

*Trebles only.*

Ye tracts of earth and conti- | -nents, re-ply || Alle- | -lu-ia!

7. *f* Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King, ap-proves: || Alle- | -lu-ia!

*Trebles only.*

8. *p* And children's voices echo, answer | mak-ing, || Alle- | -lu-ia.

With Alleluia | e-ver-more || The Son and Spirit | we adore.

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!



# General

462

## Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise

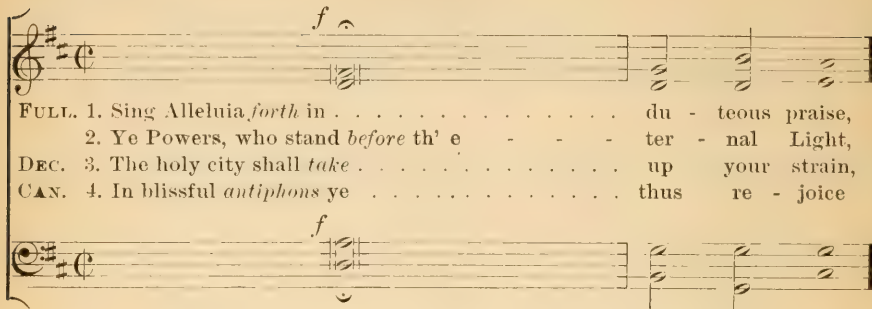
"Alleluia pius edite laudibus."

FIFTH CENTURY

ELLERTON. *Tr.*

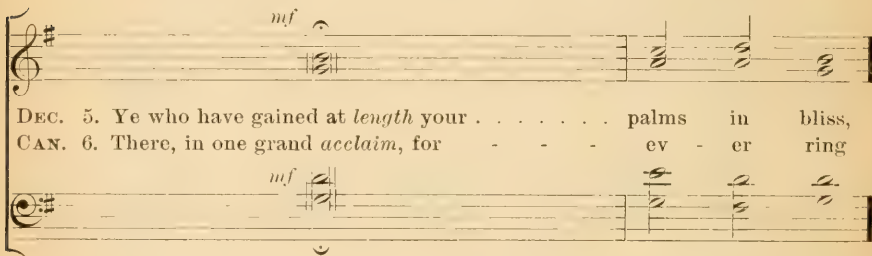
FIRST TUNE

*f*



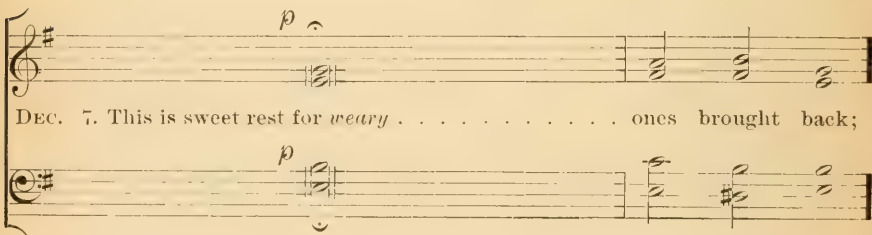
FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia *forth* in . . . . . du - teous praise,  
 2. Ye Powers, who stand *before* th' e - - - ter - nal Light,  
 DEC. 3. The holy city shall *take* . . . . . up your strain,  
 CAN. 4. In blissful *antiphons* ye . . . . . thus re - joice

*mf*



DEC. 5. Ye who have gained *at length* your . . . . . palms in bliss,  
 CAN. 6. There, in one grand *acclaim*, for - - - ev - er ring

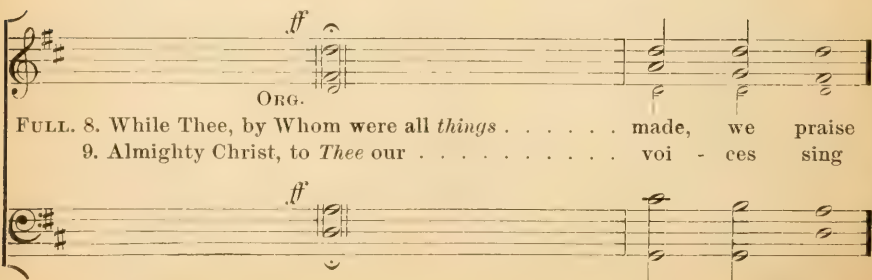
*p*



DEC. 7. This is sweet rest for *weary* . . . . . ones brought back;

*ff*

ORG.



FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were all *things* . . . . . made, we praise  
 9. Almighty Christ, to *Thee* our . . . . . voi - ces sing

# General

P. M.

*Endless Alleluia*

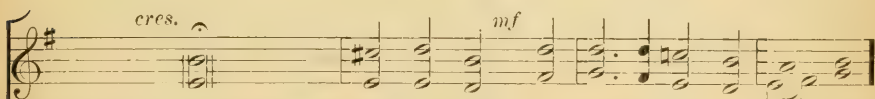
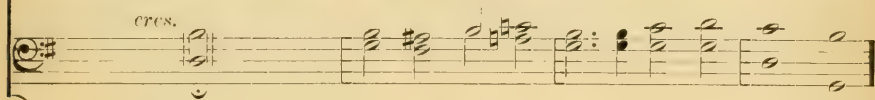
SIR J. BARNEY. 1867



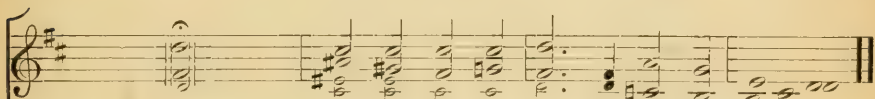
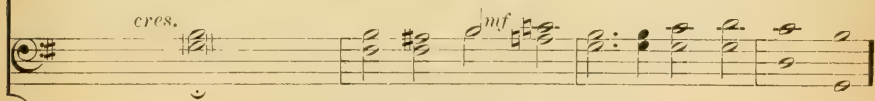
Ye citizens of *heaven*; Oh, . . . sweet-ly raise An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.  
In hymning choirs *re-echo* . . . to the height An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.  
And with glad songs *resounding* wake a - gain An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.  
To render to the *Lord* with . . . thankful voice An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



Victorious ones, your *chant* shall still be this, An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.  
The strains which tell the *honor* of your King, An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



This is glad food and *drink* which ne'er shall lack An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



Forever, and tell out in sweet-est lays An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.

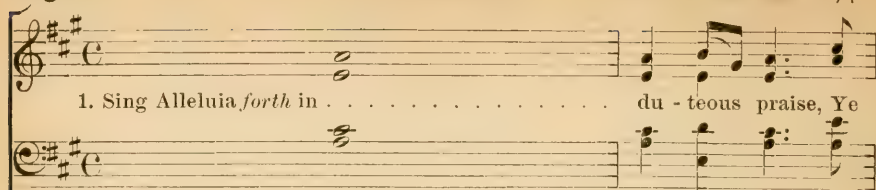


# General

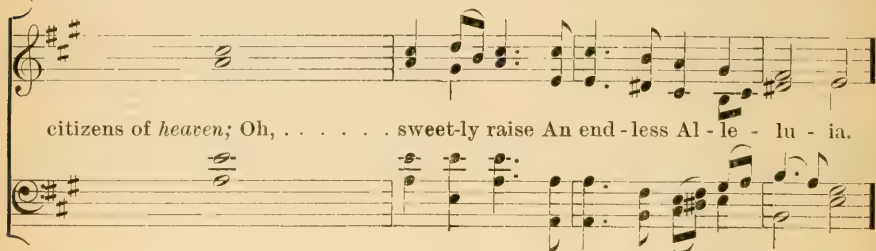
462

SECOND TUNE

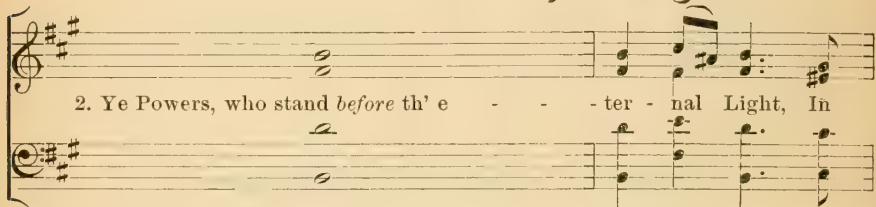
*Holy City*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874



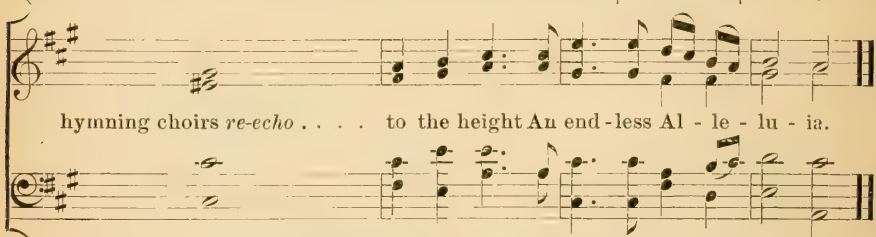
1. Sing Alleluia forth in . . . . . du - teous praise, Ye



citizens of heaven; Oh, . . . . . sweet-ly raise An end-less Al-le-lu-ia.



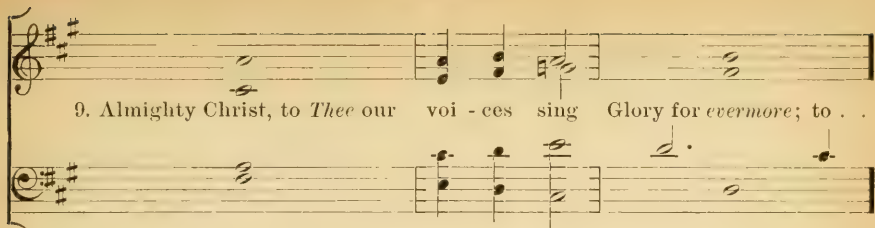
2. Ye Powers, who stand before th' e - - - ter-nal Light, In



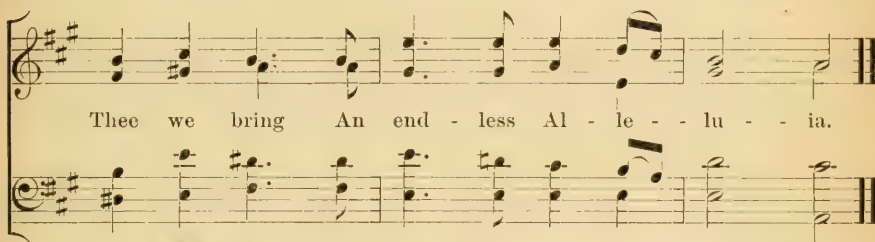
hymning choirs re-echo . . . . to the height An end-less Al-le-lu-ia.

- 3 The holy city shall take | up your strain,  
And with glad songs *resounding* | wake again  
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful *antiphons* ye | thus rejoice  
To render to the *Lord* with | thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at *length* your | palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your *chant* shall | still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand *acclaim*, for- | ever ring  
The strains which tell the *honor* | of your King,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for *weary* | ones brought back;  
This is glad food and *drink* which | none shall lack  
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by Whom were all *things* | made, we praise  
Forever, and tell out in | sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.

# General



9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore; to . .



Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

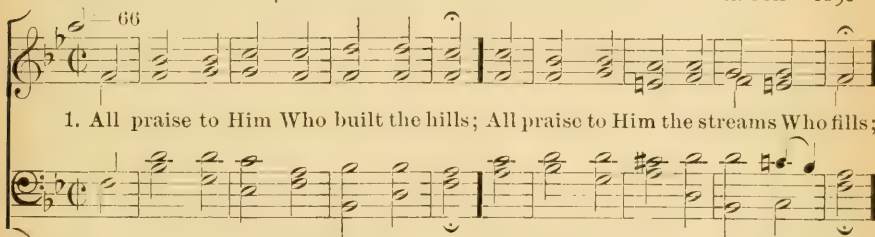
463

All praise to Him Who built the hills

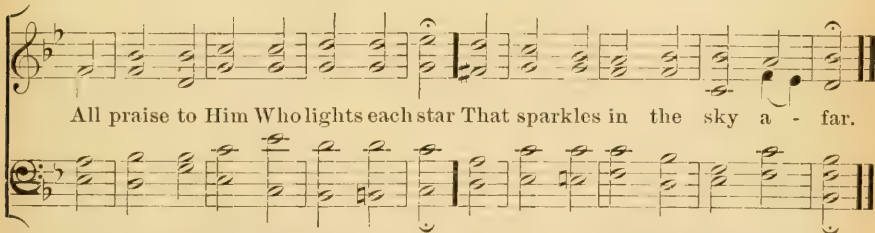
L. M.

REV. H. BONAR. 1864

Wenzel  
W. A. RABOCH. 1890



1. All praise to Him Who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams Who fills;



All praise to Him Who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a - far.

2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,  
And bids it glow with beams new-born;  
Who draws the shadows of the night,  
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,  
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;  
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,  
And turns to day our deepest night.

4 All praise to Him in love Who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;

Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
The all-prevailing sacrifice.

5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God:  
The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
The fount of joy and holiness.

6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:  
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise  
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

# General

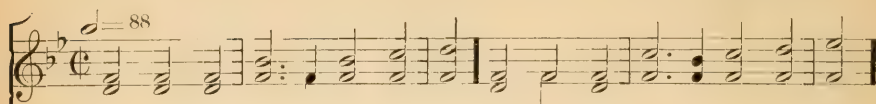
464

The spacious firmament on high

D.L.M.

J. ADDISON. 1712

*Creation*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



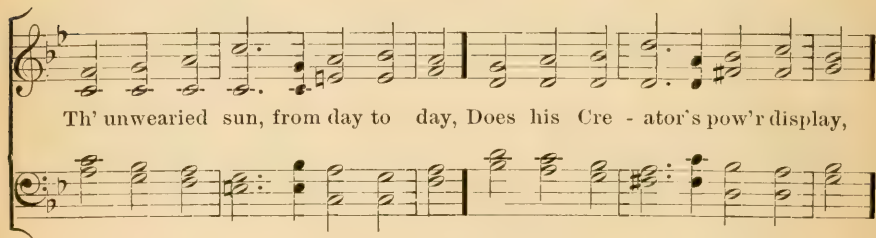
1. The spacious firm - ament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,



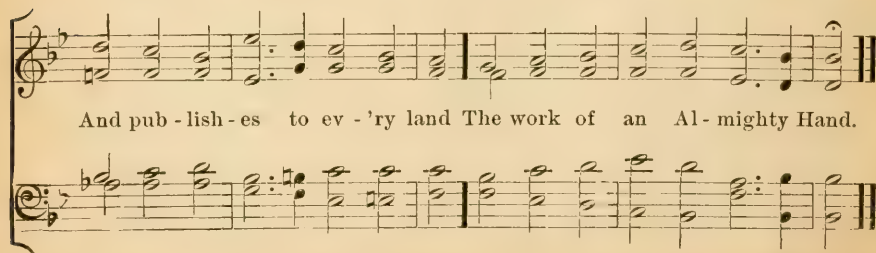
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.



Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - ator's pow'r display,



And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - mighty Hand.





# General

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

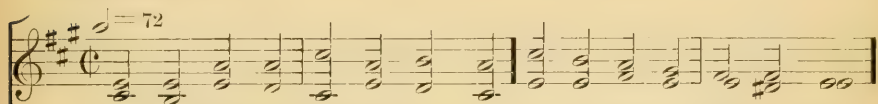
465

God, my King, Thy might confessing 8.7.

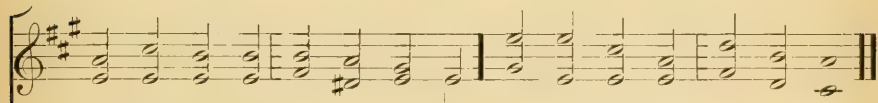
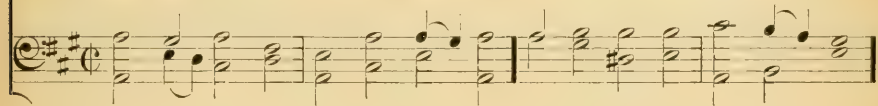
BISHOP MANT. 1824

REV. C. I. LATROBE 1825

*Second Advent*



1. God, my King, Thy might confess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;



Day by day Thy throne address - ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim.



2 Honor great our God befitteth;  
Who His majesty can reach?  
Age to age His works transmitteth,  
Age to age His pow'r shall teach.

4 Nor shall fail from mem'ry's treasure,  
Works by love and mercy wrought,  
Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,  
On Thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,  
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation;  
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;  
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:  
King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
And proclaim Thy sov'reign power.

# General

466

Now thank we all our God

P. M.

M. RINKART. 1644

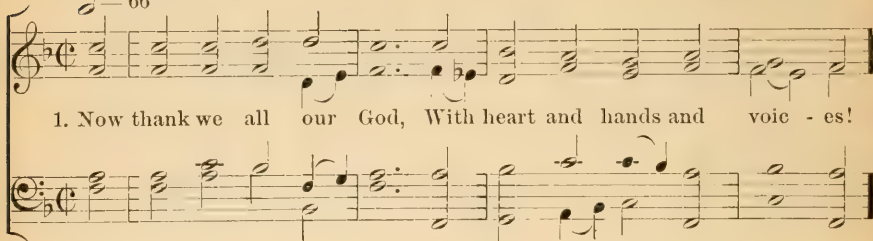
"Nun danket alle Gott."

*Nun danket*

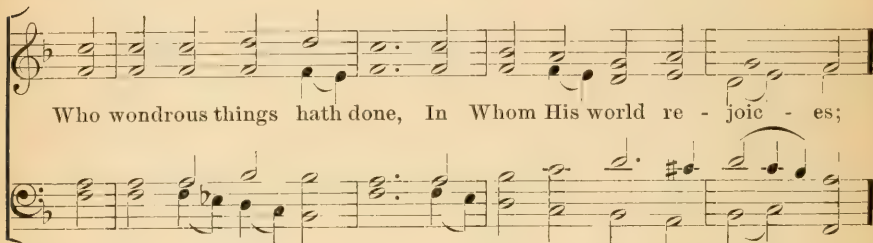
WINKWORTH. Tr.

J. CRÜGER. 1649

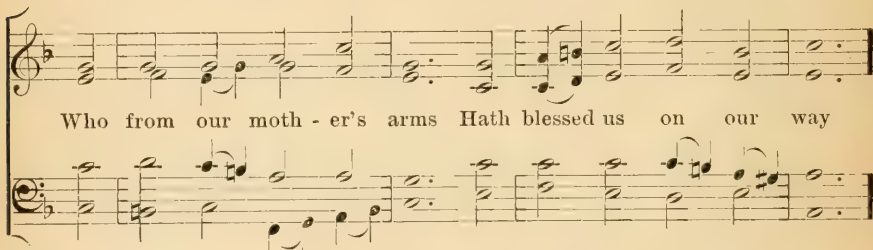
$\text{♩} = 66$



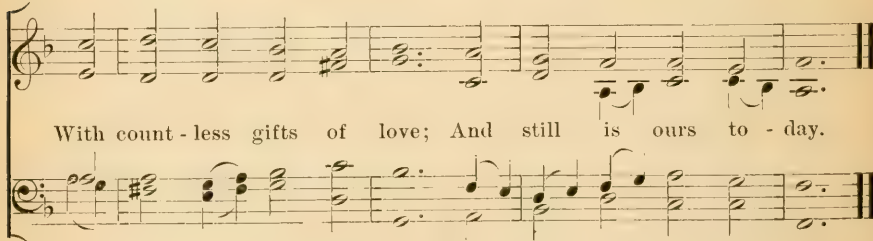
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es!



Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world rejoice - es;



Who from our mother's arms Hath blessed us on our way



With countless gifts of love; And still is ours to - day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us!  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

# General

467

How wondrous and great

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

BISHOP H. U. ONDERDONK. 1826

*Lyons*  
From HAYDN

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!

How just, King of saints, And true are Thy ways!

Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy Name?

Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.

2 To nations long dark  
Thy light shall be shown;  
Their worship and vows  
Shall come to Thy throne:  
Thy truth and Thy judgments  
Shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's ev'ry people  
Confess Thee their God.

# General

468

From all that dwell below the skies **L. M.**

DR. WATTS. 1719

*Old 100th*  
GENEVA PSALTER. 1551

66

1. From all that dwell below the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!

Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is Thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

469

With one consent let all the earth **L. M.**

TATE and BRADY. 1698

- 1 With one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,  
From Whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure:  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

# General

470

All people that on earth do dwell

L. M.

REV. W. KETHE. 1560

*Old rooth*  
OLD VERSION

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing

to the Lord with cheer - ful voice: Him serve with fear, His

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and . . re - joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.



# General

471

Oh, praise ye the Lord

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

*Hanover*  
DR. CROFT. 1699

♩ = 80

1. Oh, praise ye the Lord! Pre - pare your glad voice

His praise in the great As - sem - bly to sing:

In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re - joice;

And chil - dren of Si - on Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great Name  
Extol in their songs,  
With hearts well attuned  
His praises express;  
Who always takes pleasure  
To hear their glad tongues,  
And waits with salvation  
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,  
His people shall sing  
To God, Who their heads  
With safety doth shield;  
Such honor and triumph  
His favor shall bring:  
Oh, therefore forever  
All praise to Him yield!

# General

472

O come, loud anthems let us sing

L. M.

*Triumphant*

TATE and BRADY. 1698

J. W. ELLIOTT. 1870

80

1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud

thanks to our al - mighty King, And high our grate - ful

voic - es raise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

- 2 Into His presence let us haste  
To thank Him for His favors past;  
To Him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to His Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivalled glory great;  
The depths of earth are in His hand,  
Her secret wealth at His command.
- 4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Low on our knees with rev'rence fall,  
And on the Lord our Maker call.

# General

473

Before Jehovah's awful throne

L. M.

*Beccles*

GERMAN

WATTS-WESLEY. 1736

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Before Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we  
strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful  
songs;  
High as the heav'n our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding  
praise.

3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

474

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul

S. M.

*Cruce*

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

J. BARNBY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro-claim!

# General

And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly Name!

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
His mercies bear in mind!  
Forget not all His benefits!  
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;  
He will with patience wait;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;

He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And like the eagle He renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!  
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

## 475

## Magnify Jehovah's Name

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1822

*Strattner*  
GERMAN. 1691

1. Mag-ni-fy Je-ho-vah's Name; For His mercies ev-er sure,

From e-ter-ni-ty the same, To e-ter-ni-ty en-dure.

2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,  
Gathered out of ev'ry land,  
As the people of His choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,  
In the lonely waste they roam,  
Hungry, fainting by the way,  
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry;  
He inclines a gracious ear,

Sends deliv'rance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow;  
Where from verdant hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,  
For His goodness to their race!  
For the wonders of His word,  
And the riches of His grace.

# General

476

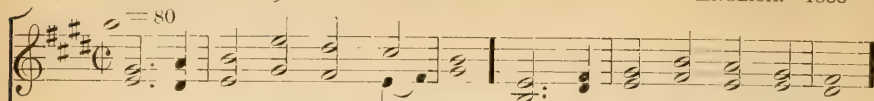
Songs of praise the angels sang

7s.

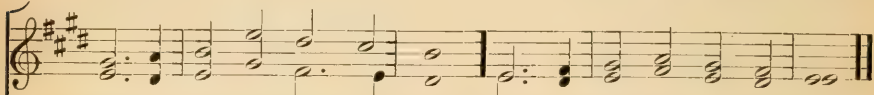
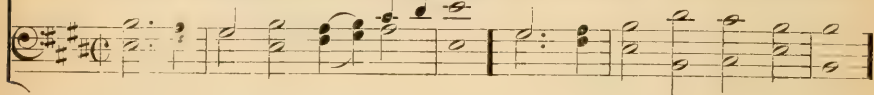
J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

FIRST TUNE

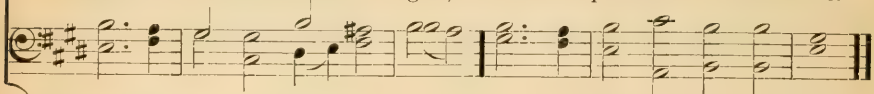
*Innocents*  
ENGLISH. 1800



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heav'ns and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

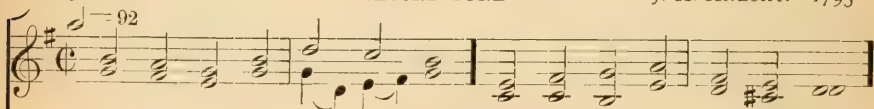
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

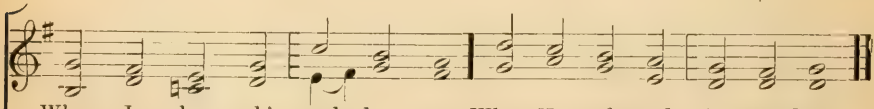
476

SECOND TUNE

*Vienna*  
J. H. KNECHT. 1793



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.





# General

477

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea 8.8.8.4.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1863

*Almsgiving*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

*♩ = 84*

1. O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To  
Thee all praise . . and glo - ry be; How shall we  
show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,<br/>Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love declare,<br/>Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,<br/>Who givest all!</p> <p>3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,<br/>For all the blessings earth displays,<br/>We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,<br/>Who givest all!</p> <p>4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,<br/>But gav'st Him for a world undone,<br/>And freely with that blessèd One<br/>Thou givest all.</p> <p>5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,<br/>Spirit of life, and love, and power,<br/>And dost His sev'nfold graces shower<br/>Upon us all,</p> | <p>6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,<br/>For means of grace and hopes of heaven,<br/>O Lord, what can to Thee be given,<br/>Who givest all?</p> <p>7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;<br/>We have as treasure without end<br/>Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,<br/>Who givest all.</p> <p>8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee<br/>Repaid a thousandfold will be;<br/>Then gladly will we give to Thee,<br/>Who givest all;</p> <p>9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive<br/>Our life, our gifts, our power to give;<br/>Oh, may we ever with Thee live,<br/>Who givest all!</p> |
|--|--|

# General

478

Holy offerings, rich and rare

P. M.

*Offerings*

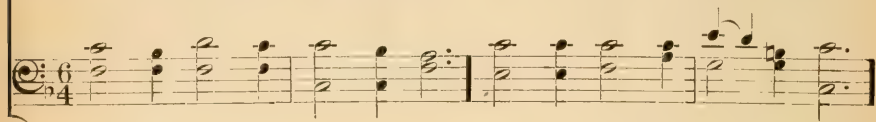
REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1867

FIRST TUNE

R. REDHEAD. 1870



1. Ho - ly off-'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and pray'r,



Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,



Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion;



On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!



# General

2 Homage of each humble heart,  
Ere we from Thy house depart;  
Worship fervent, deep and high,  
Adoration, ecstasy;  
All that childlike love can render  
Of devotion true and tender;  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Off'rings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

478

SECOND TUNE

*Homage*  
G. F. COBB

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Ho - ly off-rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and pray'r,  
Pur - er life and purpose high, Clasp'd hands, up - lift - ed eye,  
Low-ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion;  
On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!

# General

479

Oh, with due reverence let us all

C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

*Dundee*

ENGLISH. 1592

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Oh, with due rev'rence let us all To God's a - bode re - pair;

And prostrate at His footstool fall, To breathe our hum - ble pray'r.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
Thy constant place of rest;  
Be that not only with Thy ark,  
But with Thy presence blest.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,  
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;  
And, for Thy servant David's sake,  
Hear Thy Anointed's voice.

480

For Thee, O God, our constant praise

L. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

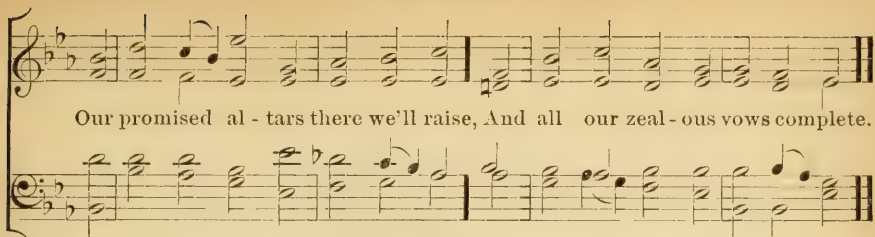
*Sebastian*

DR. WESLEY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. For Thee, O God, our constant praise In Si-on waits, Thy chosen seat;

# General



Our promised al - tars there we'll raise, And all our zeal - ous vows complete.

2 Thou, Who to ev'ry humble prayer  
Dost always bend Thy list'ning ear,  
To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;  
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,  
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!  
'Tis there abundantly we taste  
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

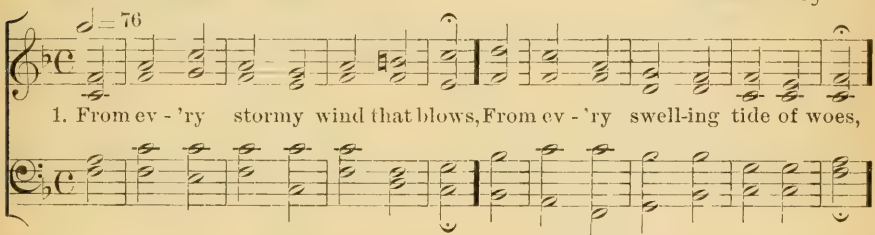
481

From every stormy wind that blows

L. M.

REV. H. STOWELL. 1828.

*Cantionale*  
GERMAN. 1651



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.



# General

482

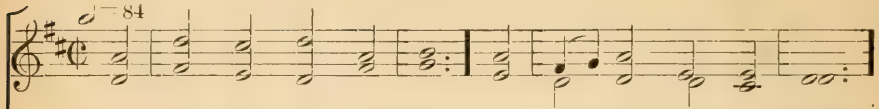
In loud exalted strains

6.6.6.6.8.8.

\* Croft

REV. B. FRANCIS. 1774

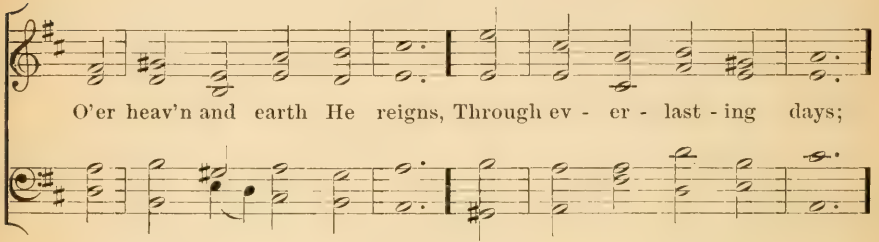
DR. CROFT. 1700



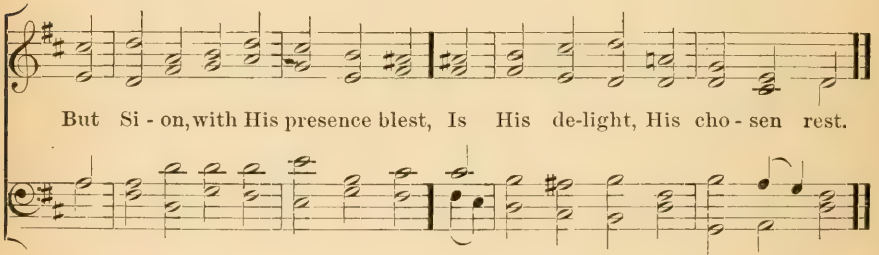
1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;



O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, Through ev - er - last - ing days;



But Si - on, with His presence blest, Is His de-light, His cho - sen rest.



2 O King of glory, come;  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies:  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

SEVENTH CENTURY

"Angulare fundamentum."

Corner stone

NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

ALFRED S. BAKER. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Christ is made the sure foundation, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,

Cho - sen of the Lord, and precious, Binding all the Church in one;

Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

2 All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:  
With Thy wonted loving kindness,  
Hear Thy servants as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee, forever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

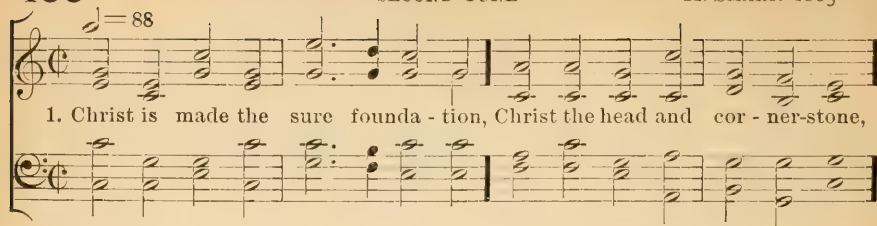
# General

483

SECOND TUNE

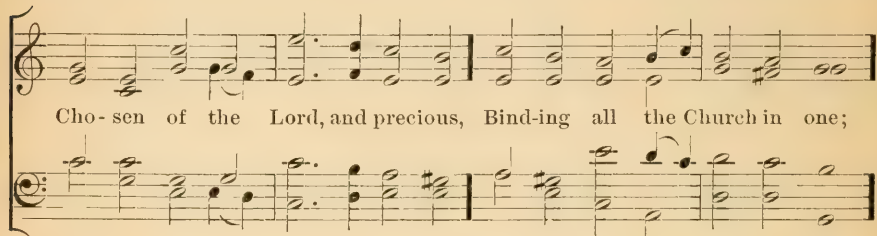
Regent Square  
H. SMART. 1865

$\text{♩} = 88$

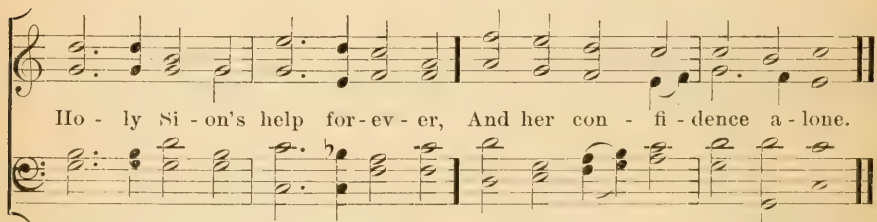


1. Christ is made the sure founda - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner-stone,

Cho - sen of the Lord, and precious, Bind - ing all the Church in one;



Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.



2 All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy servants as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee, forever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

484

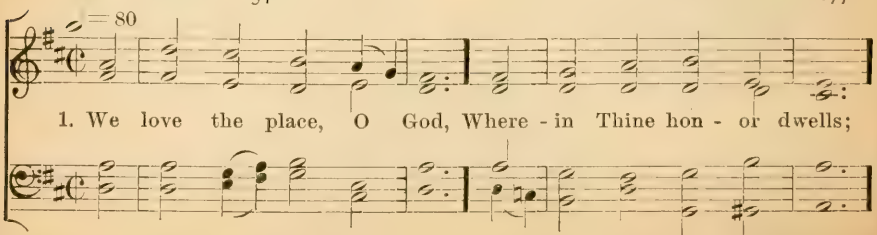
We love the place, O God

6s.

DEAN BULLOCK. 1854

*Dilexi*  
REV. S. M. BARKWORTH. 1877

$\text{♩} = 80$



1. We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - or dwells;

# General

The joy of Thine a - bode All oth - er joy ex - cels.

2 We love the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
For Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,  
Wherein the holy Dove  
Bestows, as ever wont,  
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,  
Its mysteries revere;  
For there in faith adored,  
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love Thy holy word,  
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide  
All wand'ers home, O Lord,  
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love  
To us so freely given,  
Until we sing above  
The triumph-song of heaven!

485

I love Thy kingdom, Lord

S. M.

REV. T. DWIGHT. 1800

*Moravia*  
REV. L. WEST. 1800

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own precious blood.

2 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my pray'rs ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heav'nly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe,  
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

# General

486

Like Noah's weary dove

S. M.

REV. DR. MUHLENBERG. 1826

*Moravia*  
REV. L. WEST. 1800

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,  
But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found;

2 Oh, cease, my wand'ring soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And ev'ry longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
Then rest on Sion's hill.

487

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise 10s.

*Russia*

A. POPE. 1712

FIRST TUNE

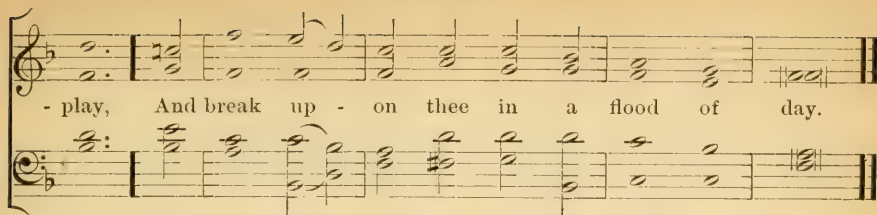
A. LWOFF. 1833

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Rise, crowned with light, . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy  
tow'ring head and lift thine eyes! See heav'n its sparkling por - tals wide dis -



# General

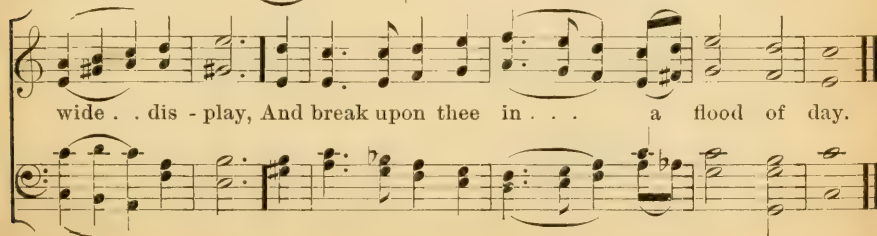
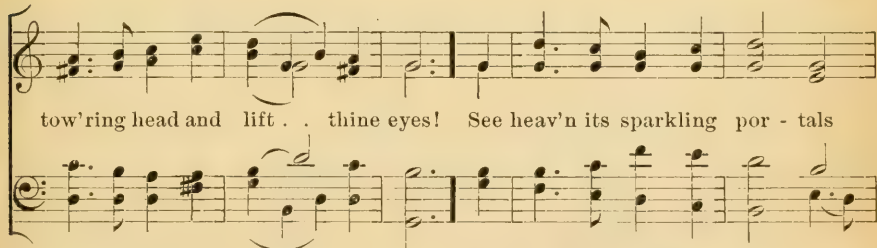
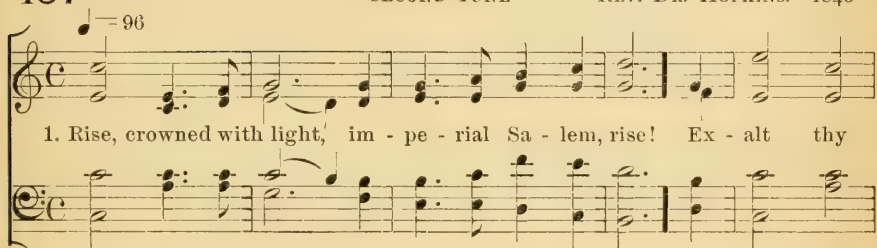


- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed His word, His saving pow'r remains;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

487

SECOND TUNE

*Salem*  
REV. DR. HOPKINS. 1846



# General

488

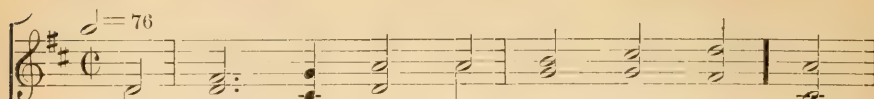
## Triumphant Sion, lift thy head

L. M.

*Truro*

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

DR. BURNEY. 1760



# General

489

Pleasant are Thy courts above

7s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

*Maidstone*  
DR. GILBERT

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove In the land of life and love;  
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heav'nly Father's breast!  
Like the wand'ring dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies:

On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length.  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

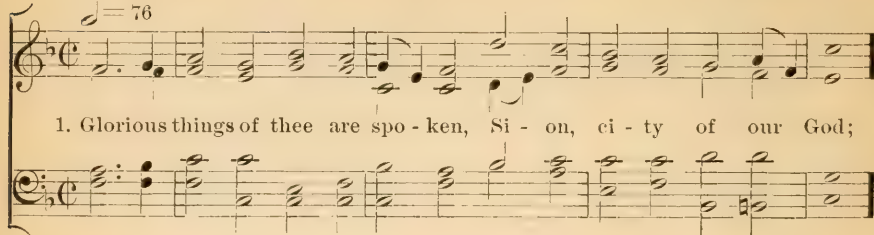
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through a world of sin;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

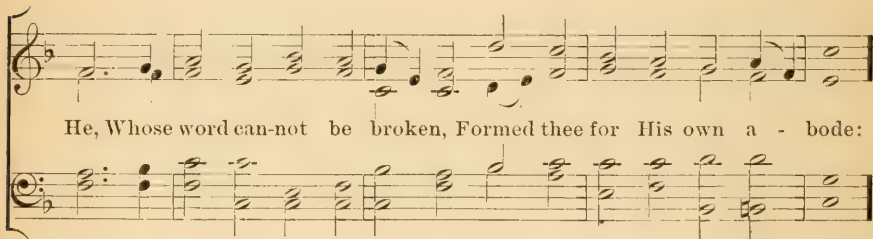
FIRST TUNE

*Austria*  
F. J. HAYDN. 1797

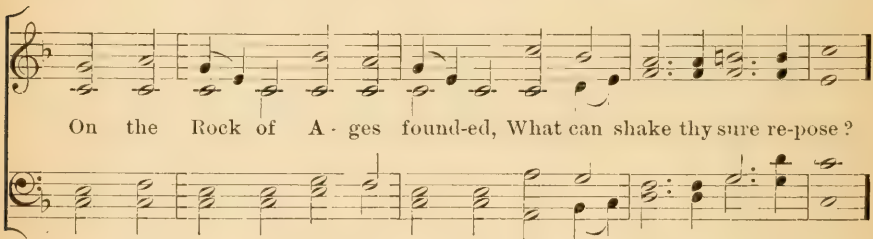
♩ = 76



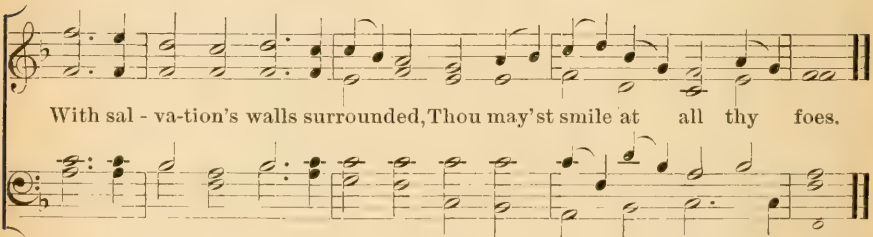
1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;



He, Whose word can-not be broken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?



With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever will their thirst assuage?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which He gives them when they pray.

# General

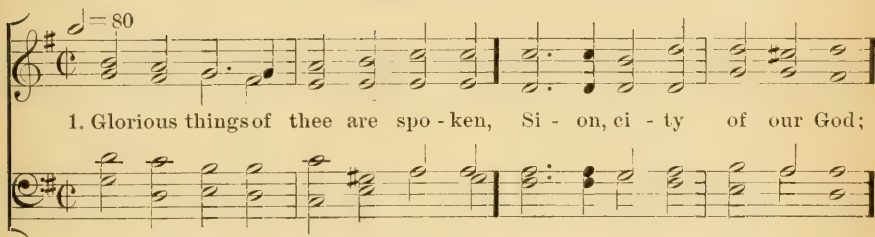
4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'Tis His love His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings:  
And as priests, His solemn praises  
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

490

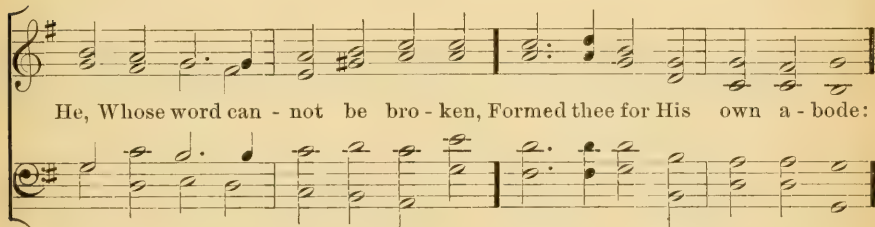
SECOND TUNE

*Falfield*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1867

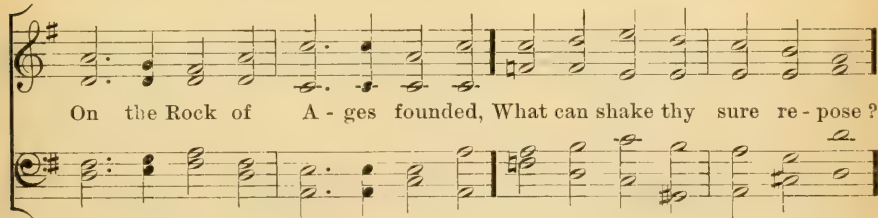
$\text{♩} = 80$



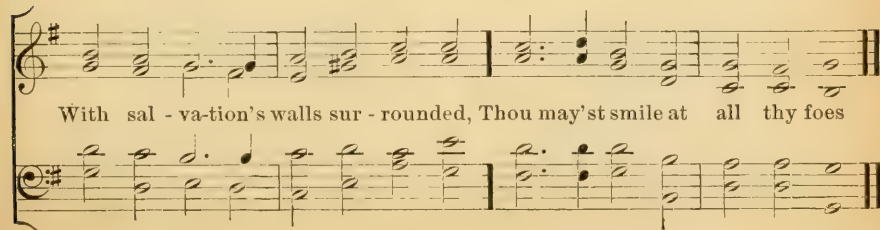
1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;



He, Whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:



On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes



92

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2 Elect from ev'ry nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation,  
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With ev'ry grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

# General

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

492

## One sole baptismal sign

6.6.6.6.8.8.

*St. Mildred*

DR. STEGGALL

G. ROBINSON. 1842

84

1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove,

One faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watchword, Love:

From diff-'rent tem-ples though it rise, One song as-cend-eth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,  
One Priest before the throne,  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone!  
And sighs from contrite hearts that  
spring,  
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,  
The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew!  
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

# General

493

Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear

C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

*Mear*  
A. WILLIAMS. 1760

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Oh, 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say,

Up, Is-rael! to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,  
With our assembled powers,  
In strong and beauteous order ranged,  
Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace;  
For they shall prosp'rous be,  
Thou holy city of our God,  
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls  
A constant guest be found;

With plenty and prosperity  
Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
No less than brethren dear,  
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers  
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
And ever wish thee well,  
For Sion and the temple's sake,  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

494

O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace

L. M.

REV. I. WILLIAMS. 1842

*St. Petros*  
REV. R. F. DALE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thou God of peace, Pi-ty Thy Church, now rent in twain;

Bid wrath, and strife, and variance cease, And let us all be one a-gain;

# General

2 One with our brethren here in love,  
And one with saints that are at rest,  
And one with angel hosts above,  
And one with God forever blest.

3 Oh, make on earth all churches one,  
One with the blessed gone before,

All knit in sweet communion,  
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,  
The Spirit one Whom He hath given,  
One God and Father of us all,  
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.

495

Father of all, from land and sea

8.8.8.4.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1871

*Repton*  
F. H. MESSITER. 1890

*♩ = 72*

I. Fa - ther of all, from land and sea The na - tions sing, "Thine,  
Lord, are we, Count - less in num - ber, but in Thee  
May we be one, May we be one." { Stone, Mak - ing them one.  
food, Mak - ing us one.

*alternative ending, stanzas 3 and 4.*

2 O Son of God, Whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
Making we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,  
Making them one.

4 Thou art the fountain of all good,  
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,  
And feeding us with angels' food,  
Making us one.

5 Join high and low, join young and old,  
In love that never waxes cold;

Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,  
Make us all one.

6 O Spirit blest, Who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
Oh, make us one!

7 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee  
May we be one.

8 So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

*76*

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our  
night, and hope of ev' - ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy  
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - - y.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!

Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;

Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevai-leth:  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,

Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,

Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;

Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.



# General

## 497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures 8.8.7.8.8.7.

"Psallat chorus corde mundo."

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR. 1150  
CAMPBELL. Tr.

*Evangelists*  
GERMAN. 1738

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est mea - sures Sing of those who

spread the trea - sures In the ho - ly gos - pels shrined!

Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their

pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,  
With their streams, the better Eden  
Planted by our Lord most dear;  
Christ the fountain, these the waters;  
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!  
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,  
And Thy holy word possessing,  
Jesu, may Thy love adore!  
Unto Thee our voices raising,  
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,  
Ever and for evermore.

# General

498

How beauteous are their feet

S. M.

DR. WATTS. 1707

FIRST TUNE

*Vesper*

ANON

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

498

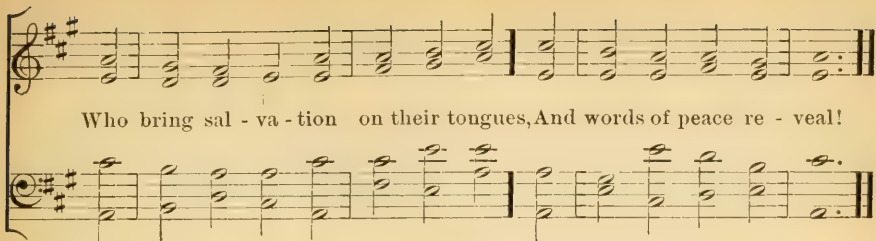
SECOND TUNE

*St Michael*  
ENGLISH. 1562

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;

# General



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

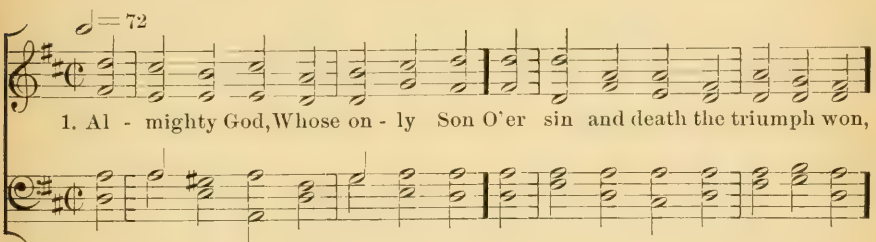
499

Almighty God, Whose only Son

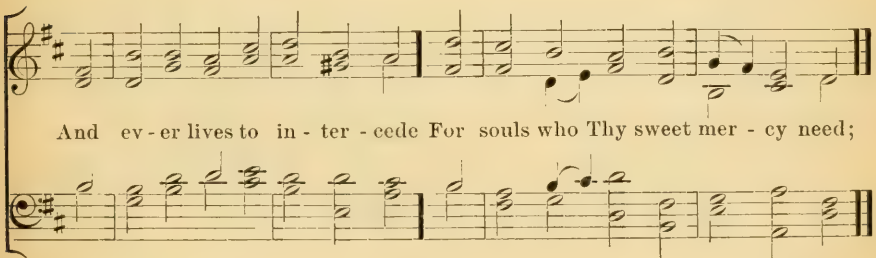
L. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

*Erfurt*  
GERMAN 1540



1. Al - mighty God, Whose on - ly Son O'er sin and death the triumph won,



And ev - er lives to in - ter - cede For souls who Thy sweet mer - cy need;

2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honor Thee.

3 And some within Thy sacred fold,  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

4 And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or ling'ring taint of bygone years:

5 Oh, give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wand'ring sheep!  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire:

6 That so from angel hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the blest, adore  
Thy Name, O God, for evermore,

# General

500

To bless Thy chosen race

S. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

*Advent*

SIR JOHN GOSS

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;

And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine;

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 That so Thy wondrous way<br/>May through the world be known;<br/>While distant lands their tribute pay,<br/>And Thy salvation own.</p>     | <p>4 Let diff'ring nations join<br/>To celebrate Thy fame!<br/>Let all the world, O Lord, combine<br/>To praise Thy glorious Name!</p>     |
| <p>3 Oh, let them shout and sing,<br/>With joy and pious mirth!<br/>For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,<br/>Shalt govern all the earth.</p> | <p>5 Then God upon our land<br/>Shall constant blessings shower;<br/>And all the world in awe shall stand<br/>Of His resistless power.</p> |

501

A charge to keep I have

S. M.

C. WESLEY. 1762

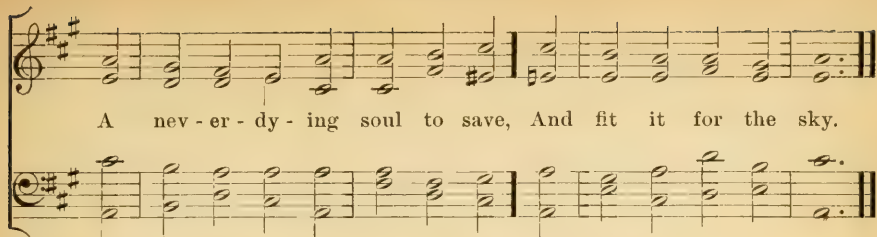
*St. Michael*

ENGLISH. 1562

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

# General



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfill:

Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live,  
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!

2 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way  
And God to glorify.

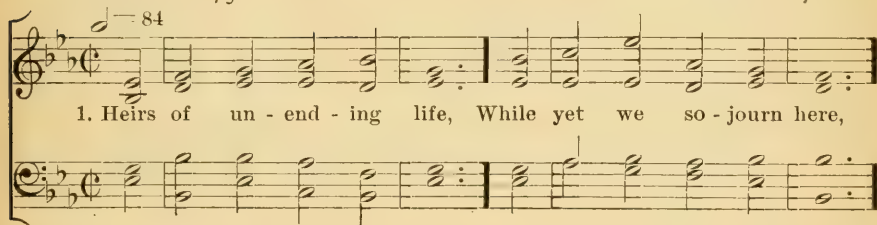
## 502

### Heirs of unending life

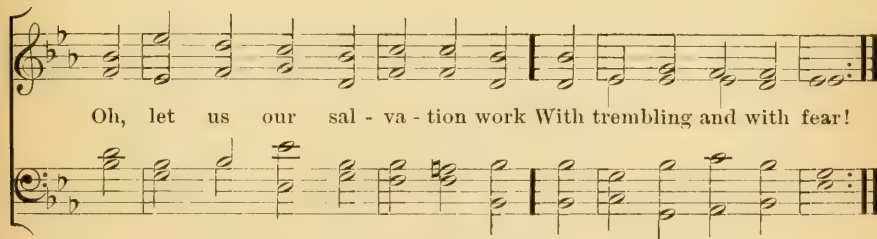
S. M.

B. BEDDOME. 1750

*Franconia*  
GERMAN. 1720



1. Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we so - journ here,



Oh, let us our sal - va - tion work With trembling and with fear!

2 God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do;  
His is the pow'r by which we act,  
His be the glory too!



# General

503

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve C. M.

*\* Christmas*

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

FIRST TUNE

From G. F. HANDEL. 1750

69

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with

vig - or on; A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal,

And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around

Hold thee in full survey;

Forget the steps already trod,

And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice

That calls thee from on high;

'Tis His own hand presents the prize

To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,

And press with vigor on;

A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,

And an immortal crown.

# General

503

SECOND TUNE

*St James*  
R. COURTEVILLE. 1695

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;  
A heav'nly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

504

My soul, be on thy guard

S. M.

G. HEATH. 1781

*Redhead 105*  
R. REDHEAD. 1853

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise;  
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,  
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
Up to His blest abode.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELI. 1868

*Pentecost*  
W. BOYD. 1874

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy

strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and

it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

H. KIRKE WHITE. 1812

FRANCES F. MAITLAND. 1827

University College

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1844

84

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ - ians,

on - ward go: Fight the fight, main - tain the strife,

Strength - ened with the Bread of life

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
 March in heav'nly armor clad:  
 Fight, nor think the battle long,  
 Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;  
 Let not fears your course impede,  
 Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,  
 More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

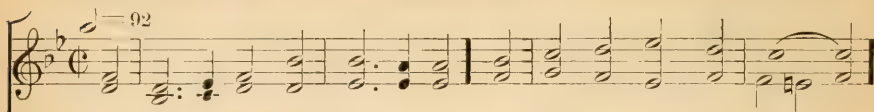
## The Son of God goes forth to war C. M.

BISHOP HEER. 1827

FIRST TUNE

*All Saints 2*

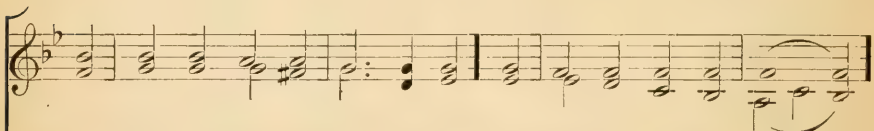
DR. CUTLER



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: . .



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? . .



2. Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain; . .



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.





# General

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army: men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

507

SECOND TUNE

*St. Anne*  
DR. CROFT. 1708

— 76

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:

His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

# General

508

Am I a soldier of the cross

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1724

Chichester  
ENGLISH. 1621

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

509

Soldiers of Christ, arise

S. M.

REV. C. WESLEY. 1749

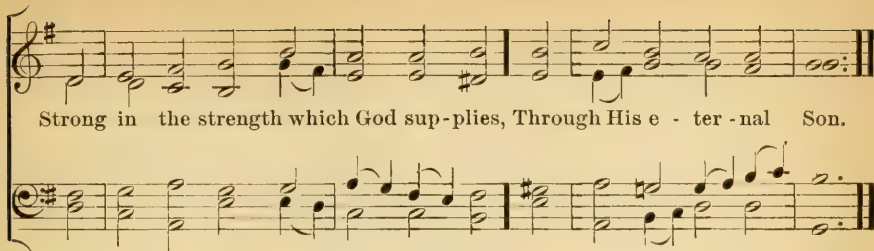
FIRST TUNE

St. Ethelwald  
W. H. MONK. 1860

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;

# General



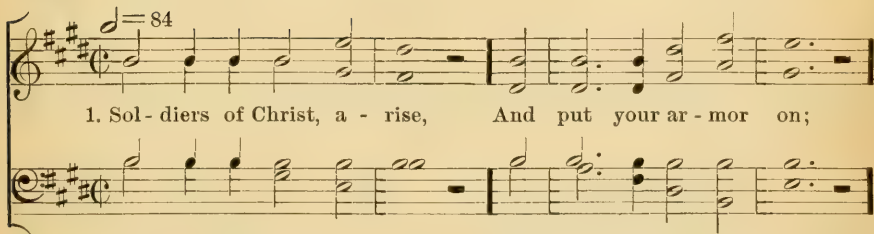
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

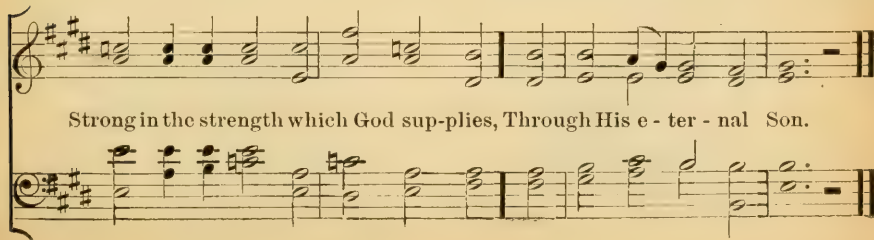
509

SECOND TUNE

*Panoply*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1872



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;



Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.

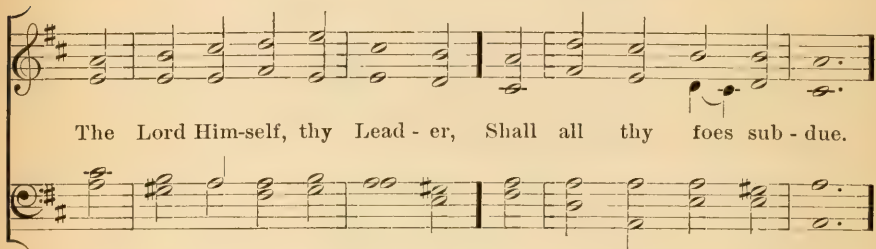
REV. L. TUTTIETT. 1861

*Ceylon*  
S. REAY

♩ = 88



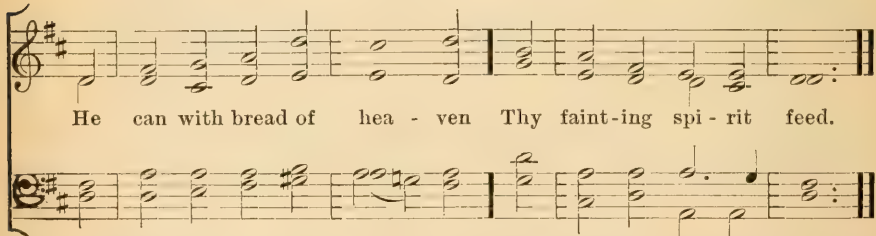
1. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!



The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.



His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hourly need;



He can with bread of hea - ven Thy faint - ing spi - rit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Fear not the secret foe;  
 Far more o'er thee are watching  
 Than human eyes can know:  
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;  
 Cease not to watch and pray;  
 Heed not the treach'rous voices  
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished  
 And heav'n is all possessed;  
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear in endless glory  
 The crown of victory.

# General

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
 Fear not the gath'ring night;  
 The Lord has been thy shelter;  
 The Lord will be thy light.  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past:  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last!

511

O happy band of pilgrims

7.6.

Στεφάνος ὑπὲρ χρυσόν.

ST. JOSEPH of the STUDIUM. 830

NEALE. Tr.

Köcher

J. H. KNECHT. 1800

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. O hap - py band of pil-grims, If on - ward ye will tread

With Je - sus as your Fel - low To Je - sus as your Head!

2 Oh, happy if ye labor  
 As Jesus did for men!  
 Oh, happy if ye hunger  
 As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,  
 He carried as your due:  
 The crown that Jesus weareth,  
 He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,  
 The hope in which ye yearn,  
 The love that through all troubles  
 To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,  
 The sorrows ye endure,  
 The manifold temptations  
 That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels,  
 Of right celestial worth?  
 What are they but the ladder  
 Set up to heav'n on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,  
 Look upward to the skies,  
 Where such a light affliction  
 Shall win so great a prize!



# General

512

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings

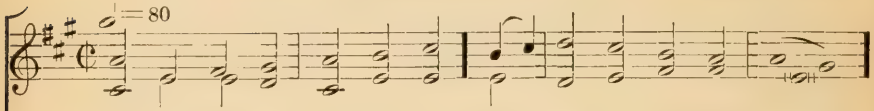
7.6.

*Excelsius*

R. SEAGRAVE. 1742

FIRST TUNE

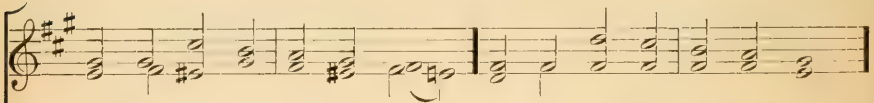
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



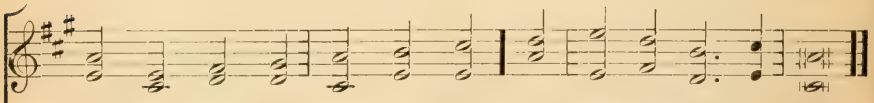
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;



Rise from trans-it - o - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des-tined place.



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove



# General

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon thy Saviour will return,  
To take thee to the skies:  
There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest, in heav'n;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.

512

SECOND TUNE

*Joy*  
DR. E. HODGES. 1865  
\* From Beethoven

76

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

Rise from trans-it - o - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy destined place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

\* Used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the Copyright.

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

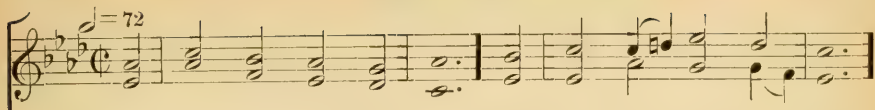
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

# General

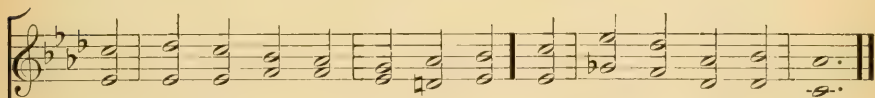
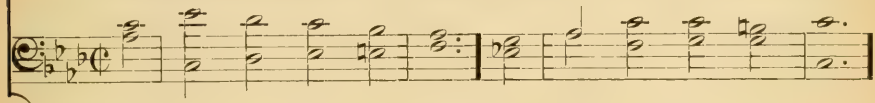
513

SECOND TUNE

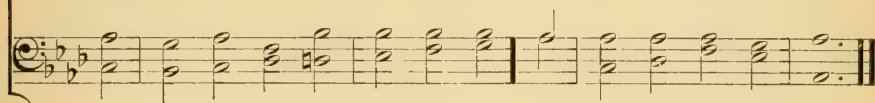
*Mecca*  
A. ROSE. 1890



1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?



'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.



2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

# VII. PROCESSIONALS

514

We march, we march to victory

P. M.

REV. G. MOULTRIE. 1865

FIRST TUNE

*Berchtesgaden*  
CLEMENT R. GALE. 1892

$\text{♩} = 100$

ORGAN. *f*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the

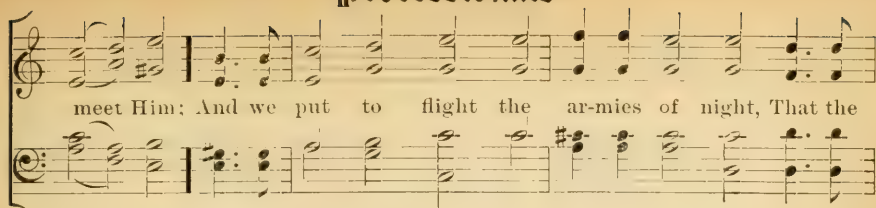
cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

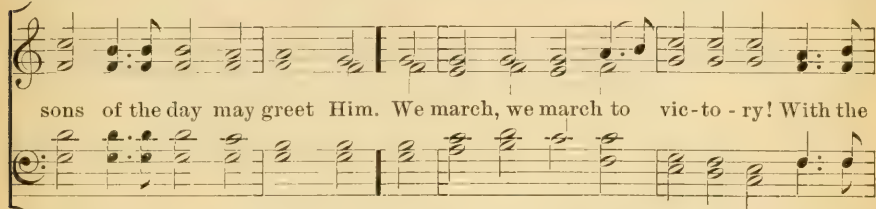
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In rev - 'rent train to



# Processionals



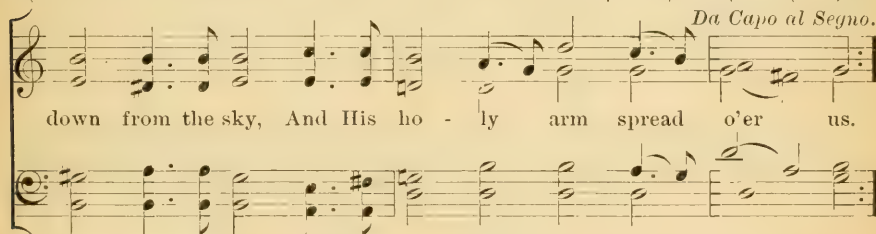
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the



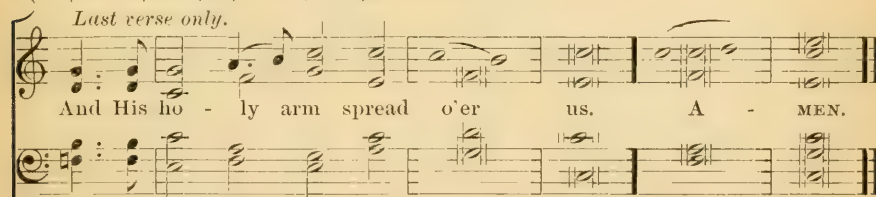
sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to vic-to - ry! With the



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking



*Da Capo al Segno.*  
down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.



*Last verse only.*  
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. A - MEN.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet is His salvation,  
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword, the Incarnation.  
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Sion;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen  
gates,  
And burst the bars of iron.  
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to  
prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from  
above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.  
We march, we march to victory!  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from  
the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

In Processions, two paces should be taken to one measure of the music; starting with the left foot.

# Processionals

514

SECOND TUNE

Warwick  
C. WARWICK JORDAN. 1869

$\text{♩} = 96$

ORGAN. *ff*

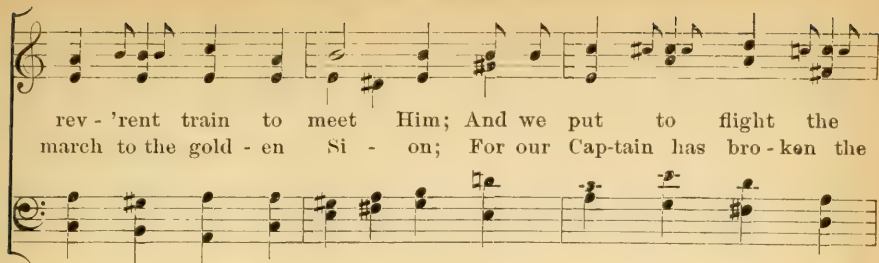
*Voices in unison.*

We march, we march to vic - to-ry! With the

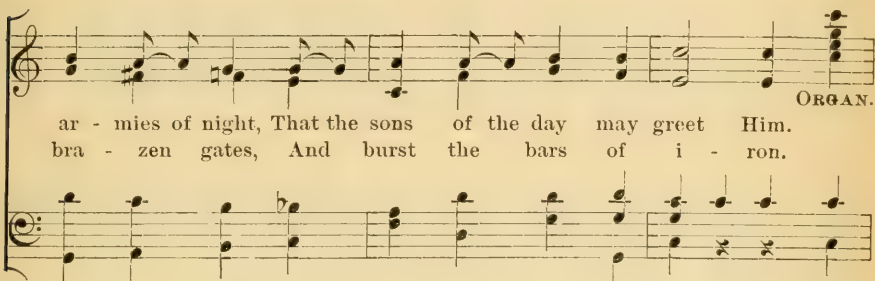
cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In  
3. And the choir of an-gels with song a-waits Our

# Processionals



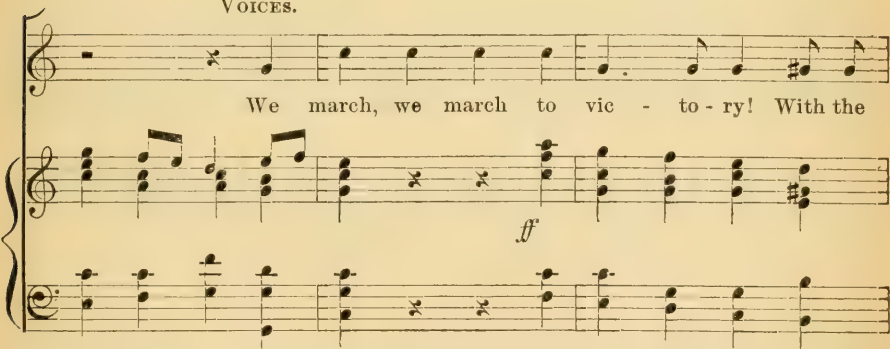
rev - 'rent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the  
march to the gold - en Si - on; For our Cap-tain has bro-ken the



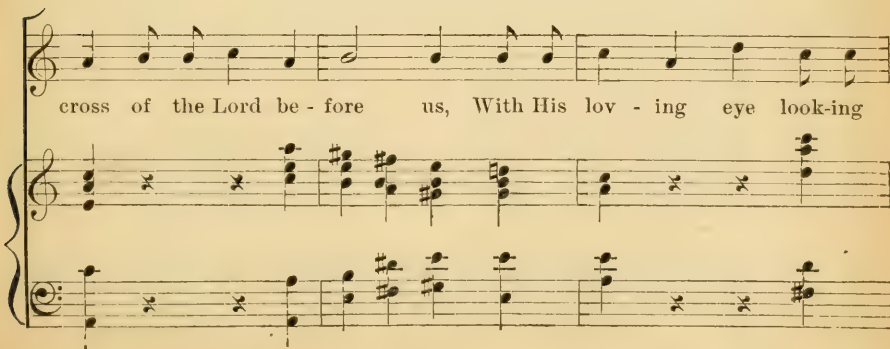
ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him.  
bra - zen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron.

ORGAN.

VOICES.



We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing

# Processionals

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 2. Our 4. Then

sword is the Spirit of God on high, Our helmet is His sal - va - tion, Our onward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ before us, With His

banner, the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword the In-car - na - tion. eye of love looking down from above, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

# Processionals

*S: Final stanza.*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the

cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.



# Processionals

515

Brightly gleams our banner

6.5.

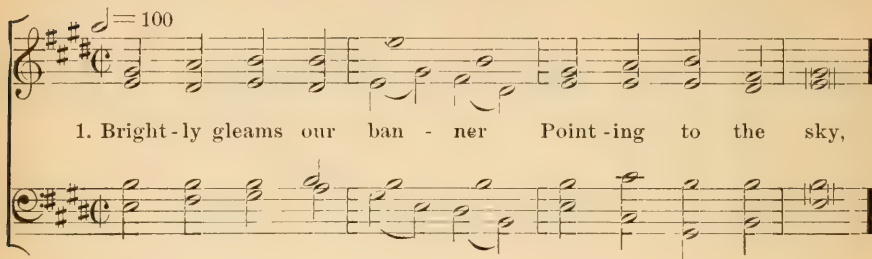
*Vexillum*

REV. T. POTTER. 1862

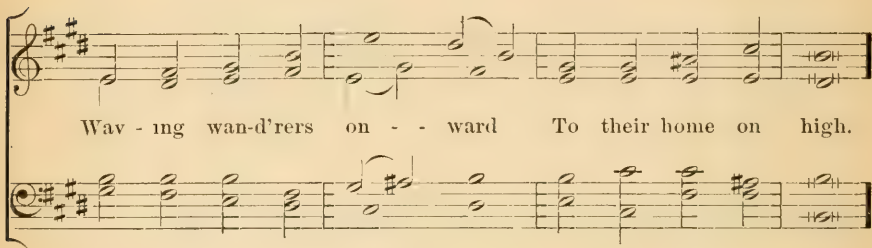
FIRST TUNE

H. SMART. 1874

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner Point - ing to the sky,



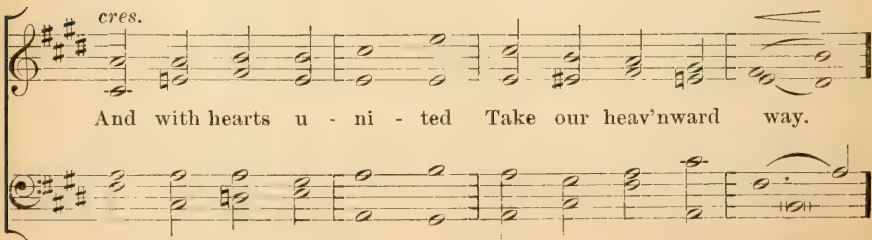
Wav - ing wan-d'ers on - - ward To their home on high.

*p*



Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

*cres.*



And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way.

# Processionals

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner Point - ing to the sky,

Wav - ing wan - d'ers on - ward To their home on high.

- 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, etc.
- 3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over ev'ry foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, etc.
- 4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Off'ring pray'rs and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

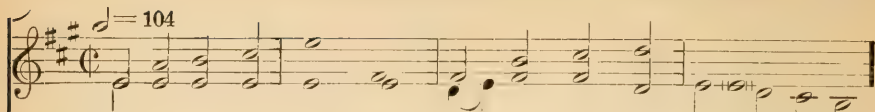
# Processionals

515

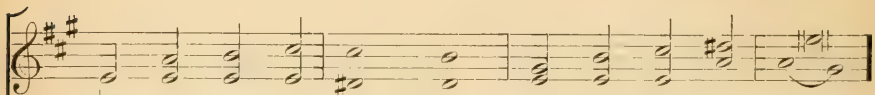
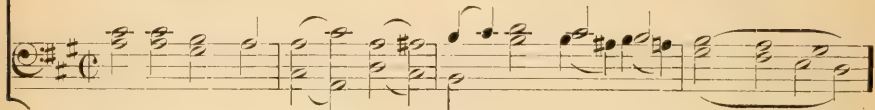
Gaisberg

SECOND TUNE

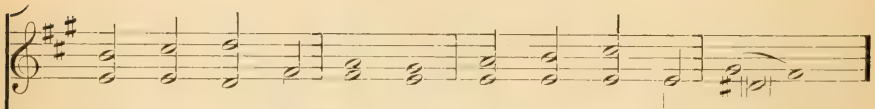
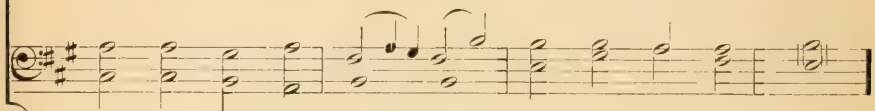
CLEMENT R. GALE. 1893



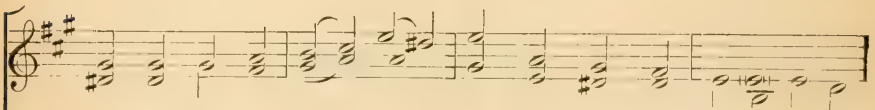
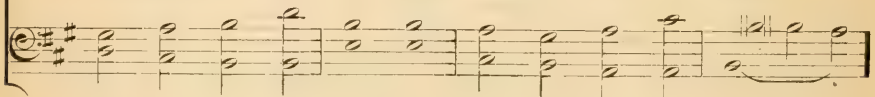
1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky, . . . . .



Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.



Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,



And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way, . . . . .



# Processionals

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across bar lines. The first system of music corresponds to the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system corresponds to the next two lines. The music concludes with a double bar line.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky, . . . . .

Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over ev'ry foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Off'ring pray'rs and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

# Processionals

516

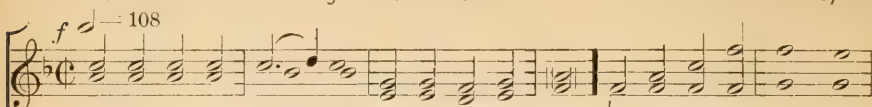
Onward, Christian soldiers

6.5.

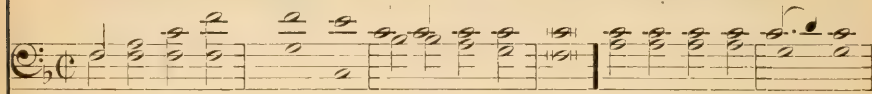
REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1865

FIRST TUNE

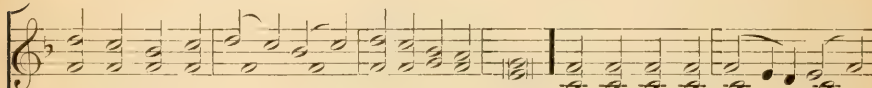
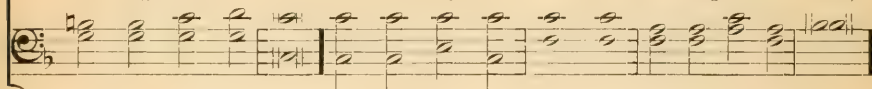
*St. Gertrude*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872



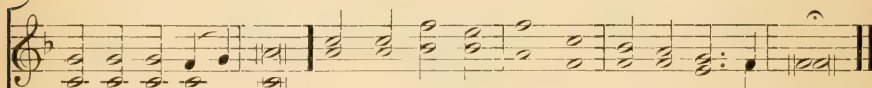
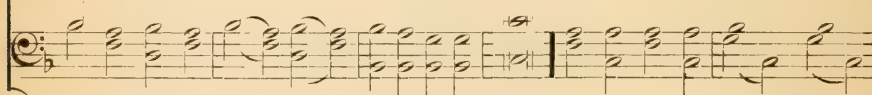
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus



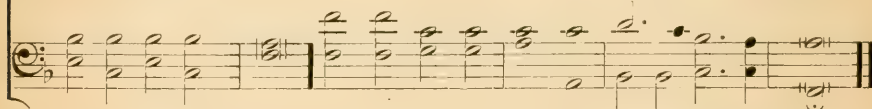
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe;



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!



2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!  
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.



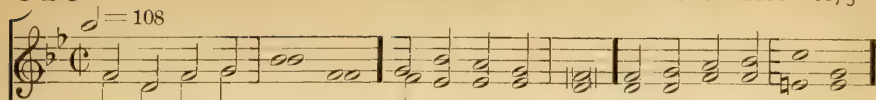
# Processionals

516

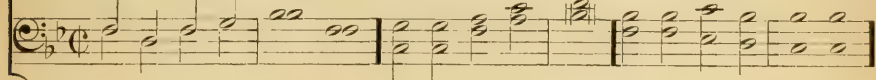
SECOND TUNE

*Ecclesia*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1875

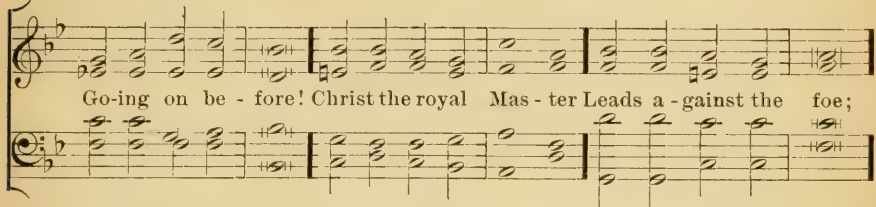
$\text{♩} = 108$



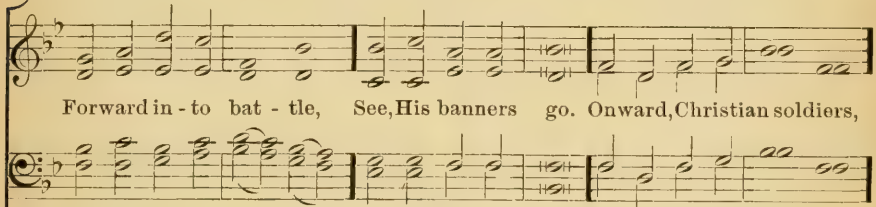
1. Onward, Christians sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus



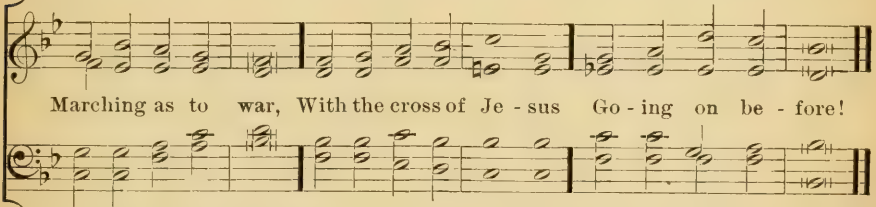
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the royal Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!



- 2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!  
Onward, etc.
- 3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.

# Processionals

517

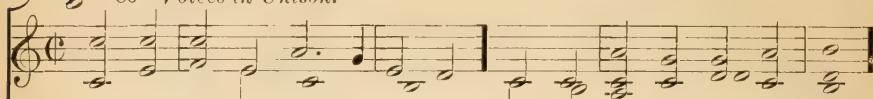
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness

8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

*St. Helen*  
DR. MARTIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Voices in Unison.*



1. Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with gladness! Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!

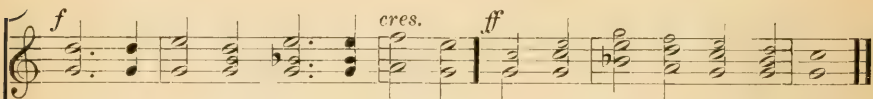


*Harmony.*



*mf*

With the praises of your Sav - iour Let His house resound a - gain!



Him let all your mu - sic hon - or, And your songs ex - alt His reign!



2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,  
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,  
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,  
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,  
Passed within the gates of darkness,  
Thence His banished ones to save!

3 So He tasted death for all men,  
He of all mankind the Head,  
Sinless One among the sinful,  
Prince of life among the dead;  
So He wrought the full redemption,  
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,  
From His Father's throne, the Son  
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,  
Till th' appointed work be done,  
Till He see, renewed and perfect,  
All things gathered into one.

5 Day of promised restitution!  
Fruit of all His sorrows past!  
When the crown of His dominion  
He before the throne shall cast,  
And throughout the wide creation  
God be "all in all" at last.

# Processionals

518

At the Name of Jesus

6.5.

CAROLINE M. NOEL. 1870

FIRST TUNE

*Grosvenor*  
DR. STEGGALL. 1872

♩ = 100

1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-

- fess Him King of glo - ry now; 'Tis the Father's pleas - ure

We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word.

- 2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heav'nly orders,  
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height;

- To the throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

# Processionals

518

*Bavaria*

SECOND TUNE

CLEMENT R. GALE, 1891

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 100. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: "1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,"

Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;

The second system continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are: "Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;"

'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,

The third system continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are: "'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,"

Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word."

# Processionals

- 2 At His voice creation  
    Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
    All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
    Stars upon their way,  
All the heav'nly orders,  
    In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
    To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
    Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
    Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
    When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
    With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
    To the central height;  
To the throne of Godhead,  
    To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
    Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
    There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
    All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
    In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
    In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
    Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
    With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
    Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
    King of glory now.



# Processionals

519

Saviour, blessed Saviour

6.5.

REV. G. THRING. 1862

FIRST TUNE

*Edina*  
SIR H. S. OAKELEY. 1868

*108*

1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing;

*cres.*

Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

*p rit.*

All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, . . .

*f rit. un poco.*

Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die:  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there;  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

# Processionals

4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven.  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven;  
Life has lost its shadows;  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God!  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

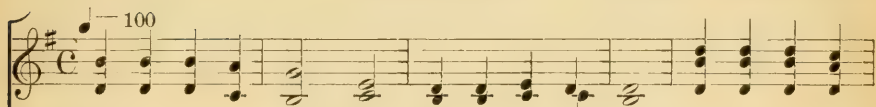
7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
When the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Finds its promised goal;  
Where in joys unheard of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King.

519

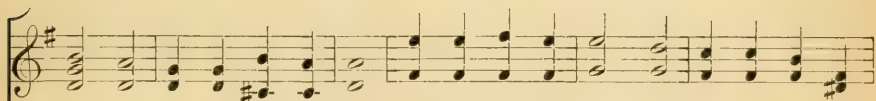
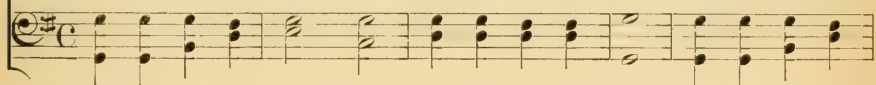
SECOND TUNE

*Madison*

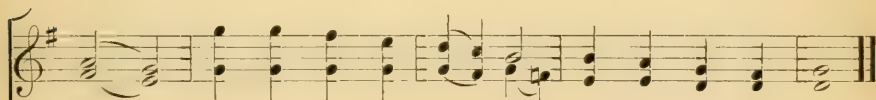
G. EDWARD STUBBS. 1889



1. Sav-iour, blessèd Sav - iour, Lis-ten while we sing; Hearts and voices



rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to



be, . . Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.



# Processionals

520

Rejoice, ye pure in heart

S. M.

REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865

*Marion*

A. H. MESSITER. 1883

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Re - joyce, ye pure in heart! Re - joyce, give thanks, and

sing! Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The

cross of Christ your King! Re - joyce, Re -

Re - joyce,

- joyce, Re - joyce, give thanks and sing.

Re - joyce,

# Processionals

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek:  
Raise high your free, exulting song!  
God's wondrous praises speak!  
Rejoice, &c.

3 With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints of earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth!  
Rejoice, &c.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud!  
Whilst answe'ring echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud.  
Rejoice, &c.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!  
Still chanting as ye go;  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.  
Rejoice, &c.

6 Still lift your standard high!  
Still march in firm array!  
As warriors through the darkness toil,  
Till dawns the golden day!  
Rejoice, &c.

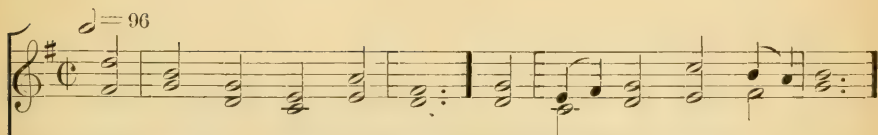
7 At last the march shall end;  
The wearied ones shall rest;  
The pilgrims find their Father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.  
Rejoice, &c.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart!  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King!  
Rejoice, &c.

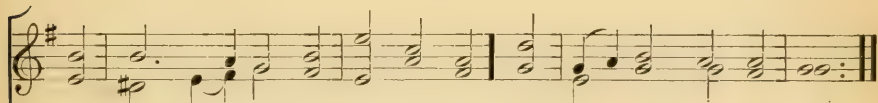
520

SECOND TUNE

*Day of Praise*  
DR. STEGGALL



1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!



Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!



# Processionals

521

Through the night of doubt and sorrow

8.7.

B. S. INGEMANN. 1825

"Igjennem Nat og Traengsel."

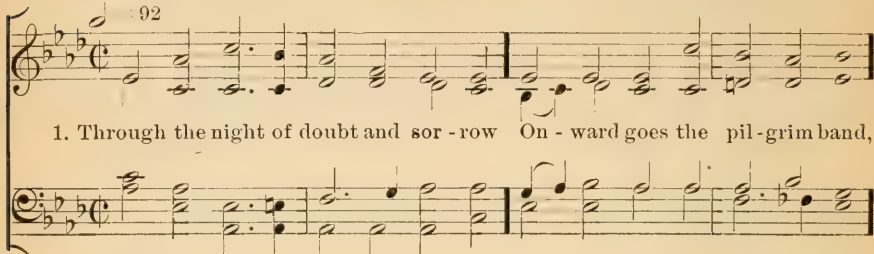
*Sanctuary*

BARING-GOULD. Tr.

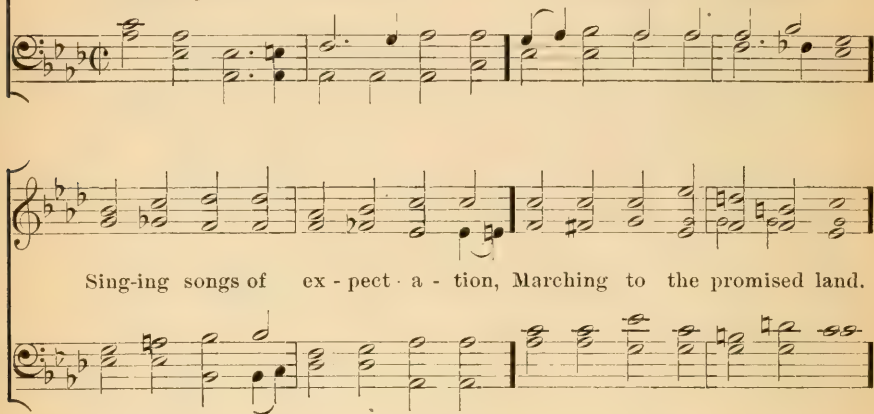
FIRST TUNE

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

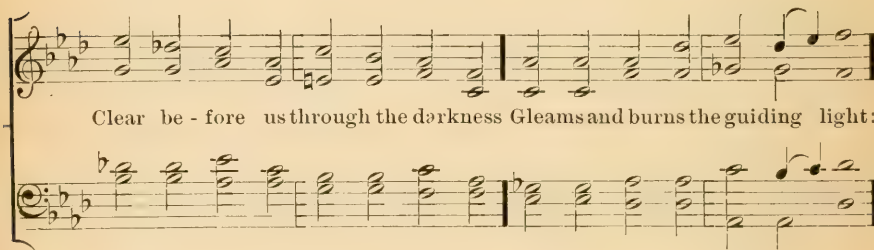
92



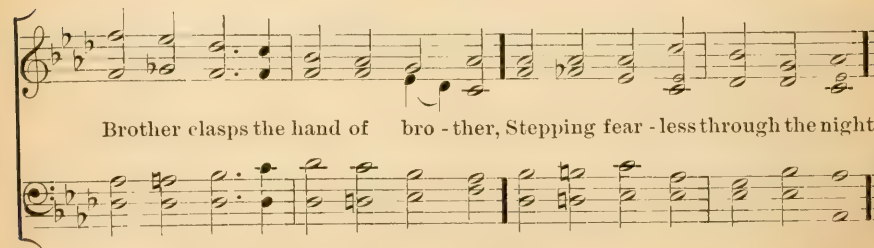
1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,



Sing-ing songs of ex-pect-a-tion, Marching to the promised land.



Clear be-fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light:



Brother clasps the hand of bro-ther, Stepping fear-less through the night.



# Processionals

2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Bright'ning all the path we tread:  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun:  
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers?  
Onward, with the Cross our aid!  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade!  
Soon shall come the great awaking;  
Soon the rending of the tomb:  
Then, the scatt'ring of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom!

521

SECOND TUNE

*St. Oswald*  
REV. J. B. DYKES 1861

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. { Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,  
Clear be-fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:

Sing - ing songs of ex - pect - a - tion, Marching to the promised land. }  
Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear-less through the night. }

# Processionals

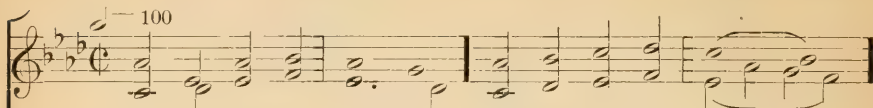
522

On our way rejoicing

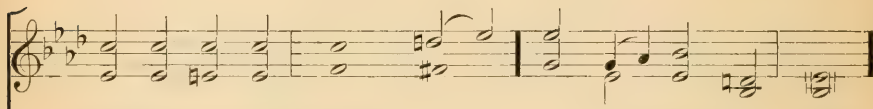
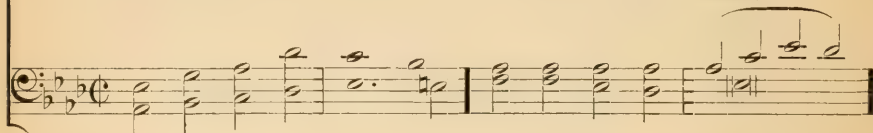
6.5.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

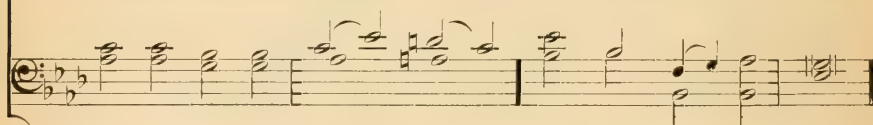
*New Year*  
DR. A. H. MANN. 1885



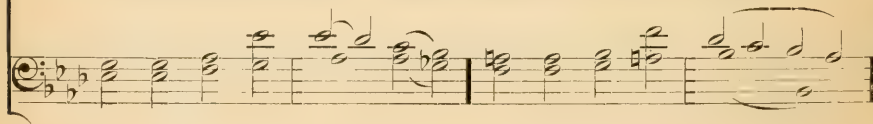
1. On our way re - joice - ing, As we homeward move, . . . .



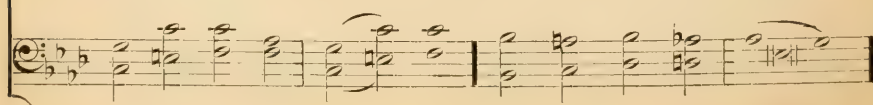
Hear-ken to our prais - es, . . O Thou God of love!



Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be! . . . .



Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee! . . .



# Processionals

On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move,

Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted  
 Love for God and man,  
 Day by day Thou find us  
 Doing what we can,  
 Thou Who giv'st the seed-time  
 Wilt give large increase,  
 Crown the head with blessings,  
 Fill the heart with peace.  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing  
 Gladly let us go;  
 Conquered hath our Leader!  
 Vanquished is our foe!  
 Christ without, our safety;  
 Christ within, our joy;  
 Who, if we be faithful,  
 Can our hope destroy?  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father  
 Joyful songs we sing;  
 Unto God the Saviour  
 Thankful hearts we bring;  
 Unto God the Spirit  
 Bow we and adore,  
 On our way rejoicing  
 Now and evermore!  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

# Processionals

523

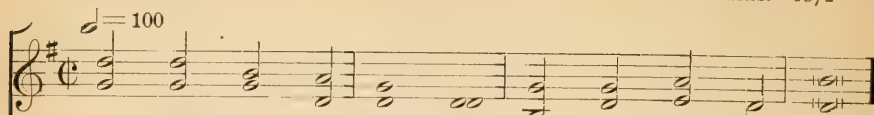
Forward! be our watchword

6.5.

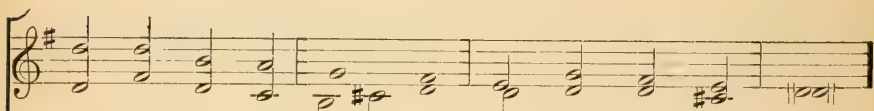
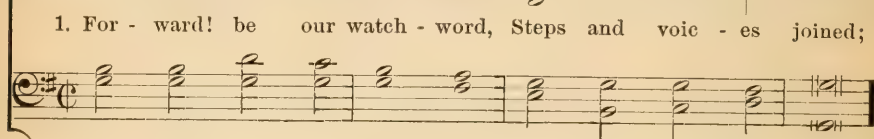
DEAN ALFORD. 1871

*St. Boniface*  
H. SMART. 1872

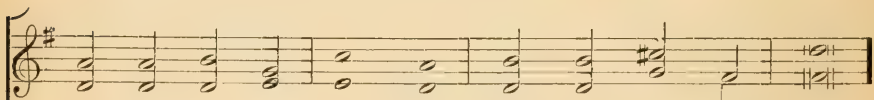
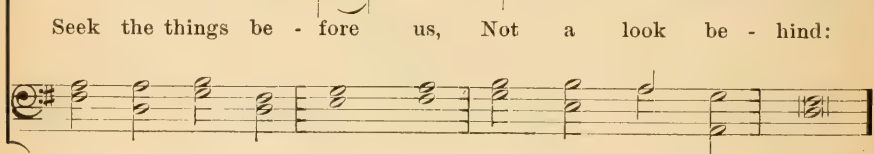
$\text{♩} = 100$



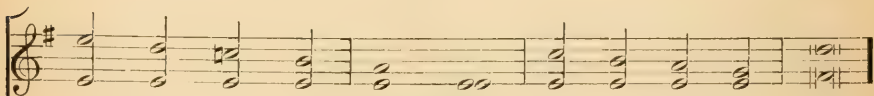
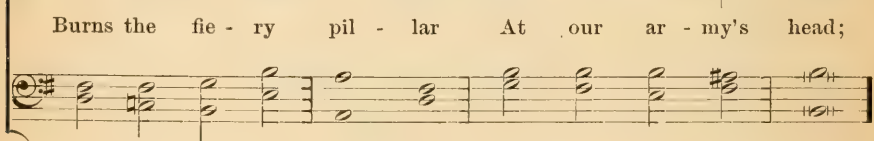
1. For - ward! be our watch - word, Steps and voic - es joined;



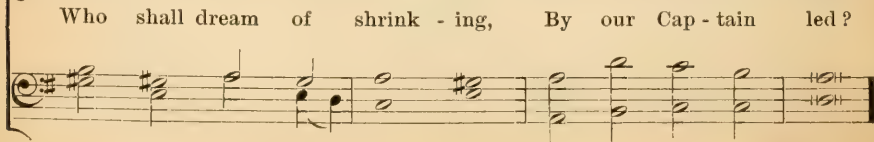
Seek the things be - fore us, Not a look be - hind:



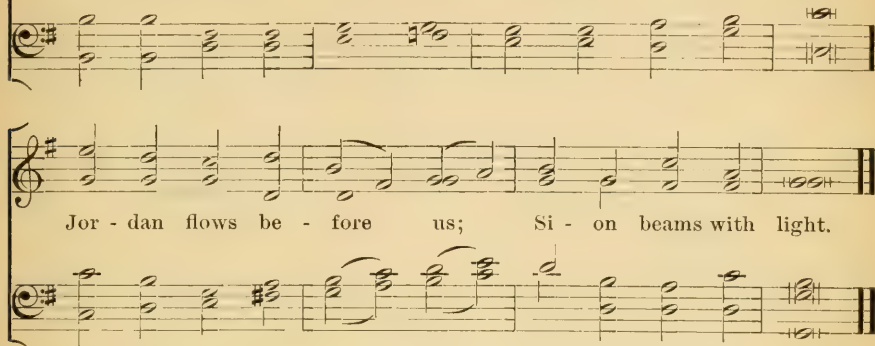
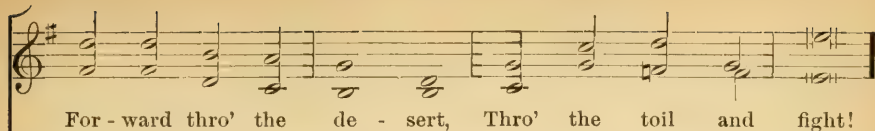
Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;



Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led?



# Processionals



## 2 Glories upon glories

Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward! marching eastward  
Where the heav'n is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

## 3 Far o'er yon horizon

Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold;

Flows the gladd'ning river  
Shedding joys untold.

Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might!  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light!

## 4 To th' eternal Father

Loudest anthems raise:

To the Son and Spirit

Echo songs of praise:

To the Lord of glory,

Blessèd Three in One,

Be by men and angels

Endless honor done.

Weak are earthly praises,

Dull the songs of night:

Forward into triumph!

Forward into light!

## *Also the following :*

311 Ancient of days.  
313 Lord of all being; throned afar.  
323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.  
365 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.  
367 Jesus, our risen King.  
368 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.  
374 Crown Him with many crowns.  
378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!  
382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
395 Those eternal bowers.  
396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.  
397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.  
400 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.  
403 O mother dear, Jerusalem.  
404 I heard a sound of voices.  
407 For thee, O dear, dear country.  
408 Jerusalem the golden.  
420 Jesu, still lead on.

424 O Light, Whose beams illumine all.  
444 O Saviour, precious Saviour.  
445 When morning gilds the skies.  
446 Shepherd of tender youth.  
448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
453 Praise to the Holiest in the height.  
454 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.  
455 O God of God! O Light of Light!  
458 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.  
459 Oh, worship the King.  
460 The God of Abraham praise.  
482 In loud exalted strains.  
483 Christ is made the sure foundation.  
484 We love the place, O God.  
489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.  
490 Glorious things of thee are spoken.  
491 The Church's one foundation.  
496 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.  
507 The Son of God goes forth to war.  
510 Go forward, Christian soldier.  
511 O happy band of pilgrims.  
579 O brothers, lift your voices.



# VIII. LITANIES

## LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST

524

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove

7.7.7.6.

REV. R. F. LITTEDALE. 1867

*Litany 3*  
DR. TURPIN. 1875

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, hea - v'nly Dove, Dew descend - ing from a - bove,

Breath of life, and fire of love; Hear us, Ho - ly Spi - rit.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,<br/>Wisdom, godliness sincere,<br/>Understanding, counsel, fear;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,<br/>Patience, pureness, faith's increase,<br/>Hope and joy that cannot cease;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>4 Spirit guiding us aright,<br/>Spirit making darkness light,<br/>Spirit of resistless might;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore<br/>Him Whom heav'n and earth adore,<br/>Sent our nature to restore;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>6 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,<br/>Gave to cheer and help His own,<br/>That they might not be alone;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,<br/>Showing her God's perfect will,<br/>Making Jesus present still;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>8 Coming with Thy pow'r to save,<br/>Moving on baptismal wave,<br/>Raising us from sin's dark grave;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed<br/>With the true and living Bread,</p> | <p>Even Him Who for us bled;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>10 All Thy sev'nfold gifts bestow,<br/>Gifts of wisdom God to know,<br/>Gifts of strength to meet the foe;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>11 All our evil passions kill,<br/>Bend aright our stubborn will,<br/>Though we grieve Thee, patient still;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>12 Come to raise us when we fall,<br/>And, when snares our souls enthrall,<br/>Lead us back with gentle call;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>13 Come to strengthen all the weak,<br/>Give Thy courage to the meek,<br/>Teach our falt'ring tongues to speak;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>14 Come to aid the souls who yearn<br/>More of truth divine to learn,<br/>And with deeper love to burn;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>15 Keep us in the narrow way,<br/>Warn us when we go astray,<br/>Plead within us when we pray;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> <p>16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,<br/>Come, and live within our heart;<br/>Never more from us depart;<br/>Hear us, Holy Spirit.</p> |
|--|---|

# Litanies

## LITANY OF THE CHURCH

525

Jesu, with Thy Church abide

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1875

*Litany 4*  
DR. TURPIN. 1875

92

1. Je - su, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav-iour, Lord, and Guide,

While on earth her faith is tried: We be - seech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
Help her, patient to endure,  
Trusting in Thy promise sure:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Be Thou with her all the days,  
May she, safe from error's ways,  
Toil for Thine eternal praise:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May her voice be ever clear,  
Warning of a judgment near,  
Telling of a Saviour dear:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 All her fettered pow'rs release,  
Bid our strife and envy cease,  
Grant the heav'nly gift of peace:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she one in doctrine be,  
One in truth and charity,  
Winning all to faith in Thee:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May she guide the poor and blind,  
Seek the lost until she find,  
And the broken-hearted bind:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Save her love from growing cold,  
Make her watchmen strong and bold,  
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her priests Thy people feed,  
Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Judge her not for work undone,  
Judge her not for fields unwon,

Bless her works in Thee begun:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 For the past give deeper shame,  
Make her jealous for Thy Name,  
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Raise her to her calling high,  
Let the nations far and nigh  
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May her lamp of truth be bright,  
Bid her bear aloft its light  
Through the realms of heathen night:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May her scattered children be  
From reproach of evil free,  
Blameless witnesses for Thee:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,  
Brave to suffer toil or loss,  
Counting earthly gain but dross:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May she holy triumphs win,  
Overthrow the hosts of sin,  
Gather all the nations in:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 May she soon all glorious be,  
Spotless and from wrinkle free,  
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Fit her all Thy joy to share  
In the home Thou dost prepare,  
And be ever blessed there:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

# Litanies

## LITANY FOR CHILDREN

526

Jesu, from Thy throne on high

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1870

*Litany 5*  
E. A. SYDENHAM. 1880

96

1. Je - su, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,  
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.

2 Little children need not fear,  
When they know that Thou art near:  
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,  
Little lips Thy love may tell,  
Little hymns Thy praises swell:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little lives may be divine,  
Little deeds of love may shine,  
Little ones be wholly Thine:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, once an infant small,  
Cradled in the oxen's stall,  
Though the God and Lord of all:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Once a child so good and fair,  
Feeling want, and toil, and care,  
All that we may have to bear:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,  
And it is Thy holy will  
That we should be safe from ill:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Be Thou with us ev'ry day,  
In our work and in our play,  
When we learn and when we pray:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 When we lie asleep at night,  
Ever may Thy angels bright  
Keep us safe till morning light:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Make us brave without a fear,  
Make us happy, full of cheer,  
Sure that Thou art always near:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 May we prize our Christian name,  
May we guard it free from blame,  
Fearing all that causes shame:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 May we grow from day to day,  
Glad to learn each holy way,  
Ever ready to obey:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we ever try to be  
From all sinful tempers free,  
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

# Litanies

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
May our words be true and mild  
Make us each a holy child:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 Jesu, from Thy heav'nly throne  
Watching o'er each little one,  
Till our life on earth is done:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 Jesu, Son of God most high,  
Who didst in a manger lie,  
Who upon the cross didst die:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see  
Calling us in heav'n to be  
Happy evermore with Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE

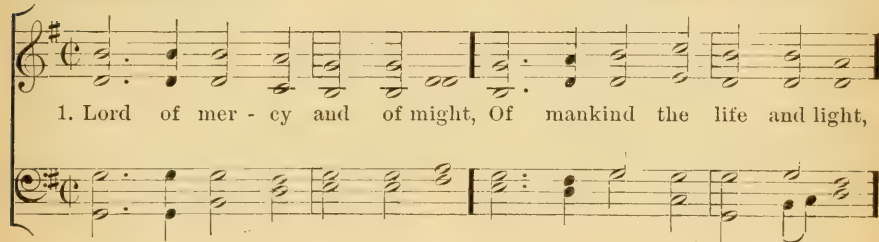
527

Lord of mercy and of might

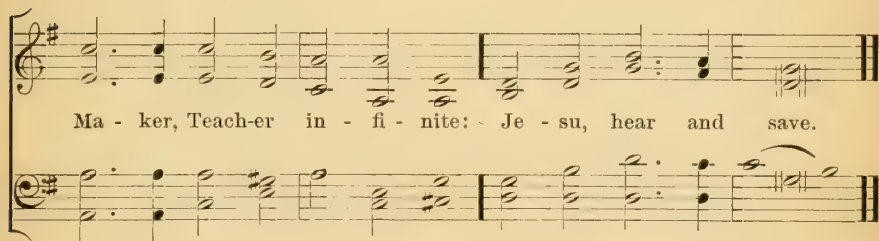
7.7.7.5.

BISHOP HEBER. 1827

*Litany 6*  
W. S. HOYTE. 1875



1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,



Ma - ker, Teach - er in - fi - nite: - Je - su, hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:  
Jesu, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings:  
Jesu, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then:  
Jesu, hear and save.

# Litanies

## LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE

528

God the Father, God the Son

7.7.7.6.

REV. R. F. LITLEDALE. 1867

Litany 7  
F. CLAY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spi-rit, Three in One,

*small notes for 1st stanza only.*

Hear us from Thy heav'nly throne: Spare us, Ho-ly Trin-i-ty.

2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,  
Camest here, an outcast lone,  
That Thou mightest save Thine own:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,  
Who with loving words didst greet  
Mary weeping at Thy feet:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide  
Peter when he thrice denied,  
Till with bitter tears he cried:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Thou Who hanging on the tree  
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be  
To-day in Paradise with Me:"  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,  
And for man's transgressions bruised,  
Sinless, yet of sin accused:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,  
Dying there in bitter pain,  
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,  
Comforter of them that weep,  
Hear us crying from the deep:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 That in Thy pure innocence  
We may wash our souls' offense,  
And find truest penitence:  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

10 That we give to sin no place,  
That we never quench Thy grace,  
That we ever seek Thy face:  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

11 That denying evil lust,  
Living godly, meek, and just,  
In Thee only we may trust:  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

12 That to sin forever dead,  
We may live to Thee instead,  
And the narrow pathway tread:  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

13 When shall end the battle sore,  
When our pilgrimage is o'er,  
Grant Thy peace for evermore:  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.



# Litanies

## LITANY OF PENITENCE

529

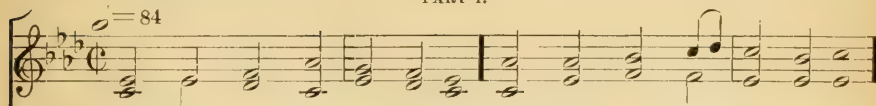
Father, hear Thy children's call

7.7.7.6.

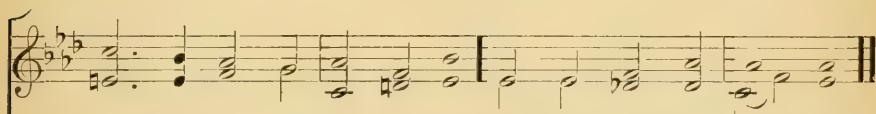
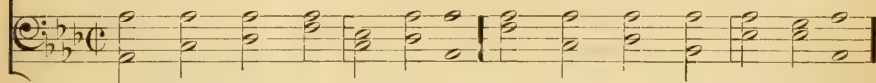
REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1875

PART I.

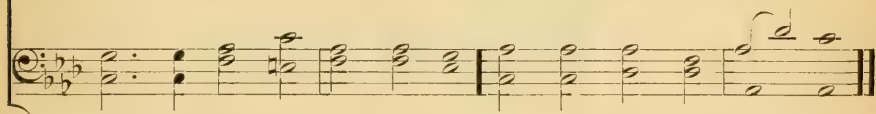
*Litany 8*  
DR. TURPIN. 1875



1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,



Pro - di - gals, con-fess - ing all; We be - seech Thee, hear us.



2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame  
All our life of sin and shame;  
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,  
Into paths of sin have strayed,  
And repentance have delayed:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,  
Oft forgotten and defied,  
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,  
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,  
Evil, long to be made pure:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love, that caused us first to be,  
Love, that bled upon the tree,  
Love, that draws us lovingly:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,  
Bound, we pray to be made free,  
Stained, we pray for sanctity:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,  
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
Willing not that one should die:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

# Litanies

## LITANY OF PENITENCE

529

PART II

*Litany 9*  
DR. TURPIN. 1875

9. By the gracious sav - ing call, Spo - ken ten - der - ly to all

Who have shared in A - dam's fall, We be - seech Thee, hear us.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,  
By the stripes and death He bore,  
By His life for evermore,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,  
Pitying our sore distress,  
Leading us to holiness,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,  
Patient still to suffer wrong  
And our day of grace prolong,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within.  
Calling us to flee from sin,  
And the joy of goodness win,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
By the heav'n Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

# Litanies

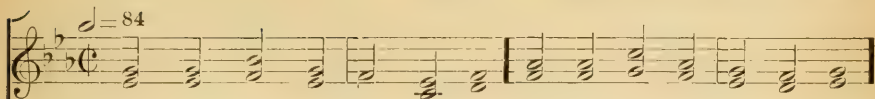
## LITANY OF PENITENCE

529

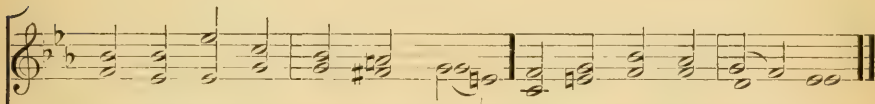
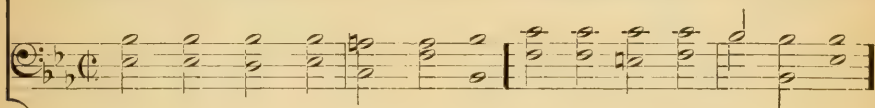
*Litany 10*

PART III

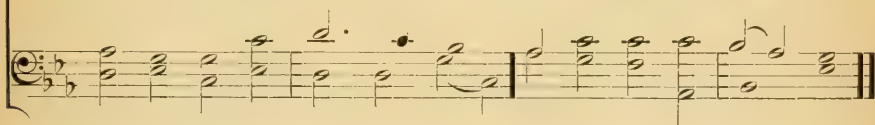
REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1874



15. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov-ing sor-row torn



Tru-ly con-trite we may mourn: We be-seech Thee, hear us.



16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,  
Help us to resist the foe,  
Fearing what alone is woe:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,  
And to strain with eager eyes  
Towards the promised heav'nly prize:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,  
May we gladly suffer pain,  
If it purge away our stain:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,  
Love to live for Thee alone,  
And the power of grace make known:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,  
Fleshly longings crucify,  
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 All our weak endeavors bless,  
As we ever onward press,  
Till we perfect holiness:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,  
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
And through trial persevere:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
Till at last Thy face we see,  
Crowned with Thine own purity:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

# Litanies

## THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.

530

Jesu, in Thy dying woes

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1874

*Litany II*  
W. H. MONK. 1889

$\text{♩} = 63$ . *The seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in unison, thus:*

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.  
To-day shalt thou be with Me in Par - a - dise.  
Woman, be - - - - - hold thy Son.  
Be - - - - - hold thy mo - - - ther!  
My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me?  
I thirst.  
It is fin - ish - ed.  
Father, into Thy hands I com - - - mend My spi - - - rit.

*mp* *dim.* *pp*

### THE LITANY. $\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - su, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,  
Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.

#### PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, XXIII. 34.

1 Jesu, in Thy dying woes,  
Even while Thy life-blood flows,  
Craving pardon for Thy foes:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
For we know not what we do:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,  
Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
When with wrong our spirits bleed:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

# Litanies

## PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."  
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 43.

- 1 Jesu, pitying the sighs  
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,  
Promising him Paradise:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 May we, in our guilt and shame,  
Still Thy love and mercy claim,  
Calling humbly on Thy Name:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Oh, remember us who pine,  
Looking from our cross to Thine;  
Cheer our souls with hope divine:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART III.

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!"  
ST. JOHN, xix. 26, 27.

- 1 Jesu, loving to the end  
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
And Thy dearest human friend,  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 May we in Thy sorrows share,  
And for Thee all peril dare,  
And enjoy Thy tender care:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART IV.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"  
ST. MATT. xxvii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone,  
While no light from heav'n is shown:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When we vainly seem to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
Tell our faith that God is near:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART V.

"I thirst."—ST. JOHN, xix. 28.

- 1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Thirst for us in mercy still;  
All Thy holy work fulfill:  
Satisfy Thy loving will:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May we thirst Thy love to know;  
Lead us in our sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VI.

"It is finished."—ST. JOHN, xix. 30.

- 1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,  
All Thy Father's will obeyed,  
By Thy suff'rings perfect made:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VII.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."  
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past,  
Yielding up Thy soul at last:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When the death shades round us lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.



# IX. APPENDIX

## for Children

531

Jesus, King of glory

6.5.

W. H. DAVISON. 1887

*St. Alban*  
From HAYDN. 1775

*f*  $\text{♩} = 96$

1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,

Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;

By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win.

# For Children

*f*  
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,

Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

2 On this day of gladness,  
 Bending low the knee  
 In Thine earthly temple,  
 Lord, we worship Thee;  
 Celebrate Thy goodness,  
 Mercy, grace, and truth,  
 All Thy loving guidance  
 Of our heedless youth.  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Throned above the sky,  
 Jesus, tender Saviour,  
 Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children,  
 Who have come to Thee;  
 For the glad, bright spirits  
 Who Thy glory see;  
 For the loved ones resting  
 In Thy dear embrace;  
 For the pure and holy  
 Who behold Thy face,  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Throned above the sky,  
 Jesus, tender Saviour,  
 Hear our grateful cry.

4 For Thy faithful servants  
 Who have entered in;  
 For Thy fearless soldiers  
 Who have conquered sin;  
 For the countless legions  
 Who have followed Thee,  
 Heedless of the danger,  
 On to victory;  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Throned above the sky,  
 Jesus, tender Saviour,  
 Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,  
 Show us, Lord, Thy way;  
 Through the darkness lead us  
 To the heav'nly day.  
 When our course is finished,  
 Ended all the strife,  
 Grant us with the faithful,  
 Palms and crowns of life.  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Throned above the sky,  
 Jesus, tender Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children cry.

# For Children

532

With gladsome hearts we come

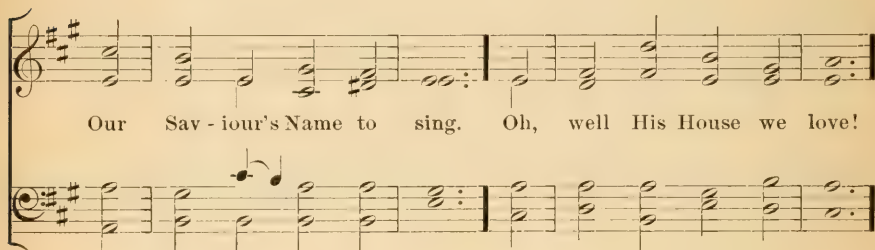
6s.

LILY MACLEOD

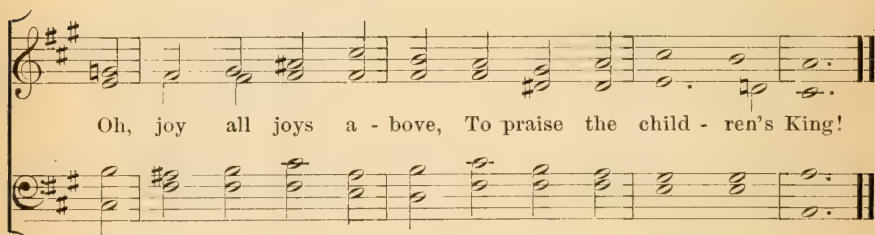
*Fern*  
A. H. MESSITER. 1890



1. With glad-some hearts we come With - in our ho - ly home,



Our Sav - iour's Name to sing. Oh, well His House we love!



Oh, joy all joys a - bove, To praise the child - ren's King!

2 The angels sing on high  
Thy glory through the sky,  
And then to earth they wing;  
To guard us while we sleep,  
And, as their watch they keep,  
To praise the children's King.

3 Oh, may we, while we live,  
Such willing service give,  
A holy offering!  
And still Thy glory show  
By deeds of love below,  
To praise the children's King.

4 And may our hearts aspire  
To join the heav'nly choir,  
Whose strains forever ring;  
And learn on earth their hymn,  
The song of seraphim,  
To praise the children's King.

5 O Light of Light, to Thee  
Let earth and sky and sea  
Eternal homage bring;  
And grant us through Thy love,  
Before Thy throne above,  
To praise the children's King.

# For Children

533

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour

7.6.

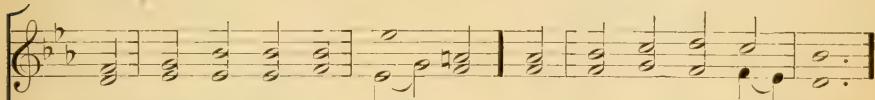
*Lausanne*

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1872

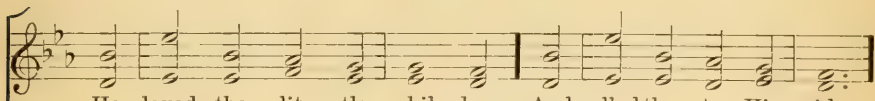
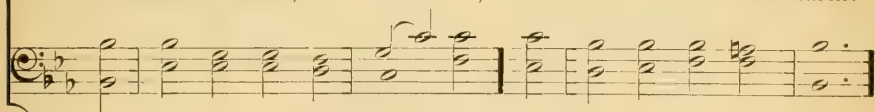
$\text{♩} = 88$



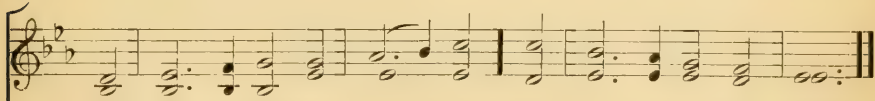
1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth!



Give thanks to Him, O child - ren, Who lived a child on earth!



He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to His side,



His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died.



- 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee  
With songs of holy joy;  
For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
A pure and spotless boy.  
Make us like Thee, obedient,  
Like Thee from sin-stains free,  
Like Thee in God's own temple,  
In lowly home like Thee.
- 3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,  
The lowly maiden's son:  
In Thee all gentlest graces  
Are gathered into one.

Oh, give that best adornment  
That Christian child can wear,  
The meek and quiet spirit  
Which shone in Thee so fair!

- 4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
We sing our songs of praise;  
Be Thou the light and pattern  
Of all our childhood's days;  
And lead us ever onward,  
That while we stay below,  
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,  
In grace and wisdom grow.

# For Children

534

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me

8.7.

MARY DUNCAN. 1839

*Stuttgart*  
GERMAN. 1715

84

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;

Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;  
Listen to my ev'ning prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well:  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

535

Now the day is over

6.5.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1865

FIRST TUNE

*Ward*  
W. H. AYLRARD. 1869

84

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing night;



# For Children

Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky;

This musical score is for the song 'Shadows of the evening'. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are 'Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky;'.

2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tend'rest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort ev'ry suff'rer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

535

SECOND TUNE

*Merrial*

J. BARNEY. 1868

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

This musical score is for the song 'Now the day is over'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C) and a quarter note equal to 84 (♩ = 84). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are '1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;'.

Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky;

This musical score is for the song 'Shadows of the evening'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky;'.

# for Children

536

We come, Lord, to Thy feet

S. M.

ANON. 1850

*Vespertine*

H. SMART. 1877

= 84

1. We come, Lord, to Thy feet On this Thy ho - ly day:

Oh, come to us, while here we meet To learn, and praise, and pray!

2 Our many sins forgive;  
The Holy Spirit send;  
And teach us to begin to live  
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love;  
Our teachers' labors own;  
That we and they may meet above,  
To sing before Thy throne.

537

Glory to the blessed Jesus

8.5.7.5.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Belling*

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

= 92

1. Glo - ry to the bless - ed Je - sus! Who for us was born,

In the sta - ble, cold and poor, On glad Christmas morn.

# For Children

- 2 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who was crucified  
On Good Friday for our sins:  
Loving us He died.
- 3 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who for sinners lay  
In the tomb, and rose upon  
Happy Easter day.
- 4 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
He, Who is our Way,

Went up in a cloud to heaven,  
On Ascension day.

- 5 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
Who, at Whitsuntide,  
Sent His Holy Spirit down,  
With us to abide.

- 6 Glory to the blessed Jesus!  
We will praise His love,  
All our days on earth below,  
And for aye above.

538

All my heart this night rejoices

8.3.3.6.

P. GERHARDT. 1656  
WINKWORTH. Tr.

Bonn  
J. G. EBELING. 1666

$\text{♩} = 58$

1. All my heart this night re-joice-s, As I hear, Far and near,

Sweetest an-gel voice-s; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing,

Till the air Ev-'ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing.

- 2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet,  
Doth entreat,  
"Flee from woe and danger!  
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,  
You are freed;  
All you need  
I will surely give you."

- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!  
Here let all,  
Great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder!

Love Him Who with love is yearning!  
Hail the Star,  
That from far  
Bright with hope is burning!

- 4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,  
Live to Thee,  
And with Thee  
Dying, shall not perish;  
But shall dwell with Thee forever,  
Far on high,  
In the joy  
That can alter never.

# For Children

539

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day

8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4.

W. C. DIX. 1865

*Gaudete*  
S. SMITH. 1874

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The roy - al Child is born;

And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.

Re - joice, Re - joice! Th' in - car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;

Rejoice, re - joice! Th' incarnate Word

No sweet - er sound than this is heard, Em - man - u - el!

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,  
We wonder and adore;  
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,  
No joy was sweet before.  
Rejoice, etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms  
Before the manger shrine,  
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,  
We see Thee, Babe divine.  
Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,  
Shine on us, Holy Child;  
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,  
With service undefiled.  
Rejoice, etc.

# For Children

540

Once in royal David's city

8.7.8.7.7.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1848

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1856

*Irby*

♩ = 84

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as 84 beats per minute. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed;  
Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous child-  
He would honor and obey, [hood,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us he knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heav'n above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.



# For Children

541

Now a new year opens

6.5.

REV. S. C. CLARKE, 1881

*The Bourne*  
M. A. S. 1881

96

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn  
To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons fresh to learn.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a simple melody with chords. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line to the second line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

2 This the holy lesson  
On the year's first day;  
Jesus by obedience  
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,  
Tokens Thou dost give;  
By Thy wounds Thou healest;  
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,  
Jesus, didst Thou come,  
But to leave us way-marks  
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps  
Ever may we tread;  
Safe when keeping near Thee,  
By Thy Spirit led.

542

Saw you never, in the twilight

8.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER, 1853

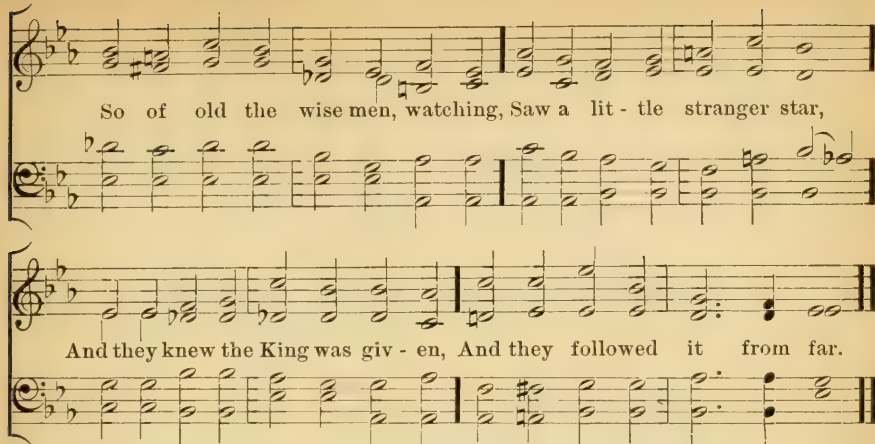
*St Hilda*  
J. BARNBY, 1861

92

1. Saw you nev - er, in the twilight, When the sun had left the skies,  
Up in heav'n the clear stars shining Through the gloom, like sil - ver eyes ?

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a simple melody with chords. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line to the second line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

# For Children



So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle stranger star,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the holy Child?  
How they opened all their treasure,  
Kneeling to that infant King;  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby  
Was the bright and morning Star?  
He Who came to light the Gentiles,  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And, we too, may seek His cradle;  
There our heart's best treasures bring;  
Love, and faith, and true devotion,  
For our Saviour, God, and King.

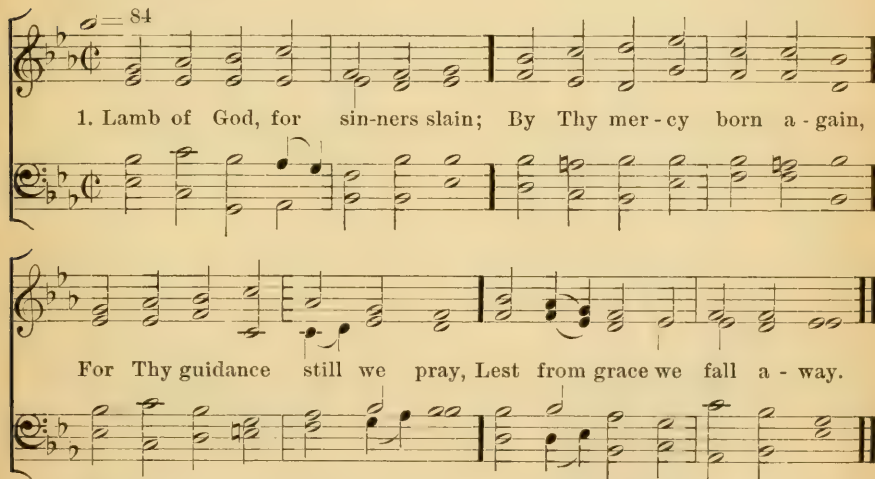
543

Lamb of God, for sinners slain

7s.

BISHOP WOODFORD.

*Whitchall*  
O. GIEBONS. 1620



1. Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain; By Thy mer - cy born a - gain,

For Thy guidance still we pray, Lest from grace we fall a - way.

2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the Water and the Blood,  
Washed and sanctified to Thee,  
Holy may we ever be.

3 Aid us with Thy daily grace  
Steadfastly to run our race;

Grant us vict'ry in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.

4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,  
God, Who gavest us new birth;  
Praise from all the heav'nly host;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# For Children

544

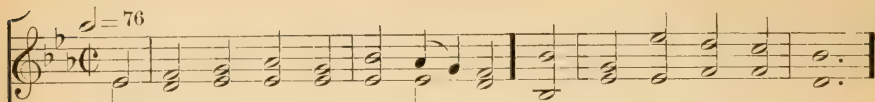
There is a green hill far away

C. M.

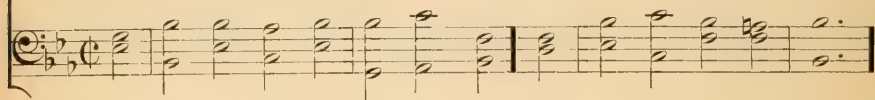
*Horsley 1*

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1848

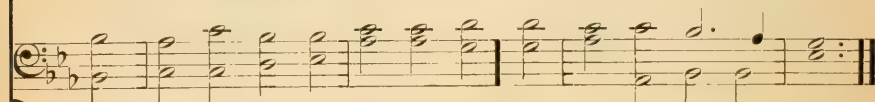
W. HORSLEY. 1828



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,



Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heav'n, and let us in.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

545

Golden harps are sounding

6.5.

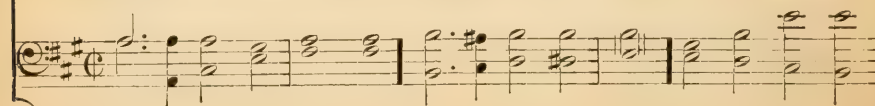
*Hermas*

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871

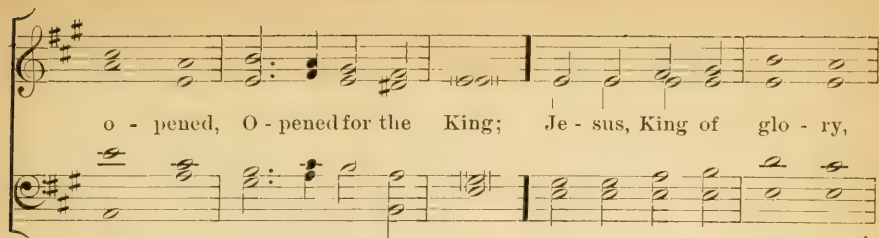
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871



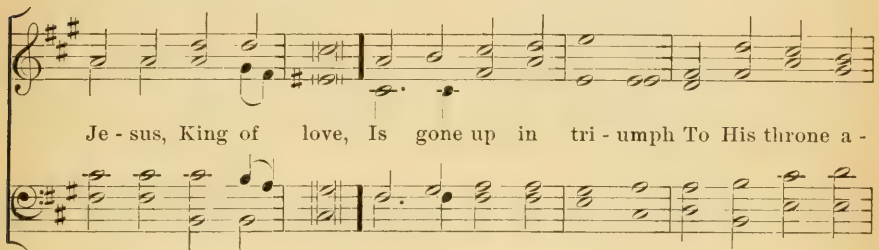
1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic - es sing, Pearly gates are



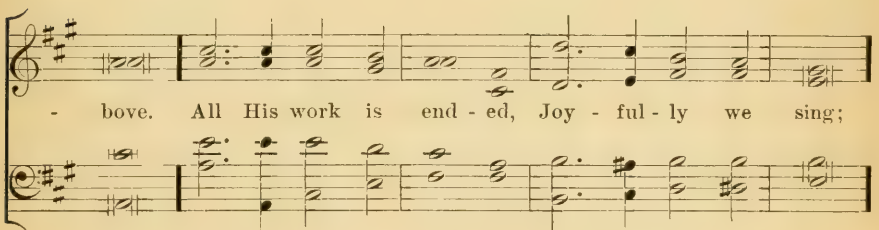
# For Children



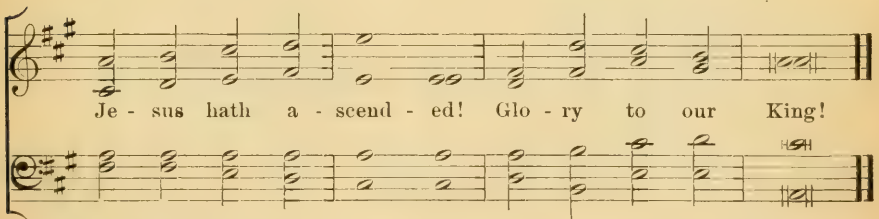
o - pened, O - pened for the King; Je - sus, King of glo - ry,



Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a -



- bove. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;



Je - sus hath a - scend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,  
He Who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory,  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Is gone up on high!  
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children  
In that blessèd place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work, etc.

# For Children

546

Great Creator, Lord of all

7.7.5.7.7.5.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1876

*San Remo*  
E. W. BARBER. 1880

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Great Cre-a - tor, Lord of all, Fa - ther, Friend, on Thee we call;

Hear Thy children's prayer. Guide us, rule us, as is best, With Thy lov-ing

fa - vor blest, Till we reach Thy home of rest, And are with Thee there.

2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,  
Who dost plead Thy death on high,  
And our place prepare;  
From sin's bondage set us free,  
Lead us onward after Thee,  
Till with joy Thy face we see,  
And Thy likeness wear.

3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,  
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,  
Fallen souls restore;

Guide our spirits when we pray,  
Cheer us, help us on our way,  
Make us holier day by day,  
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever blessed Three in One,  
May Thy will in us be done,  
Show in us Thy love;  
Keep us Thine while here below,  
Make us in Thy grace to grow,  
And at last Thy glory know  
In the world above.

547

Glory to the Father give

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

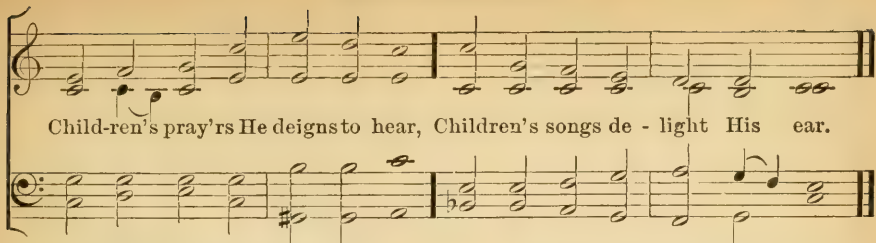
*Elm*  
J. B. CALKIN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in Whom we move and live;



# For Children



2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!  
Be this day a Pentecost;

Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

548

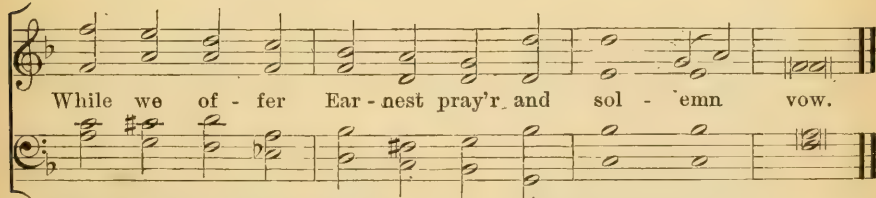
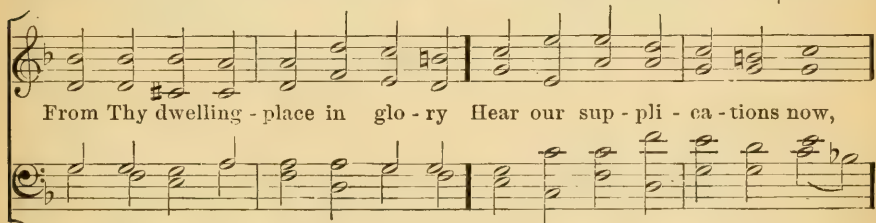
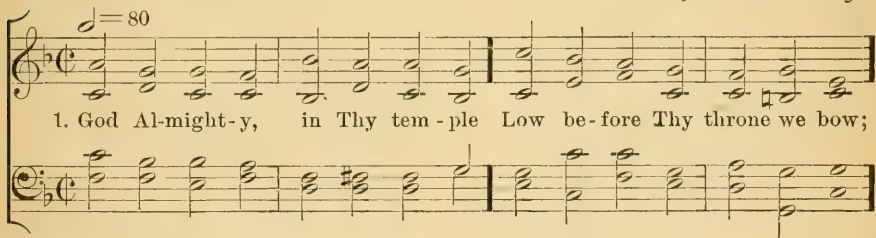
God Almighty, in Thy temple

8.7.8.7.4.7.

*Eton College*

SIR J. BARNBY. 1885

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1880



2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest  
For the youngest of Thy fold,  
Give us now Thy heav'nly blessing,  
As Thou didst in days of old;  
Priceless treasure,  
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;  
Ever dwell our hearts within;  
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,

Give us grace to conquer sin,  
And, through Jesus,  
Heav'n's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us  
In a world with evil rife;  
Let Thine angel-guards surround us  
In each sore and bitter strife:  
Oh, preserve us  
Unto everlasting life!

MRS. MITCHELL. 1881

Scartha  
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS. 1874

80

1. King of glo - ry! Sav - iour dear! Grant us grace to per - se - vere:  
Lead - er of the hosts of God, May we tread where Thou hast trod!

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,  
Many a faithful martyr died:  
How can we, Thy children, show  
All our love, for all Thy woe?

3 They for Thee faced axe and wheel,  
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel:  
Like them, may we suffer shame,  
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name;

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord  
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;  
Curbing angry speech and tear,  
Strong in Thee to persevere.

5 Persevere! Thy yoke is light.  
Persevere! Thy crown is bright.  
Persevere, and we shall sing  
In the palace of our King!

AMERICAN. 1847

Europa  
M. A. S. 1881

84

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'n - ing ear; . . .  
When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.

# For Children

2 Though Thou art so holy,  
Heav'n's almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen,  
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heav'nly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;  
Watch us day by day;  
Help us now to love Thee;  
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us  
To our heav'nly home,  
We shall gladly answer,  
Saviour, Lord, we come.

551

God of mercy, throned on high

7s.

H. NEELE. 1829

*Whitehall*  
O. GIBBONS. 1620

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. God of mer - cy, throned on high, Lis - ten from Thy loft - y seat;

Hear, oh, hear our low - ly cry! Guide, oh, guide our wand'ring feet!

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The tempo is marked as 84 beats per minute.

2 Young and erring trav'lers, we  
All our dangers do not know;  
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,  
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;  
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4 When perplexed in dangers' snare,  
Thou alone our guide canst be;  
When oppressed with deepest care,  
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
Ask Thy counsel ev'ry day:  
Saints and angels will rejoice,  
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on ev'ry soul;  
Hope, till time shall be no more;  
Love, while endless ages roll.

# For Children

552

## Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep

7s.

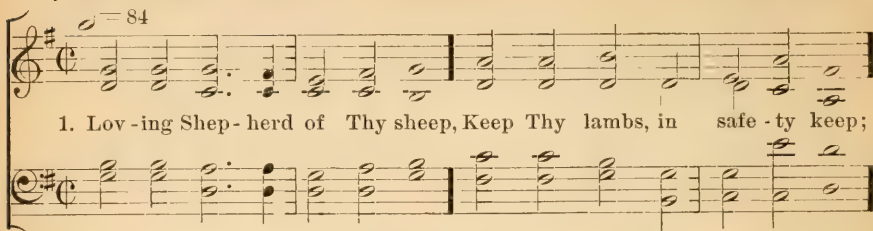
JANE E. LEESON. 1842

FIRST TUNE

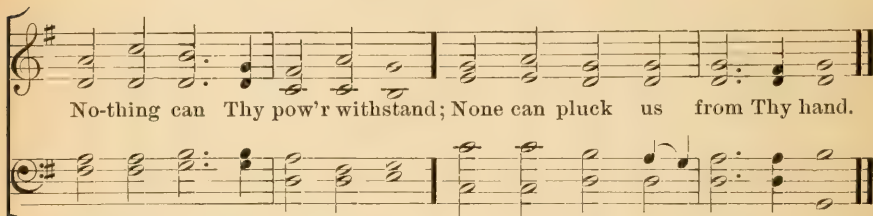
*St. Bees*

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;



No - thing can Thy pow'r withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 We would praise Thee ev'ry day,  
Gladly all Thy will obey,  
Like Thy blessed ones above  
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not our steps to stray  
From the strait and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest we would go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
Till before our Father's throne  
We shall know as we are known.

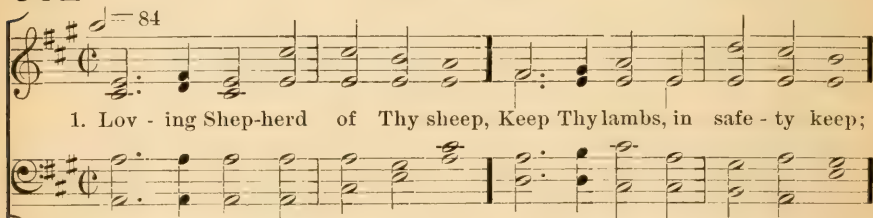
552

SECOND TUNE

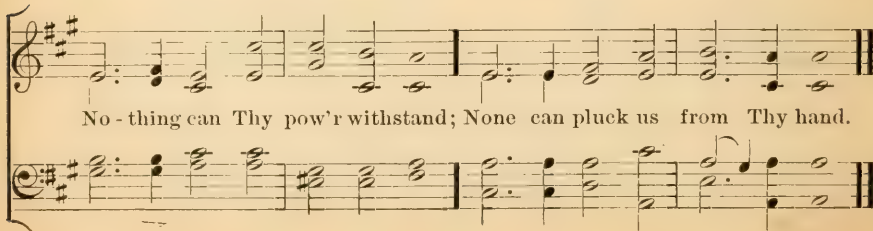
*Pilgrimage*

SIR R. P. STEWART

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;



No - thing can Thy pow'r withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.

A. MIDLANE. 1860

*In memoriam*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1875

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue  
sky, A friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er  
die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing  
years, This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessèd Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where ev'ry little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
For ev'ry one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone:  
Lord, grant Thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.



# For Children

554

Come, Christian children, come and raise

C. M.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP 1830

*Solo*  
SIR J. BARNEY

$\text{♩} = 112$

1. Come, Christian children, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,  
And loudest praises give  
To Him Who left His throne above,  
And died that you might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,  
Who with His own right arm  
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
And shields from ev'ry harm.

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,  
And read in ev'ry page  
The promise made to earliest youth,  
Fulfilled to latest age.

5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,  
Who made and keeps you His,  
And guides you to th' appointed place  
At His right hand in bliss.

555

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd

8.7.

JANE E. LEESON. 1842

REV. J. KEBLE. 1857

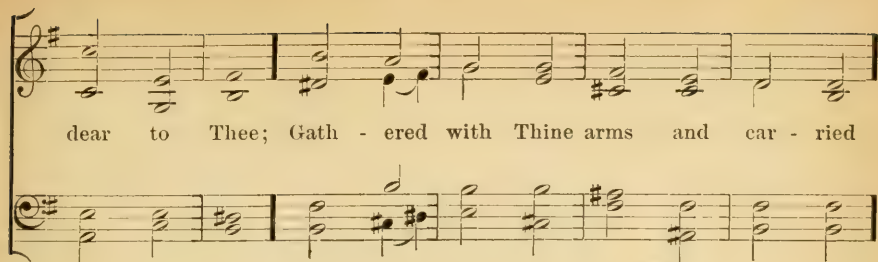
*Blagdon*

C. E. STEPHENS. 1885

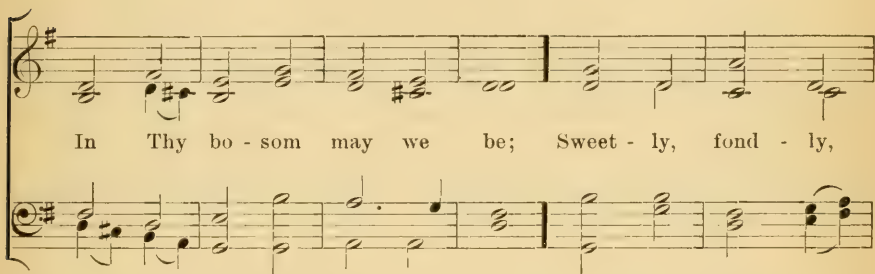
$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Child - ren all are

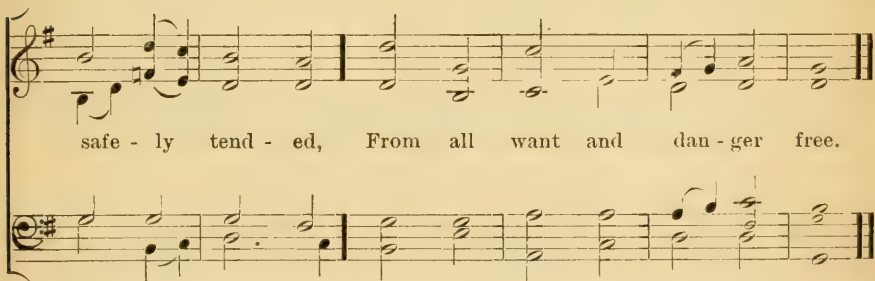
# For Children



dear to Thee; Gath - ered with Thine arms and car - ried



In Thy bo - som may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly,



safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From Thy fold to go astray;  
By Thy look of love directed  
May we walk the narrow way;  
Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,  
In the stream Thy love supplied,  
Mingled stream of blood and water,  
Flowing from Thy wounded side;  
And to heav'nly pastures lead us,  
Where Thy own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;  
Guide us daily by its light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right;  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Strengthened with Thy heav'nly might.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,  
May we our thank-off'rings bring;  
Then with all the saints in glory  
Join to praise our Lord and King.

# for Children

556

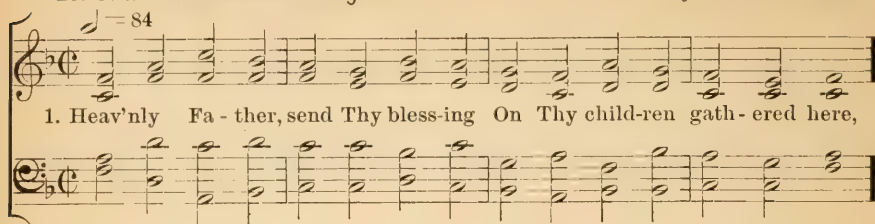
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing

8.7.

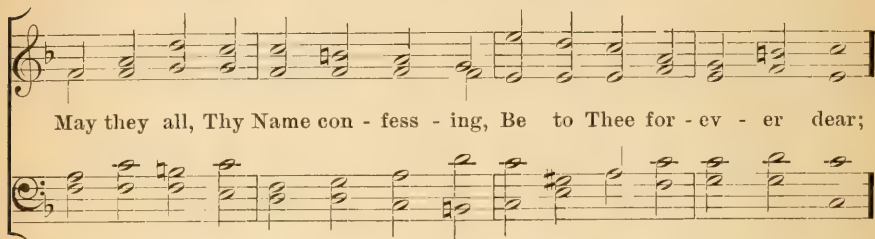
BP. CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1863

*Iona*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1868

$\text{♩} = 84$

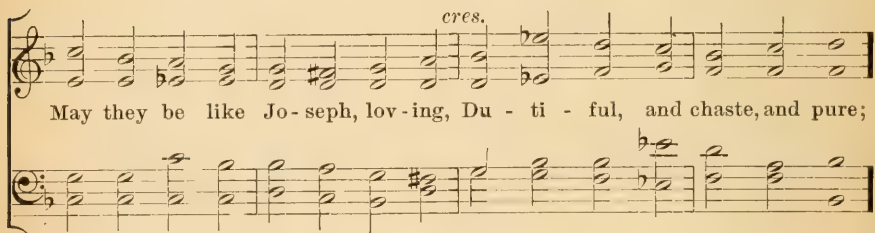


1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy child - ren gath - ered here,



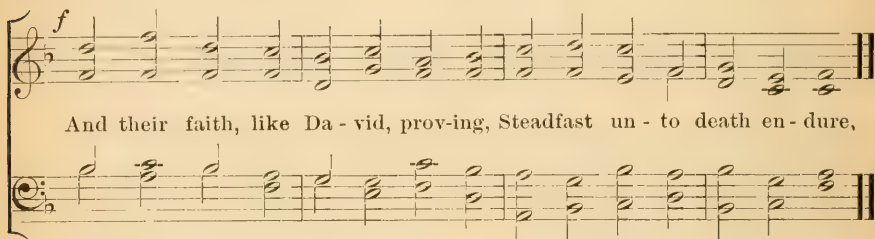
May they all, Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

*cres.*



May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

*f*



And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Steadfast un - to death en - dure,

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
Guide their steps and help their weakness  
Bless and make them like to Thee.  
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest,

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
Holy Spirit from above;  
Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
Give them peace, and joy, and love:  
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
May they with Thy presence shine,  
And immortal bliss inherit,  
And for evermore be Thine.

# For Children

557

When in the Lord Jehovah's Name

8.8.8.8.7.

*Hosanna 1*

DEAN ALFORD. 1845

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. When in the Lord Je - ho - vah's Name, The Sav - iour low - ly  
rid - ing came, Loud - est and first an in - fant thron -  
Greet - ed His com - ing with their song, Ho -  
- san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - - es!

2 We too are taught to know the Lord,  
To fear His Name, to read His Word;  
And though we simple are and young,  
Can praise Him with our joyful song,  
Hosanna in the highest!

3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by  
To judgment from His throne on high;  
And from the saints' assembled throng  
Shall burst upon the world the song,  
Hosanna in the highest!

4 Then may our youthful band be found  
With coronals of triumph crowned;  
Raising, the heav'nly hosts among,  
Our chorus of eternal song,  
Hosanna in the highest!

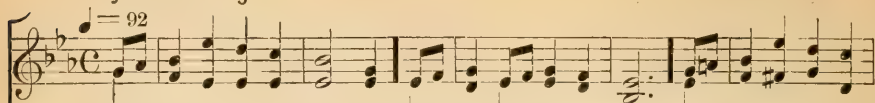
# For Children

558

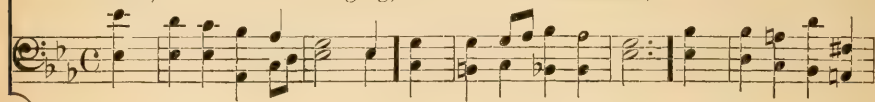
When, His salvation bringing 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.8.

REV. J. KING. 1830

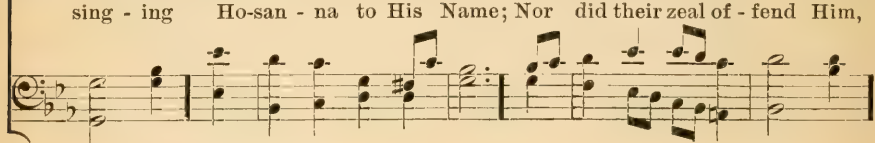
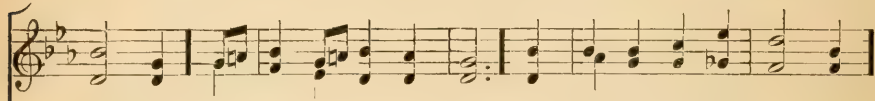
\* Tours  
B. TOURS



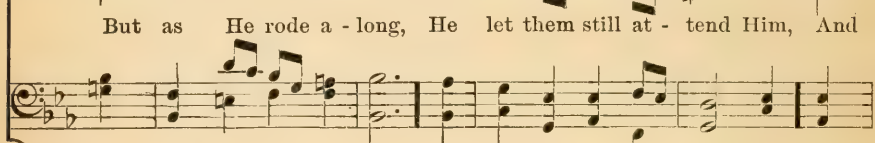
1. When, His salva-tion bringing, To Si-on Jese came, The children all stood



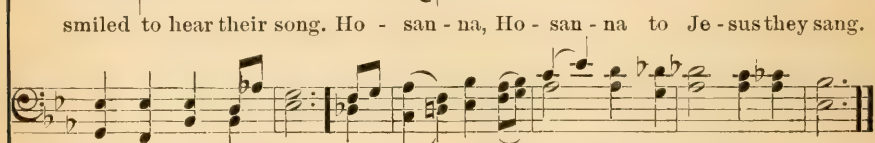
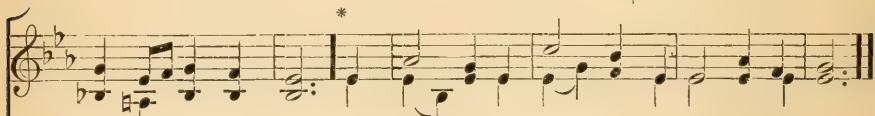
sing - ing Ho-san - na to His Name; Nor did their zeal of - fend Him,



But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And



smiled to hear their song. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang.



2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love to children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Sion's heav'nly hill;  
We'll flock around His banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son:  
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.  
Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

\* Added by the editor.



# For Children

559

Hosanna! Raise the pealing hymn

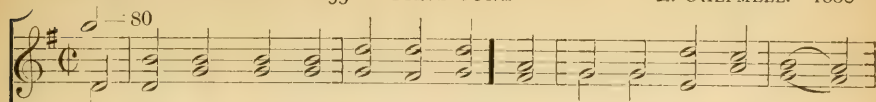
C. M.

*Dinard*

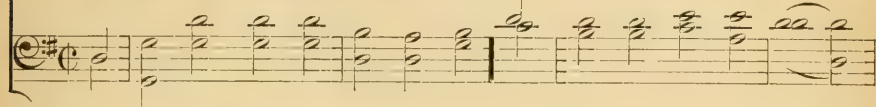
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1833

FIRST TUNE

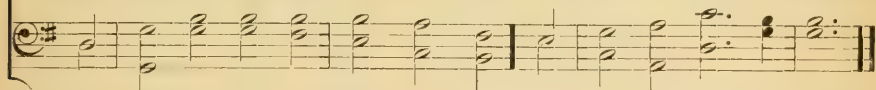
E. CHEPMELL. 1880



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:



With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In-car - nate Word.



2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise;  
But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sov'reign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!

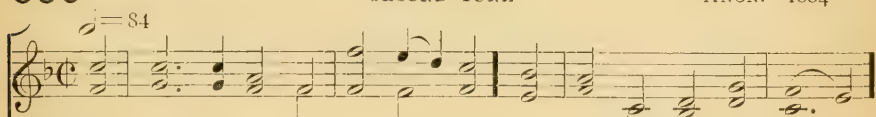
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;  
Thy Name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our ever grateful song.

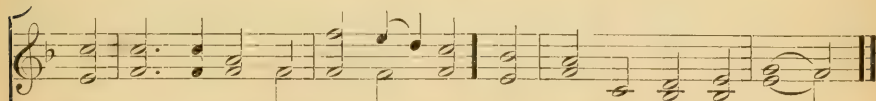
559

SECOND TUNE

*Jessica*  
ANON. 1884



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:



With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In-car - nate Word.



# For Children

560

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear

P. M.

REV. G. S. HODGES. 1876

*Hosanna 2*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

$\text{♩} = 52$

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the child - ren dear, In the  
3. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -

old - en days when the LORD lived here; He  
joi - ces the hymns of His own to hear; We

*cres.*

bless'd lit - tle children, and smiled on them, While they  
know that His heart will nev - er wax cold To the

chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.  
lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

# For Children

*f* *pp*

2. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their  
4. Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -

harps of gold and their rai - - - ment white,  
lu - ia re - sounds in the Church a - bove;

*cres.* *cres.* *f*

As they fol - low their Shep-herd, with lov - ing eyes, Thro' the  
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given That we

*dim.* *rall.*

beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - - - a - - - dise.  
lose not our part in the song of heav'n.

# For Children

561

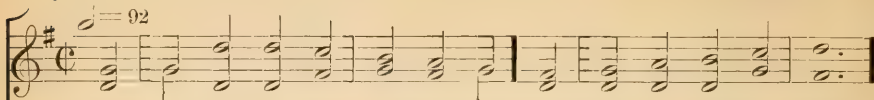
When Jesus left His Father's throne **D.C.M.**

*Carol*

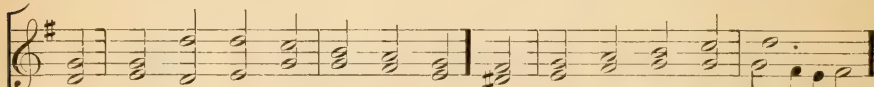
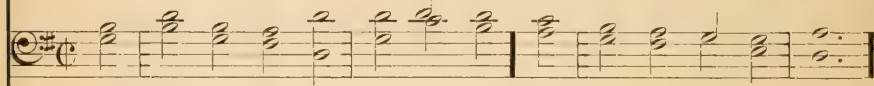
OLD ENGLISH

J. MONTGOMERY. 1816

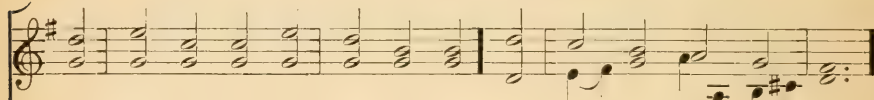
$\text{♩} = 92$



1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;



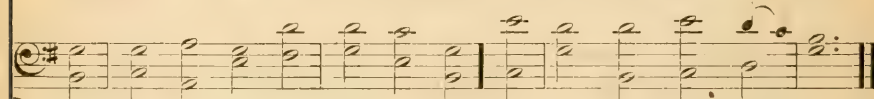
Like us, un - hon - ored and un - known, He came to dwell on earth. . .



Like Him may we be found be - low, In wis - dom's path of peace;



Like Him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease.



2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,  
When mothers round Him pressed;  
Their infants in His arms He took,  
And on His bosom blessed.  
Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of His arms  
May we forever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,  
The children sang around;  
For joy they plucked the palms, and  
strowed  
Their garments on the ground.  
Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King!  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.

$\text{♩} = 104$

*Voices in Unison.*

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was

here a - mong men, . . . . How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. . . . .

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children shall be with Him there,  
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I wish they could know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.



# For Children

563

Saviour! teach me, day by day

7s.

JANE E. LEESON. 1842

*Redhead 43*

R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey;

Sweet - er lessons can - not be, Lov - ing Him Who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee;  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love Who first loved me.

564

Dear Jesus, ever at my side

C. M.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1849

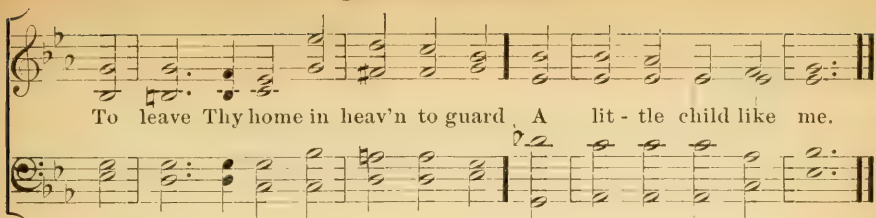
*Edgbaston*

A. R. GAUL. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,

# For Children



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard, A lit-tle child like me.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child:
- 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.

- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
Morning and night in prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me Thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too;  
Thy pray'r is all for me;  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

565

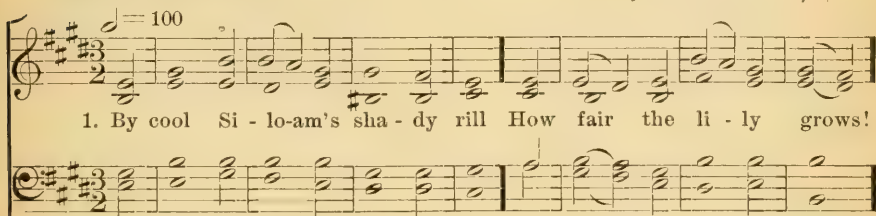
## By cool Siloam's shady rill

C. M.

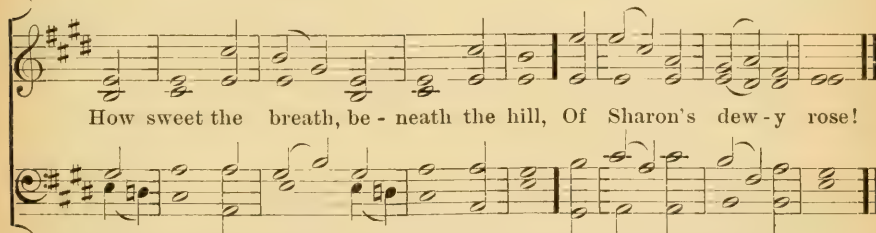
BISHOP HEBER. 1812

*Rohrau*

J. M. HAYDN. 1760



1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the li-ly grows!



How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose!

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influences sweet,  
Is upward-drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age
- Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crowned,  
Were all alike divine:
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

# For Children

566

Lamb of God. I look to Thee

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

$\text{♩} = 76$

*Exemplum*  
H. F. HEMY

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee: Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art;  
Give me Thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill  
God my heav'nly Father's will,  
Never His good Spirit grieve,  
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In Thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ the holy Child in me.

567

Jesus, meek and gentle

6.5.

REV. G. R. PRYNNE. 1856

*Plymouth*  
W. JONES. 1872

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down ev'ry idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

REV. J. D. BURNS. 1856

*Samuel*  
 SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874
*p* - 76

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were

dark, The lamp was burn - ing dim, Be - fore the sa - cred ark:

When suddenly a voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,  
 The priest of Israel, slept;  
 His watch the temple-child,  
 The little Levite, kept;  
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,  
 The open ear, O Lord,  
 Alive and quick to hear  
 Each whisper of Thy word!  
 Like him to answer at Thy call,  
 And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,  
 A lowly heart, that waits  
 Where in Thy house Thou art,  
 Or watches at Thy gates!  
 By day and night, a heart that still  
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,  
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
 Obedient and resigned  
 To Thee in life and death!  
 That I may read with childlike eyes  
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

# For Children

569

Fair waved the golden corn

S. M.

REV. J. H. GURNEY. 1851

*Lydney*  
ANON. 1885

88

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land,

When, full of joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reav - er - band.

2 To God, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
Then carry to His temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our ev'ning hours.

5 In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
That we may serve Thy Church below,  
And join Thy saints in heaven.

570

Above the clear blue sky

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

REV. J. CHANDLER. 1870

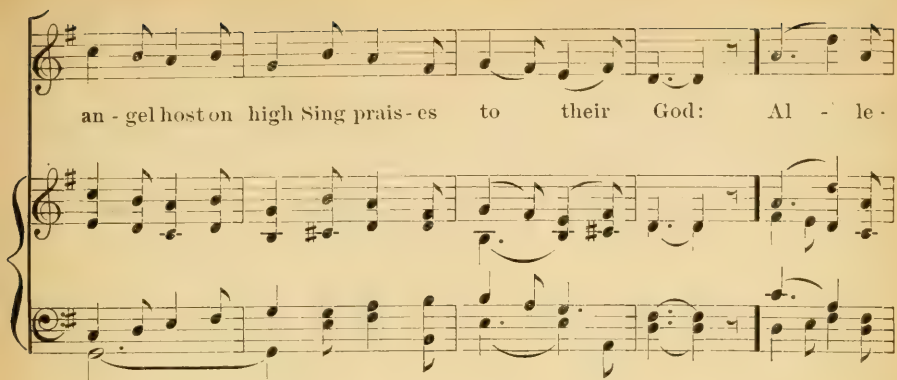
*Children's voices*  
E. J. HOPKINS

54

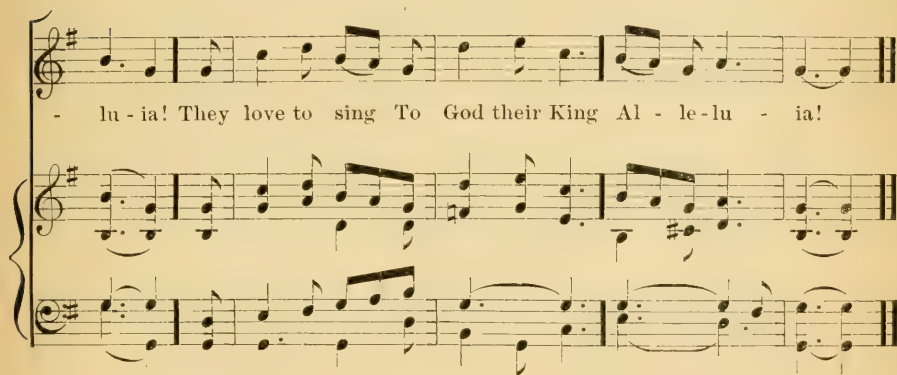
1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In hea - ven's bright a - bode, The



# For Children



an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le -



- lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia!

2 But God from children's tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise:  
Alleluia!  
We too will sing  
To God our King  
Alleluia!

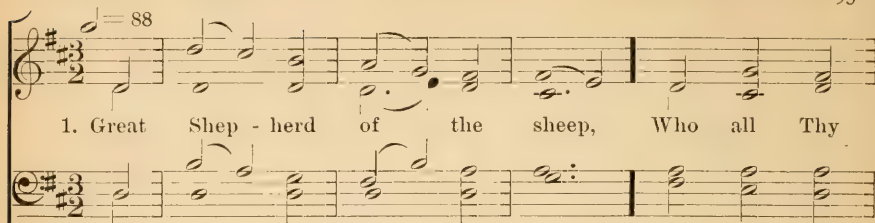
3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
To all Thy flock impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.  
Alleluia!  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King  
Alleluia!

4 Oh, may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around!  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound:  
Alleluia!  
All then shall sing  
To God their King  
Alleluia!

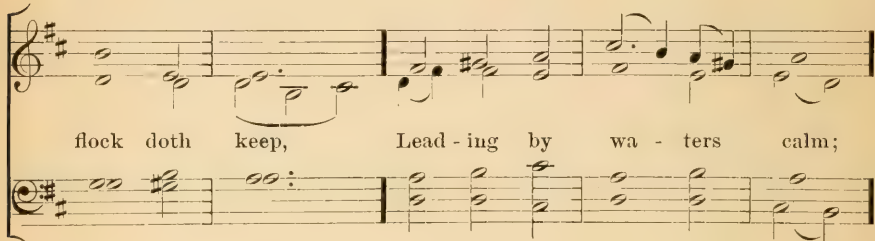
AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Aura*  
CLEMENT R. GALE. 1893

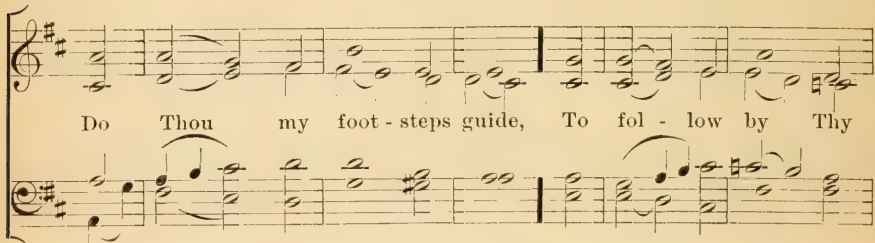
$\text{♩} = 88$



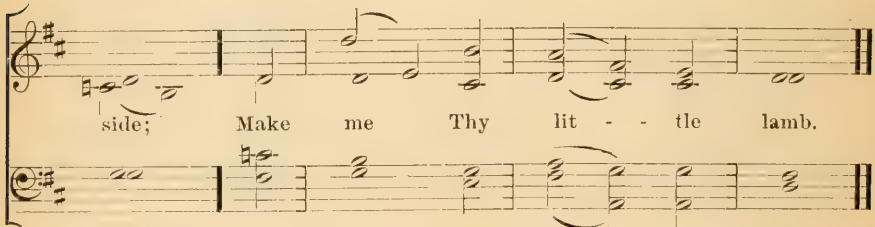
1. Great Shep - herd of the sheep, Who all Thy



flock doth keep, Lead - ing by wa - ters calm;



Do Thou my foot - steps guide, To fol - low by Thy



side; Make me Thy lit - - tle lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn  
By many a sharp-set thorn,  
As far from Thee I stray;  
My weary feet may bleed,  
For rough are paths which lead  
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,  
Thy tender arm, and strong,  
The weary one will bear;

And Thou wilt wash me clean,  
And lead to pastures green,  
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin  
Cleansed and made pure within,  
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,  
Thou bringest me in love,  
Safe to Thy fold above,  
Forever to abide.



1. Lord, Thy children guide and keep, As with fee-ble steps they press



On the pathway rough and steep Through the wea-ry wil-der-ness.



Ho-ly Je-sus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.



2 There are stony ways to tread;  
Give the strength we sorely lack.  
There are tangled paths to tread;  
Light us, lest we miss the track.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flow'r'y glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights!  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest!  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

# For Children

573

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us

8.7.8.7.4.7.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1836

*St. Raphael*

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds prepare:

Bless - èd Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:  
 Blessèd Jesus!  
 Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us learn Thy will;  
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
 Blessèd Jesus!  
 Thou hast loved us: love us still.

574

Grant us, O our heavenly Father

8.7.

REV. G. THRING. 1881

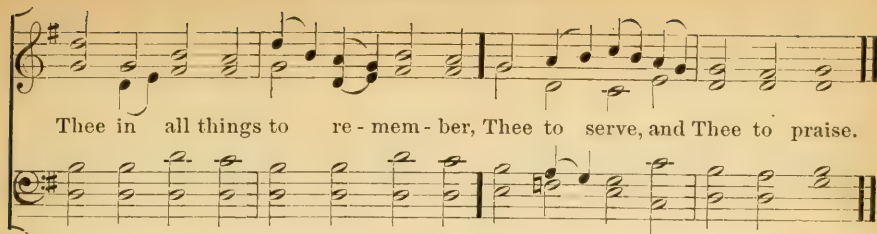
*Dawn*

C. GOUNOD. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Grant us, O our heav'nly Fa-ther, In the dawning of our days,

# For Children



Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

- 2 With the cross of Christ, our Saviour,  
Stamped upon our infant brows,  
May we in the battle's dawning  
Heed His word, and keep our vows
- 3 Then in Holy Confirmation,  
By the laying on of hands,  
Strength may we receive, and blessing,  
To obey our Lord's commands.
- 4 Drawing nearer still and nearer,  
May we close and closer cling  
To our Lord, and to His altar  
There ourselves an off'ring bring.
- 5 Step by step in life advancing,  
Onward, upward, as we move

- Through the world unharmed, rejoicing  
In His all-redeeming love:
- 6 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,  
At our work as in His sight,  
May His presence still be with us,  
As we do it with our might.
- 7 Serving Thee, our heav'nly Father,  
From the dawn to set of sun,  
Serving Thee in life's young morning,  
Till our work on earth is done:
- 8 Till the shadows of the evening  
Shall forever pass away,  
And the Resurrection-morning  
Kindle into perfect day.

575

## O Lord, the Holy Innocents

L. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1850

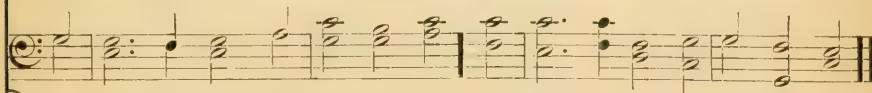
*Alstone*  
C. E. WILLING. 1868



1. O Lord, the Ho-ly In-no-cents Laid down for Thee their in-fant life,



And mar-tyrs brave and pa-tient saints Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.



- 2 We wear the cross they wore of old,  
Our lips have learned like vows to make;  
We need not die; we cannot fight;  
What may we do for Jesus' sake?
- 3 Oh, day by day each Christian child  
Has much to do, without, within;  
A death to die for Jesus' sake,  
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 4 When deep within our swelling hearts,  
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
When bitter words are on our tongues,  
And tears of passion in our eyes;

- 5 Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Then we may check the hasty word,  
Give gentle answers back again,  
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,  
Light in our dwellings we may make,  
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,  
And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 7 There's not a child so weak and small  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise,  
That he may do for Jesus' sake.



# For Children

576

Jesus, gentlest Saviour

6.5.

*Ward*

REV. F. W. FABER. 1854

W. H. AYLWARD. 1869

1. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour, God of might and pow'r,  
Thou Thy - self art dwell - ing With us at this hour.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and common time. The tempo is marked '84'. The melody is simple and suitable for children's voices. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heav'n is all too strait  
For Thine endless glory,  
And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining  
Of the farthest star,  
Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children  
Hold what worlds cannot,  
And the God of wonders  
Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,  
Thou art with us now;  
Fill us with Thy goodness  
Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Multiply our graces;  
Give us love and fear,  
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
Grace to persevere!
- 7 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heav'n's eternal bliss?

# For Children

577

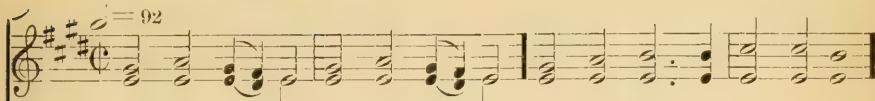
In the vineyard of our Father

8.7.8.7.4.7.

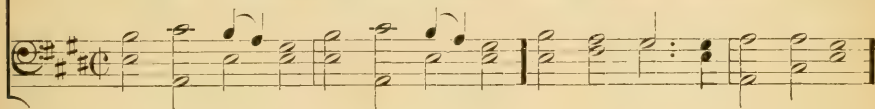
*Harford*

T. MCKELLAR. 1845

C. H. LLOYD. 1881



1. In the vineyard of our Fa-ther Dai - ly work we find to do:



Scat-tered gleanings we may gath-er, Though we are but young and few;



Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too.



2 Toiling early in the morning,  
Catching moments through the day,  
Nothing small or lowly scorning,  
While we work, and watch, and pray;  
Gath'ring gladly  
Free-will off'rings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
Not for objects nothing worth,  
But to send the blessed story  
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,  
Telling mortals  
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth,

4 Up and ever at our calling,  
Till in death our lips are dumb,  
Or till, sin's dominion falling,  
Christ shall in His kingdom come,  
And His children  
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,  
Heav'nly Father, may we be;  
And forever, and forever,  
We will give the praise to Thee;  
Alleluia!  
Singing all eternity.

# For Children

578

God in heaven, hear our singing

8.7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1869

*Marine*  
W. SMEDLEY. 1880

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. God in heaven, hear our sing-ing! On - ly lit - tle ones are we;

Yet a great pe - ti - tion bringing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;  
Let the world in Thee find rest!  
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,  
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

3 Let the sweet and joyful story  
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
Wake on earth a song of glory,  
Like the angels' song above!

4 Father, send the glorious hour!  
Ev'ry heart be Thine alone!  
For the kingdom, and the power,  
And the glory are Thine own.

*Also the following :*  
526 Jesu, from Thy throne on high.

## Lay Helpers

579

O brothers, lift your voices

7.6.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1848

*Eastham*  
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1867

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. O brothers, lift your voice - es, Triumphant songs to raise;

# Lay Helpers

Till heav'n on high re - joice - es, And earth is filled with praise.

Ten thousand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free:

The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
Shall be the conflict's close:  
The cross hath been victorious,  
And shall be o'er its foes.  
Faith is our battle-token:  
Our Leader all controls;  
Our trophies, fetters broken;  
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,  
To Thee all praise be due!  
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
Has freed our brethren too.  
Not unto us: in glory  
The angels catch the strain,  
And cast their crowns before Thee  
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,  
Thy presence we adore:  
Praise, glory, adoration  
Be Thine for evermore!  
Still on in conflict pressing  
On Thee Thy people call,  
Thee, King of kings confessing,  
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

# Lay Helpers

580

Christ for the world we sing

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

*Bath*

REV. S. WOLCOTT. 1869

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With loving zeal;

*p*

The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,

*f*

Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord,



# Lay Helpers

4 Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

581

## Soldiers of the cross, arise

7s.

BP. W. W. HOW. 1854

*Crucis milites*  
M. B. FOSTER. 1889

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Gird you with your ar-mor bright!

Might-y are your en-e-mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 92. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world,  
Raise your banner in the sky!  
Let it float there wide unfurled!  
Bear it onward! lift it high!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go!  
Let the voice of hope be heard!

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray!  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display!

5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace!

6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!  
Comfort troubles! banish grief!  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief!

7 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

REV. G. DUFFIELD. 1858

*Stand up*  
SIR J. BARNBY. 1889

♩ = 104

1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:

From vict - 'ry un - to vict - 'ry His ar - my shall He lead;

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey!  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day!  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes!  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone!  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:

- Put on the gospel armor,  
And watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long:  
This day, the noise of battle;  
The next, the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# Lay Helpers

583

Work, for the night is coming

7.6.7.5.

ANNA L. WALKER. 1868

*Alpha*  
J. H. LESLIE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morning hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon:  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies:  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

# Day Helpers

584

Go, labor on! spend and be spent

L. M.

DR. BONAR. 1843

*Sancta*  
E. PIERUCCINI

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Go, la - - bor on! Spend and be spent!

Thy joy to do the Fa - - ther's will;

It is the way the Mas - - ter went;

Should not the ser - - vant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
The willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on, while it is day!  
The world's dark night is hast'ning on:

- Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win!  
Go forth into the world's highway!  
Compel the wand'rer to come in!
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

# Lay Helpers

585

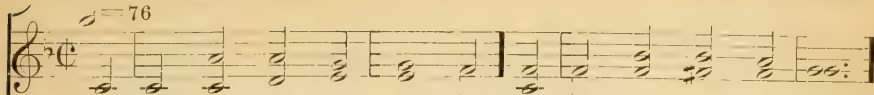
O Thou before Whose presence

7.6.

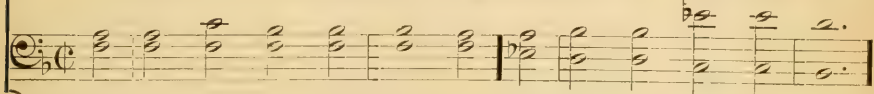
REV. S. J. STONE. 1889

*Calkin*  
J. B. CALKIN

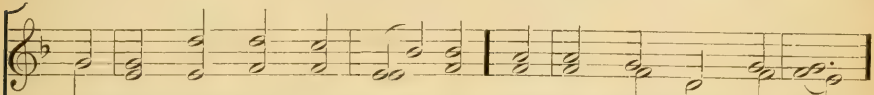
76



1. O Thou be - fore Whose pre - sence Naught e - vil may come in,



Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;



Oh, give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,



And Christ-like, ten - der pit - y, To seek the lost for Thee.



- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:  
The forces at his hand,  
With woes that none can number  
Despoil the pleasant land;  
All they who war against them,  
In strife so keen and long,  
Must in their Saviour's armor  
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
The great things that we see:  
For things that are we thank Thee,  
And for the things to be:

- For bright Hope is uplifting  
Faint hands and feeble knees,  
To strive beneath Thy blessing  
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,  
O Purity and Power!  
Lead on, till peace eternal  
Shall close this battle-hour:  
Till all who prayed and struggled  
To set their brethren free,  
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,  
Most Holy Trinity.



# Lay Helpers

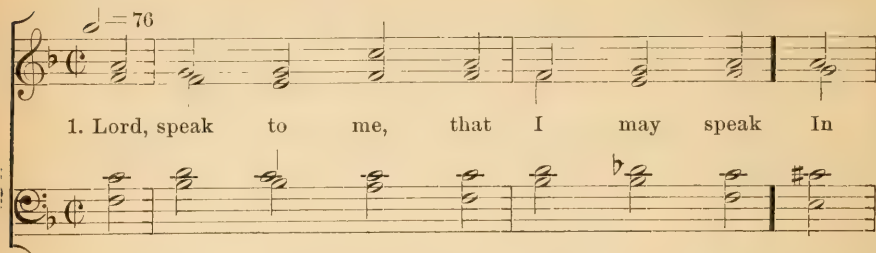
586

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak **L.M.**

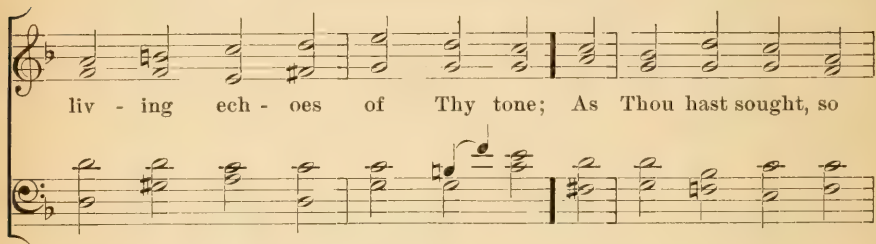
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1872

*Holland*  
B. TOURS. 1875

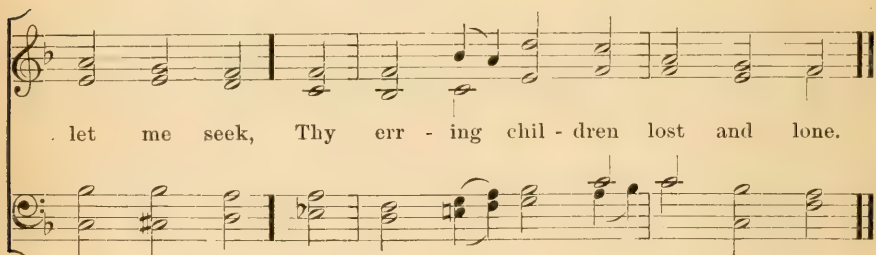
$\text{♩} = 76$



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In



liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so



let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet;  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

# Lay Helpers

## TEACHERS

587

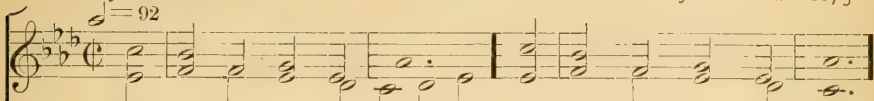
Shine Thou upon us, Lord

6s.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1881

*Blessed Home*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1875

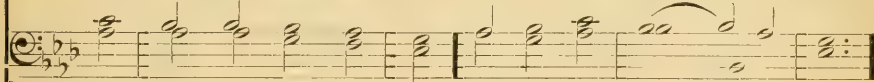
$\text{♩} = 92$



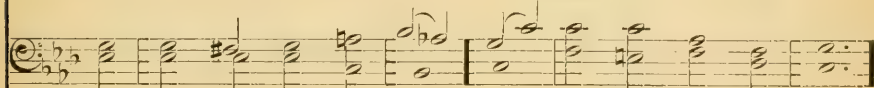
1. Shine Thou up - on us, Lord, True Light of men, to - day;



And through the writ - ten Word Thy ve - ry self dis - play;



That so from hearts which burn With gaz - ing on Thy face,



The lit - tle ones may learn The won - ders of Thy grace.



2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,  
Thy Spirit's living flame,  
That so with one accord  
Our lips may tell Thy Name;  
Give Thou the hearing ear,  
Fix Thou the wand'ring thought,  
That those we teach may hear  
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
In all we say of Thee;  
According to Thy Word  
Let all our teaching be;

That so Thy lambs may know  
Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
Where'er He leads them go,  
And in His love rejoice

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;  
Thy mind and will be ours;  
Be Thou beloved, adored,  
And served, with all our powers;  
That so our lives may teach  
Thy children what Thou art,  
And plead, by more than speech,  
For Thee with ev'ry heart.

# Lay Helpers

## GUILDS or FRIENDLY SOCIETIES

588

Through Him, Who all our sickness felt **C. M.**

REV. C. WESLEY. 1742

\* *Dursley*  
ANON

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Through Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who

all our sor - rows bare, Through Him, in Whom Thy

full - ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our pray'r.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's burdens bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,  
Help us ourselves to prove;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,  
And take us to Thy rest,  
Among the saints who see Thy face  
To be forever blest.

### Also the following :

- 161 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.
- 162 The son of Consolation.
- 496 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.
- 499 Almighty God, Whose only Son.
- 505 Fight the good fight with all thy might.
- 507 The Son of God goes forth to war.
- 510 Go forward, Christian soldier.
- 511 O happy band of pilgrims.
- 520 Rejoice, ye pure in heart!
- 521 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
- 522 On our way rejoicing.
- 579 O brothers, lift your voices.

# Parochial Missions

589

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing 8.7.8.7.3.

*Etiam*

ELIZABETH CODNER. 1861

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

80

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scat-t'ring

full and free! Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;

*cres.* *pp*

Let some por - tion fall on me, E - - - ven me!

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st punish, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,  
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of pow'r to me,  
Even me!

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me,  
Even me!

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of God, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me,  
Even me!

7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,  
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!  
All my heart to Thee is springing;  
Blessing others, oh, bless me,  
Even me!

# Parochial Missions

590

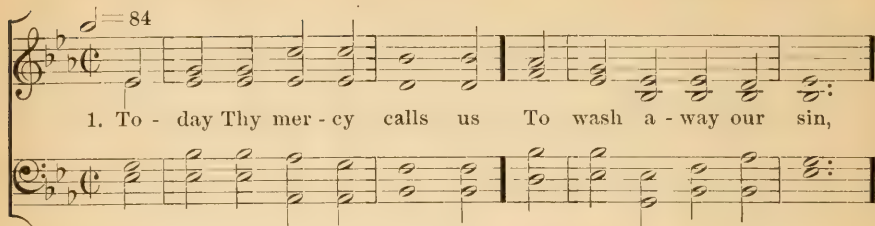
To-day Thy mercy calls us

7.6.

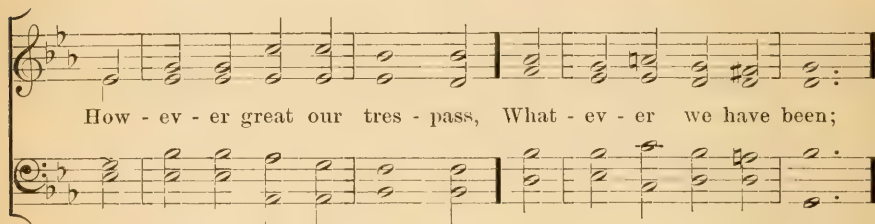
O. ALLEN. 1862

*Intercessor*  
SIR A. SULLIVAN

♩ = 84



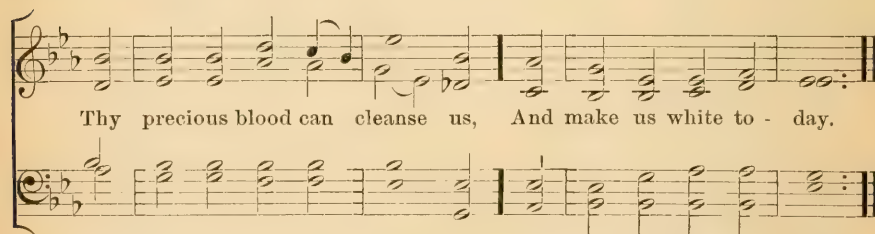
1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,



How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turned a - way,



Thy precious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
And all who enter in  
Shall find a Father's welcome,  
And pardon for their sin.  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present joy be given,  
A future grace be promised,  
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,  
His Holy Spirit waits;  
His blessèd angels gather  
Around the heav'nly gates:  
No question will be asked us  
How often we have come;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's home.



# Parochial Missions

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!  
 Oh, ever-open door!  
 What shall we do without Thee  
 When heart and eyes run o'er?  
 When all things seem against us,  
 To drive us to despair,  
 We know one gate is open,  
 One ear will hear our prayer.

591

When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend L. M.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1833

*St. Lawrence*

REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

♩ = 69

1. When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mercy there,

Think of the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend, And for His sake receive my prayer.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,<br/>                     My thousand stains of deepest dye!<br/>                     Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,<br/>                     And let that blood my pardon buy.</p>     | <p>4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,<br/>                     And ev'ry plighted promise there!<br/>                     How pray'r should evermore be heard,<br/>                     And how Thy glory is to spare.</p>            |
| <p>3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,<br/>                     The trembling creature of Thy hand;<br/>                     Think how my heart to sin is prone,<br/>                     And what temptations round me stand.</p> | <p>5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,<br/>                     My strivings with Thy grace divine;<br/>                     Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,<br/>                     And let His merits stand for mine.</p> |
| <p>6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;<br/>                     Thine arm can never shortened be;<br/>                     Behold me here; my heart is full;<br/>                     Behold, and spare, and succor me.</p>      |  |

# Parochial Missions

592

Jesus Christ is passing by

7s.

J. DENHAM SMITH

*Liguria*  
GERMAN. 1524

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Je - sus Christ is pass-ing by; Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;

As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, "Be mer - ci - ful to me."

2 Jesus Christ is passing by;  
Will He always be so nigh?  
Now is the accepted day;  
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?  
Art thou bidden to forbear?  
Let no obstacle defeat;  
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"  
Rise and tell Him all thy need;  
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:  
Let it penetrate my soul;  
All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power  
Comes; it is salvation's hour:  
Jesus gives from guilt release;  
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!  
He is ever still the same;  
To His matchless honor raise  
Never-ending songs of praise.

593

There is a fountain filled with blood

C. M.

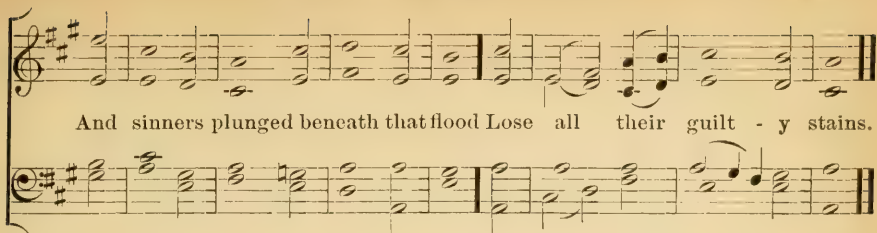
W. COWPER. 1771

*Martyrdom*  
H. WILSON. 1768

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins:

# Parochial Missions



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

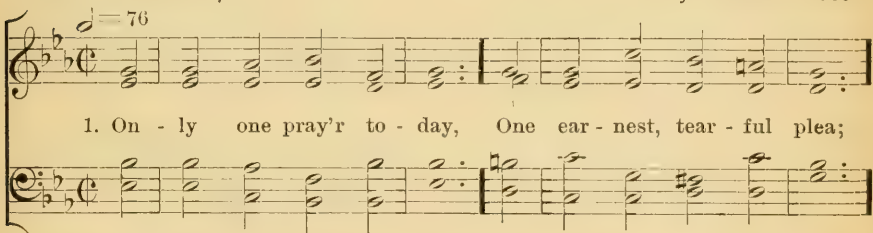
594

Only one prayer to-day

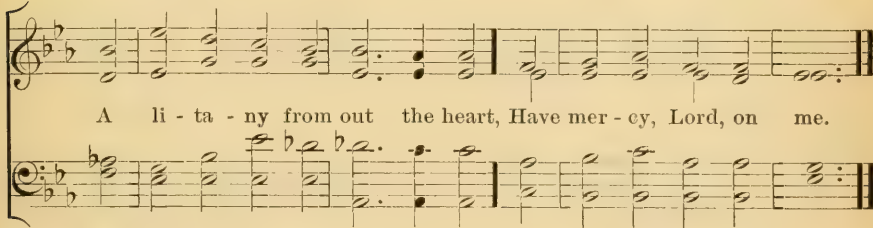
S. M.

W. C. Dix. 1867

*Cruz*  
SIR J. BARNEY. 1866



1. On - ly one pray'r to - day, One ear - nest, tear - ful plea;



A li - ta - ny from out the heart, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

- 2 Although my sin is great,  
Still to my God I flee:  
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 3 Because of Jesus' cross,  
And that unfathomed sea,  
The crimson tide which laves the world,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

- 4 No other Name than His,  
My hope, my help may be:  
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me!
- 5 In garb of sorrow clad  
I crave Thy pardon free;  
In life to die, in death to live;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

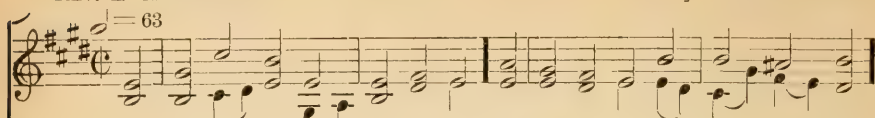
# Parochial Missons

595

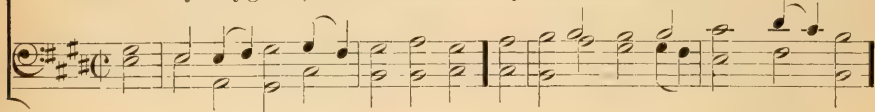
Turned by Thy grace, I look within **L. M.**

REV. E. A. BRADLEY

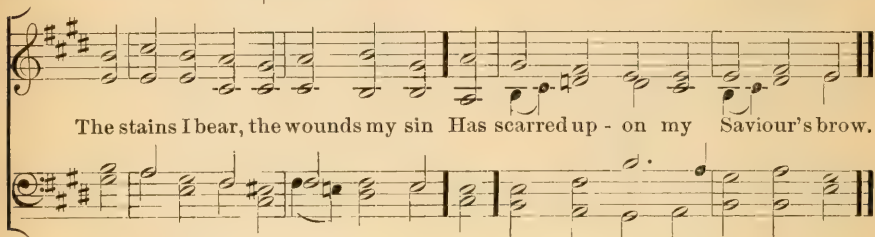
*Manna*  
SIR. J. BARNBY. 1862



1. Turned by Thy grace, I look within My restless soul, nor knew till now



The stains I bear, the wounds my sin Has scarred up - on my Saviour's brow.



2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:

My conscience cries and spares me not.

Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:

Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin:

I crucified the Lord of love.

Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;

And sorely grieved God's holy Dove.

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,

My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:

Converted now, my aim shall be

To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,

Return four-fold shall now make right.

My soul shall then by God be blest

Through Christ's atonement in His sight.

6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,

With my whole heart I freely give;

'Tis only so that there can be

Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confess,

Turned from and loathed as paining Thee,

As Thou forgiv'st, O Saviour blest,

Is pardoned, cleansed! My soul is free.

596

The Spirit, in our hearts

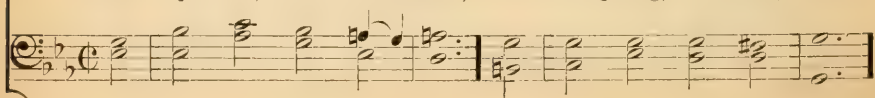
**S. M.**

BISHOP ONDERDONK. 1826

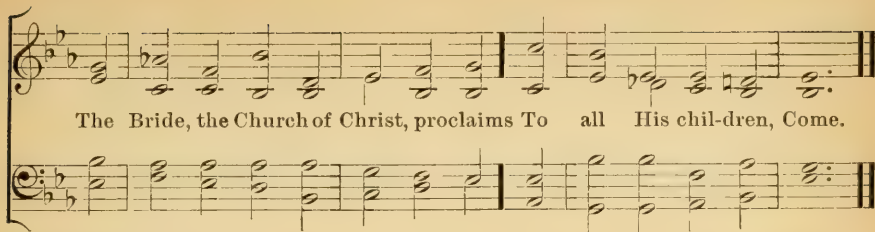
\* *Ben Rhydding*  
A. R. REINAGLE. 1850



1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, Sin - ner, come:



# Parochial Missions



The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His chil-dren, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say

To all about him, Come:

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,

Oh, let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life!

'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,

Declares, I quickly come.

Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour!

Jesus, my Saviour, come.

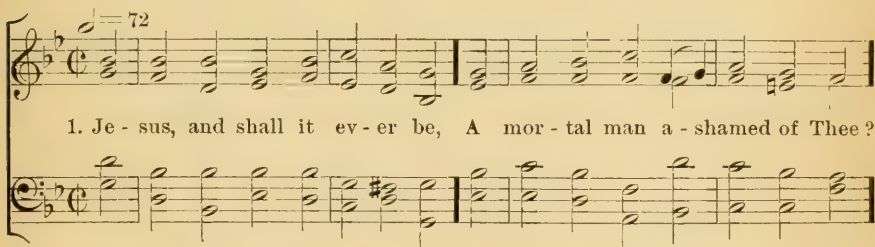
597 *PH*

Jesus, and shall it ever be

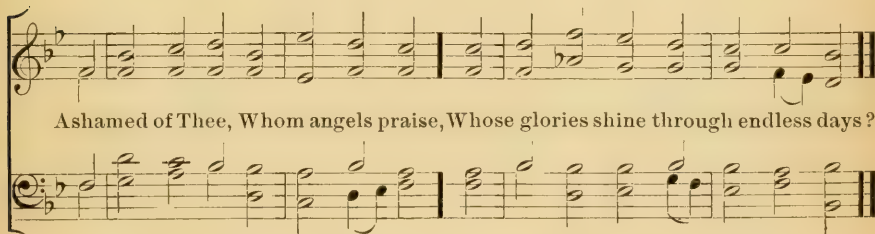
L. M.

J. GRIGG. 1765

*Breslau*  
GERMAN. 1630



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?



Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far

Let night disown each radiant star;

'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,

Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend

On Whom my hopes of heav'n depend!

No; when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more revere His Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon

Let morning blush to own the sun!

He sheds the beams of light divine

O'er this benighted soul of mine.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!

I'll boast a Saviour crucified;

And oh, may this my portion be,

My Saviour not ashamed of me.



# Parochial Missions

598

Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord

L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1882

*Santa*  
E. PIERUCCINI

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. A - shamed of Thee! O dear - est Lord,

I mar - - vel how such wrong can be:

And yet how oft in deed and word

Have I been found a - shamed of Thee!

# Parochial Missions

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,  
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,  
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod  
To bring me to Thy home above.

4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love divine  
Was not ashamed of our lost race,  
But even this cold heart of mine [place.  
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-

3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest Name  
Which speaks of mercy full and free!  
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame  
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray  
This cruel wrong no more may be:  
And in Thy last great Advent-day,  
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me!

599

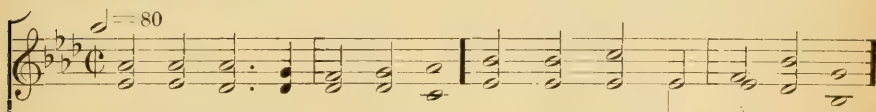
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord

7s.

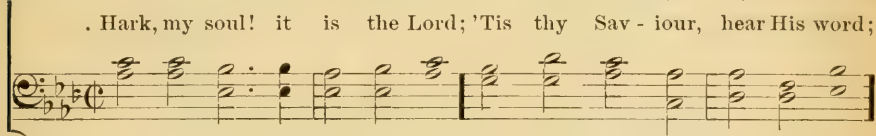
*St. Bees*


W. COWPER. 1768

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

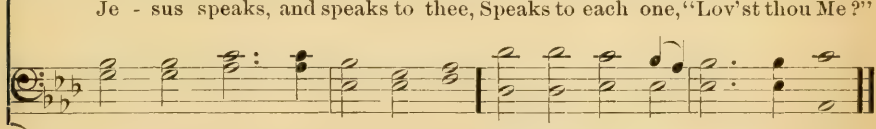


. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;





Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?"



2 He delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

4 His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will He remember thee.

5 We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partners of His throne shall be;  
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

# Parochial Missions

600

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all

8s.

H. COLLINS. 1854

*Adoró*  
J. BARNEY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sa - viour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

*p Slower.*

Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - su, my

*cres. f dim. p*

Lord, I Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast  
brought!

Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I am or have is Thine;  
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

# Parochial Missions

601

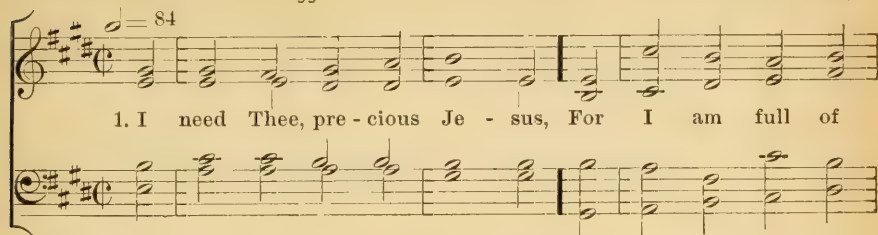
I need Thee, precious Jesus

7.6.

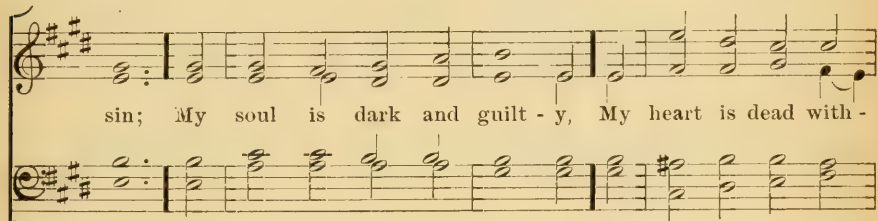
REV. F. WHITFIELD. 1855

Genesis  
DR. GARRETT. 1889

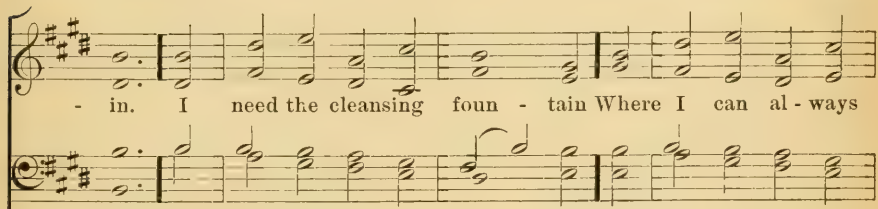
$\text{♩} = 84$



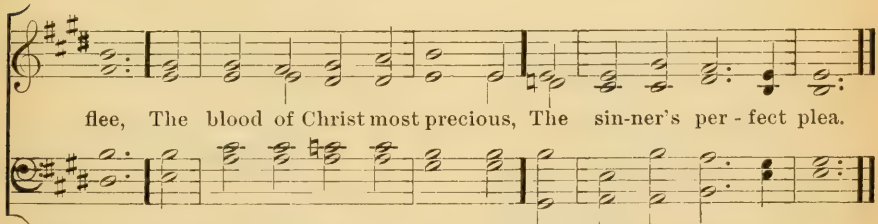
1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of



sin; My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with -



- in. I need the cleansing foun - tain Where I can al - ways



flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sin-ner's per - fect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my ev'ry trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow  
And seated on Thy throne:  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing my Jesus' praises,  
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

# Parochial Missions

602

I need Thee every hour

6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

MRS. HAWKS. 1872

\* Leeds  
DR. WESLEY

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can

REFRAIN.

peace af - lord. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I

need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-our, I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee ev'ry hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.  
I need Thee, &c.

3 I need Thee ev'ry hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.  
I need Thee, &c.

4 I need Thee ev'ry hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.  
I need Thee, &c.

5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!  
I need Thee, &c.

603

I could not do without Thee

7.6.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1873

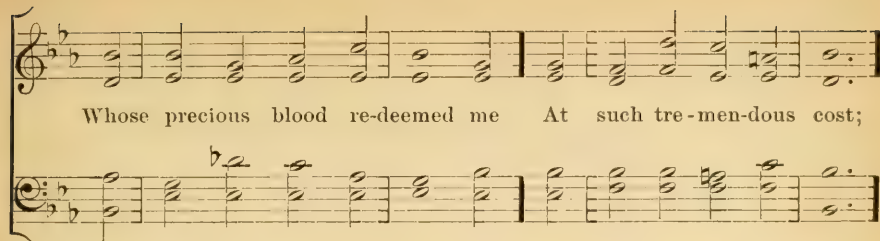
Lancashire  
H. SMART. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. I could not do with- out Thee, O Sav-our of the lost,



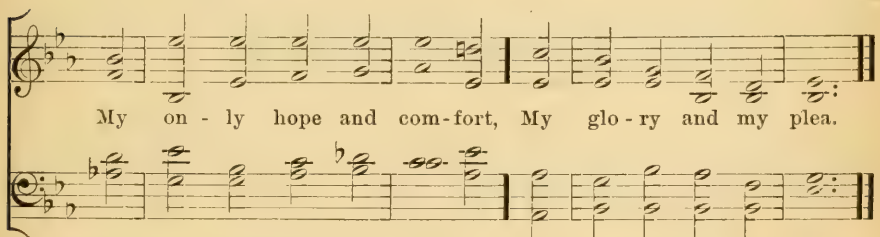
# Parochial Missions



Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;



Thy right-eousness, Thy par - don, Thy precious blood, must be



My on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,  
For, oh, the way is long,  
And I am often weary,  
And sigh replaces song:  
How could I do without Thee?  
I do not know the way;  
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear;  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee;  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange deep longings,  
Interpreting its need;  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be passed;  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, "It is I."

# Parochial Missions

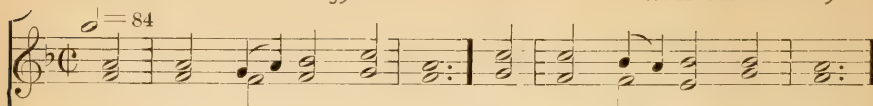
604

Thy life was given for me

6s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1859

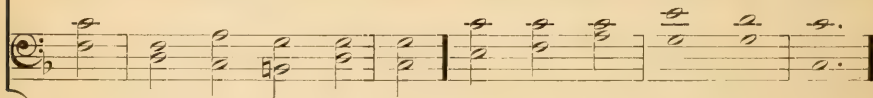
Waltham 2  
W. H. MONK. 1889



1. Thy life was giv'n for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed



That I might ran-somed be, And quickened from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?



2 Long years were spent for me

In weariness and woe,

That through eternity

Thy glory I might know.

Long years were spent for me:

Have I spent one for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,

Down from Thy home above,

Salvation full and free,

Thy pardon and Thy love.

Great gifts Thou broughtest me:

What have I brought to Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,

Thy rainbow-circled throne,

Were left for earthly night,

For wand'rings sad and lone.

Yea, all was left for me:

Have I left aught for Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,

My years for Thee be spent!

World-fetters all be riven,

And joy with suff'ring blent!

Thou gav'st Thyself for me:

I give myself to Thee.

# Parochial Missions

605

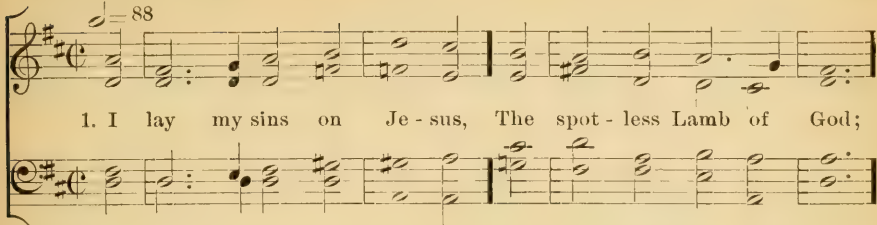
I lay my sins on Jesus

7.6.

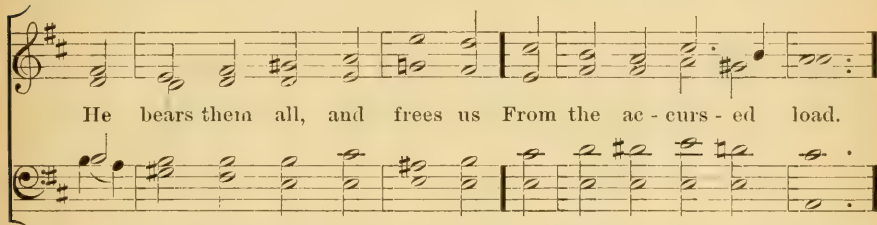
DR. BONAR. 1843

*Depono*  
J. B. CALKIN. 1867

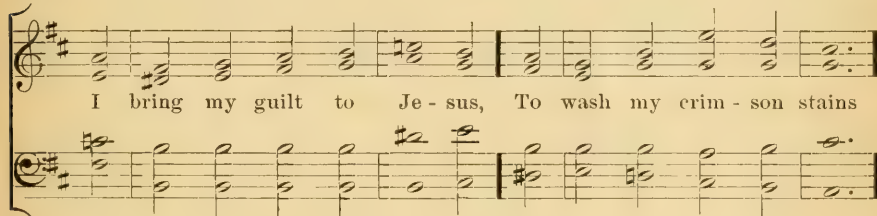
$\text{♩} = 88$



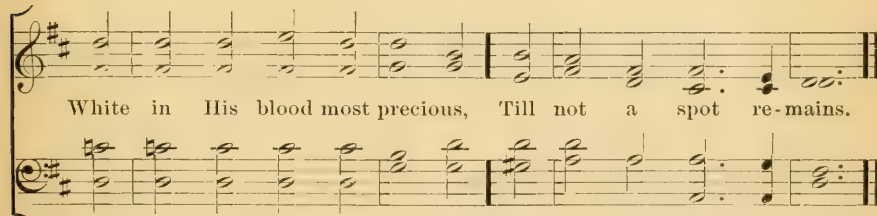
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains



White in His blood most precious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:  
All fullness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases;  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine,  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.

I love the Name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child;  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heav'nly throng;  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

# Parochial Missions

606

Just as I am, without one plea

8.8.8.6.

*St. Crispin*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836

FIRST TUNE

SIR G. J. ELVEY

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me

*rall*

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

# Parochial Missions

606

SECOND TUNE

*Herman*

REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1876

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

606

THIRD TUNE

*Misericordia*

H. SMART 1875

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.



# Parochial Missions

607

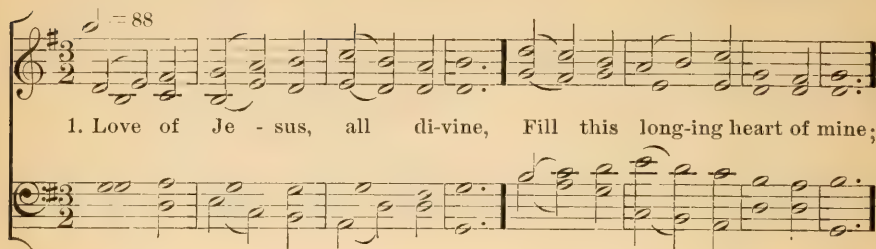
Love of Jesus, all divine

7s.

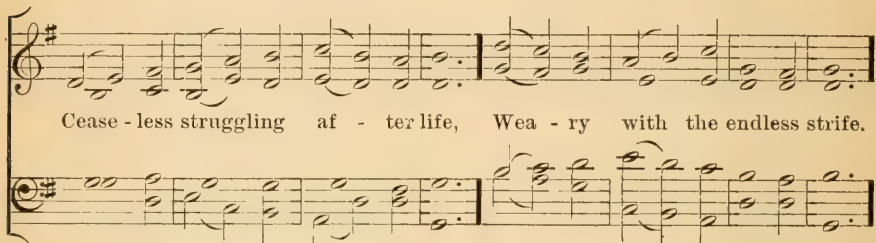
DR. BOTTOME. 1872

Maidstone  
DR. GILBERT

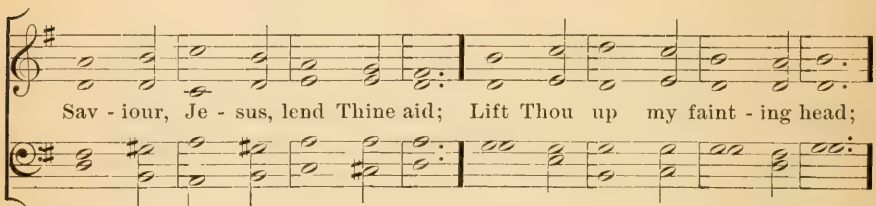
♩ = 88



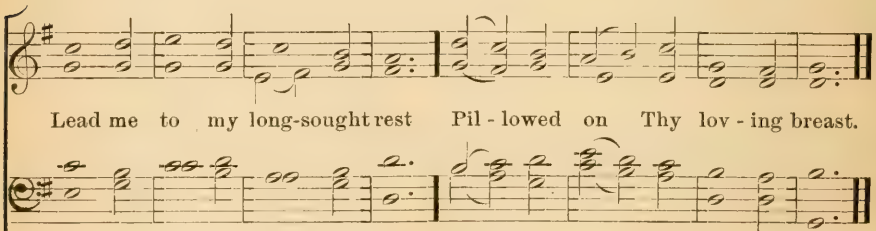
1. Love of Je - sus, all di-vine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine;



Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the endless strife.



Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;



Lead me to my long-sought rest Pil - lowed on Thy lov - ing breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
Thou alone canst comfort me;  
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace  
Be my shield and hiding-place;  
Let me know Thy saving power  
In temptation's fiercest hour:  
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side  
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
Kindled here this sacred fire,  
Weaned my heart from all below,  
Thee, and Thee alone to know,  
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,  
Thou alone canst satisfy:  
Love of Jesus, all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of mine.

# Parochial Missions

608

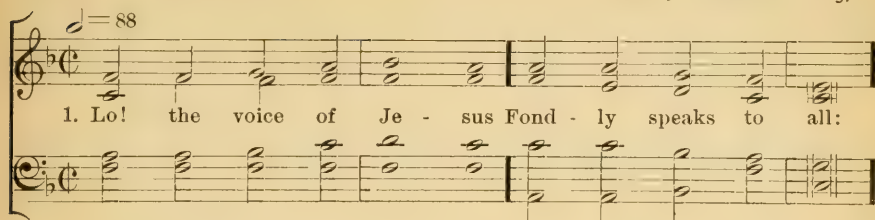
Lo! the voice of Jesus

6.5.

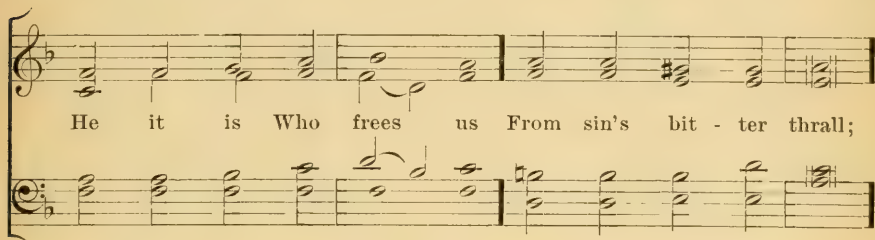
REV. A. E. EVANS. 1870

*Magdalene*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857

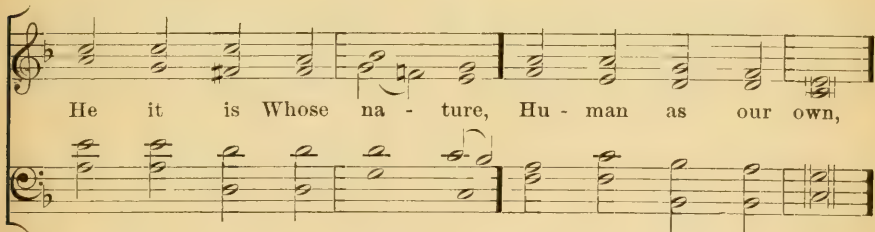
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond - ly speaks to all:

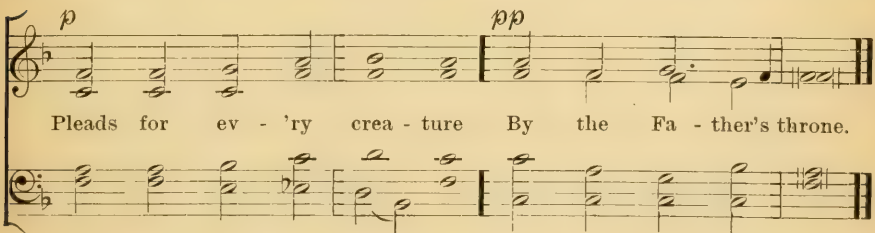


He it is Who frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall;



He it is Whose na - ture, Hu - man as our own,

*p* *pp*



Pleads for ev - 'ry crea - ture By the Fa - ther's throne.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,  
Heard within the breast,  
Tells us He will ease us,  
Howsoever distrest:  
Tells us that our sorrow  
For the night may last,  
But a glad to-morrow  
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus  
Bids us still endure:  
Seek not what will please us,  
But things just and pure;  
Strive through self-denial  
Upwards to the light,  
Where faith's years of trial  
Shall be lost in sight.

# Parochial Missions

609

When the weary, seeking rest

P. M.

DR. BONAR. 1866

*Intercession*  
W. H. CALLCOTT. 1875

= 96

1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee; When the

hea - vy - la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking

peace, On Thy Name shall call; When the sin - ner, seeking life, At Thy

feet shall fall: Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry

In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - - place on high.

# Parochial Missions

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his father's love;  
When the proud man, from his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave

Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
Youth, or maiden fair;  
When the aged, trusting still,  
Seek Thy face in prayer;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

610

O holy Saviour, Friend unseen

8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

*Isaian*  
SIR J. BARNBY

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend unseen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;

Help me, throughout life's vary-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-  
grown,  
A voice of love in gentle tone  
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
We ask not, need not aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near and strong to save,  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.

# Parochial Missions

611

Jesus, merciful and mild

7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1858

Hart  
B. MILGROVE. 1770

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. { Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:  
Thou art ready to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline. }  
Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. }

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace  
For the heav'nly dwelling-place;  
All Thy promises are sure,  
Ever shall Thy love endure;  
Then what more could I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire?  
All I need, in Thee I see;  
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,  
Thou hast made me truly Thine;  
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;  
Reconciled my heart to God.  
Hearken to my humble prayer,  
Let me Thine own image bear,  
Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

612

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow

8.7.8.8.7.

REV. T. MONOD. 1874

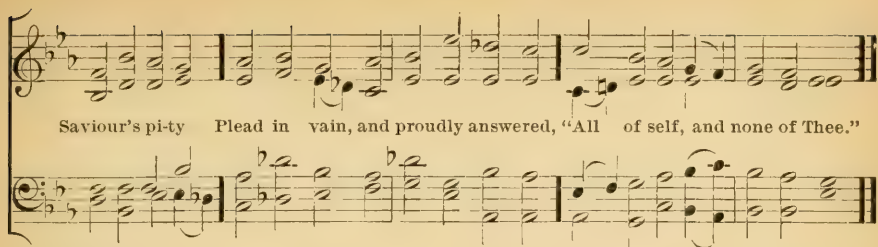
Scraphim  
H. SMART

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sorrow, That a time could ev - er be When I let the



# Parochial Missions



Saviour's pi-ty Plead in vain, and proudly answered, "All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him  
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree;  
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"  
And my wishful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,

Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
Grant me now my soul's desire,  
"None of self, and all of Thee."

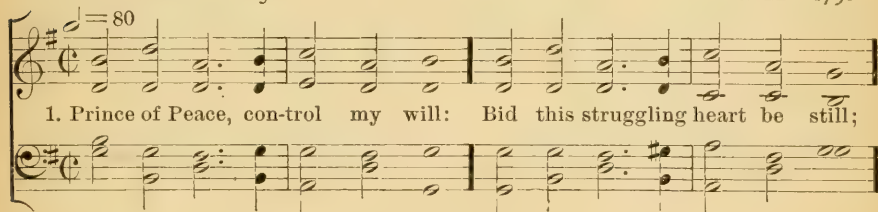
613

Prince of Peace, control my will

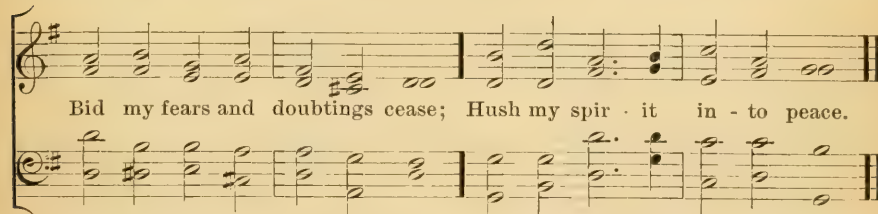
7s.

MRS. SHINDLER. 1858

*Pleyel*  
I. PLEYEL. 1790



1. Prince of Peace, con-trol my will: Bid this struggling heart be still;



Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Opened wide the gate to God:  
Peace I ask; but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;  
May Thy will and mine be one;  
Chase these doubtings from my heart;  
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;  
Thou my life, my God, my all!  
Let Thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with Thee!

# Parochial Missions

614

Lord Jesus, think on me

S. M.

SYNESIUS. 430  
CHATFIELD. 77.

Μυώσο Χριστὲ.

Ludgate  
E. GILDING. 1762

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me, And purge a - way my sin;

From earth-born passions set me free, And make me pure with - in.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
With care and woe opprest,  
Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
Nor let me go astray;  
Through darkness and perplexity  
Point Thou the heav'nly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That, when the flood is past,  
I may th' eternal brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.

615

O Jesus, I have promised

7.6.

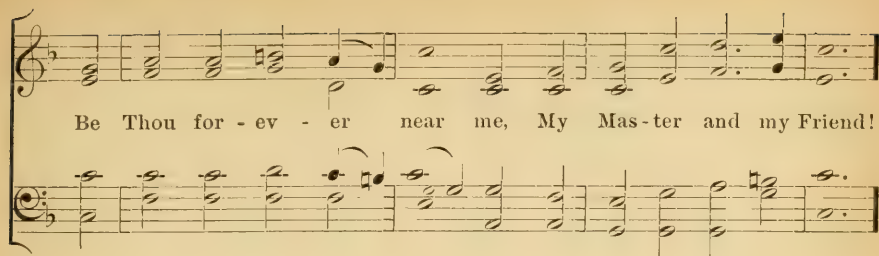
REV. J. E. BODE. 1869

Day of rest  
J. W. ELLIOTT. 1874

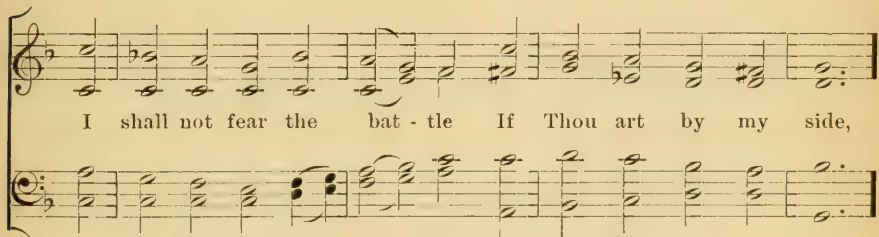
$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end;

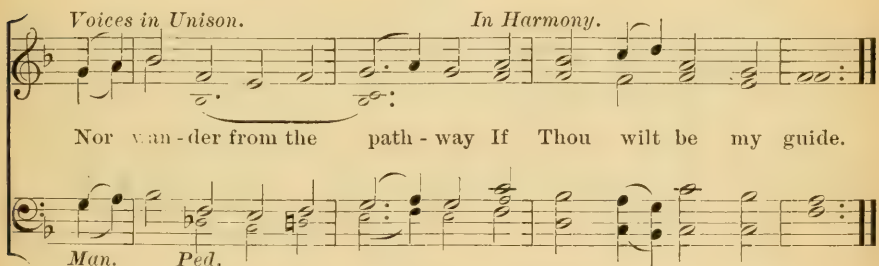
# Parochial Missions



Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!



I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,



*Voices in Unison.* *In Harmony.*

Nor van - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.

*Man. Ped.*

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me,  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will!  
Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control!  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Oh, give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant my own!  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end!  
At last in heav'n receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend!

# Parochial Missions

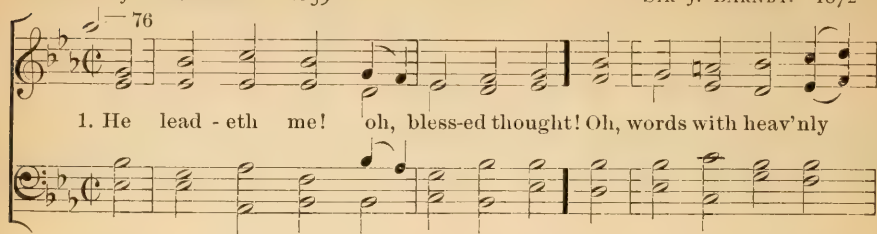
616

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought **L. M. D.**

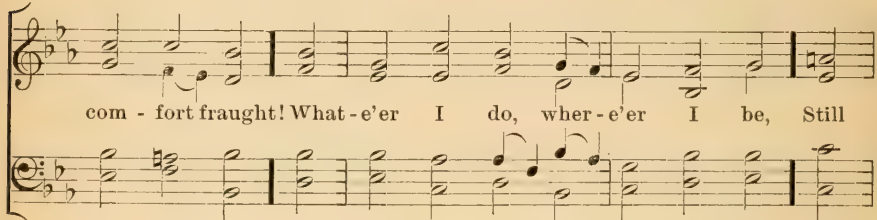
PROF. J. H. GILMORE. 1859

*Jordan*  
SIR J. BARNBY. 1872

76



1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly

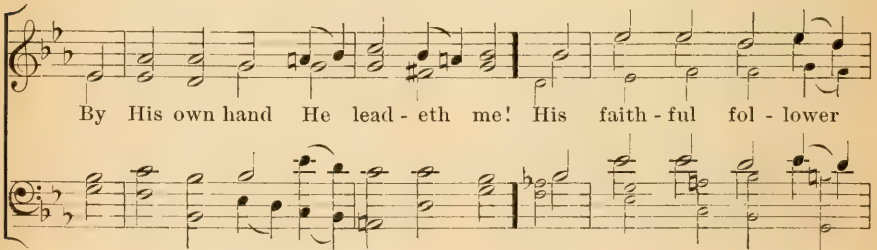


com - fort fraught! What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still

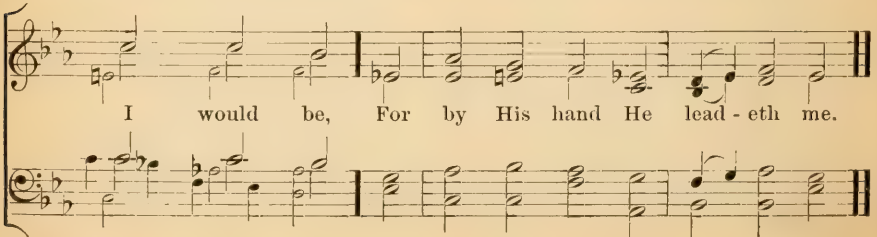
REFRAIN.



'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me!



By His own hand He lead - eth me! His faith - ful fol - lower



I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

# Parochial Missions

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.  
He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine:

Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
He leadeth me! &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.  
He leadeth me! &c.

617

Glory be to God the Father

8.7.8.7.4.7.

DR. BONAR. 1866

Westminster  
J. TURLE. 1862

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Glo - ry be to God the Father! Glo - ry be to God the Son!

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain!  
Glory be to Him Who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign!  
Glory, glory,  
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!  
Glory to the Church's King!  
Glory to the King of nations!

Heav'n and earth your praises bring!  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honor, riches, pow'r, dominion!  
Thus its praise creation brings;  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings!



# Parochial Missions

618

Revive Thy work, O Lord

S. M.

*Swabia*

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE. 1875

GERMAN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smold'ring embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hung'ring for the Bread of life,  
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious Name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

619

Call them in! the poor, the wretched

8.7.

*Love Divine*

ANNA SHIPTON. 1862

SIR J. STAINER.

76

1. { Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold;  
{ Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

# Parochial Missions



Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold? {  
 Bid them come and rest in Je - sus! He is wait - ing: call them in! }



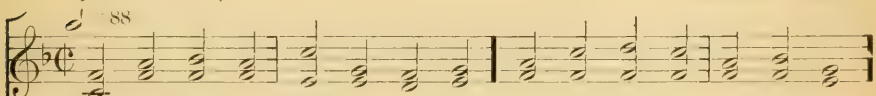
2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;  
 Bid the stranger to the feast!  
 Call them in! the rich, the noble,  
 From the highest to the least.  
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
 He hath all their sorrows seen;  
 Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,  
 Wait the lost ones: call them in!

3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,  
 Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame:  
 Speak love's message low and tender!  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
 See the shadows lengthen round us,  
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
 Call them in! the lost and lonely:  
 Christ is coming: call them in!

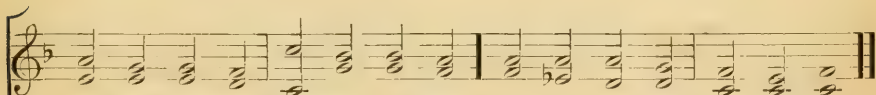
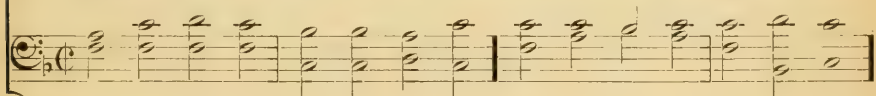
620 *new* Onward, Christian! though the region 8.7.

S. JOHNSON. 1846

*Elmcote*  
 ANON. 1880



1. On-ward, Christian! tho' the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;



God has set a guardian le - gion Ve - ry near thee; press thou on!



2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna  
 Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"  
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
 "Upward ever; heav'n's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
 Is the mount of vision won;  
 Tread it without shrinking, brother!  
 Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
 For thy life of pain and peace,  
 While it needs thee; oh, no longer  
 Pray thou for thy quick release!

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,  
 That thou be a faithful son;  
 By the pray'r of Jesus, "Father,  
 Not my will, but Thine, be done."

# Parochial Missions

621

Days and moments quickly flying

P. M.

REV. E. CASWALL. 1858

*St. Sylvester*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1862

*44*

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead;

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each within his nar-row bed!

*mf After 3d and 6th verses. dim.*

Life pass - eth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou appear;

*cres. dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Through e-ter - - - ni-ty!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;  
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the'eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending  
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapor so it flies:

For the bygone years retreating,  
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin;  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

# Parochial Missions

622

My hope is built on nothing less

8s.

*St. Werbergh*

EDWARD MOTE. 1834

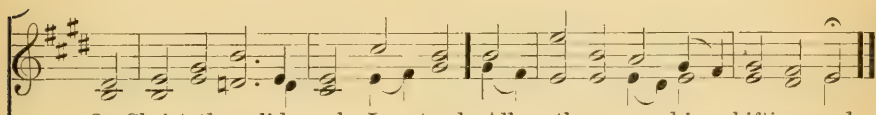
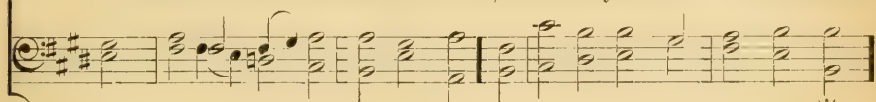
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1862



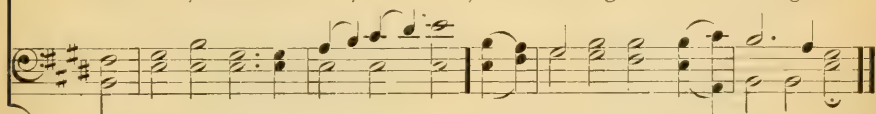
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' Name.



On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is shifting sand.



2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In ev'ry high and stormy gale  
My anchor holds within the veil.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is shifting sand.

3 His word, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in Him be found!  
Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is shifting sand.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear,  
Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on  
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heav'n is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heav'n is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be over-past;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heav'n is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,  
Heav'n is my home;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heav'n is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand;  
Heav'n is my fatherland,  
Heav'n is my home.

*Also the following :*

14 At even, ere the sun was set.  
84 O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.  
85 O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.  
86 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.  
88 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.  
101 When I survey the wondrous cross.  
203 A few more years shall roll.  
251 Look from Thy sphere of endless day.  
335 Jesu, lover of my soul.  
336 Rock of ages.  
342 Art thou weary.  
345 My faith looks up to Thee.  
347 Sinful, sighing to be blest,

349 Out of the deep I call.  
350 Jesus, Lord of life and glory.  
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.  
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.  
360 O Jesu, Lord most merciful.  
362 Glory be to Jesus.  
363 O Lamb of God, still keep me.  
364 O Jesu, we adore Thee.  
365 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus.  
376 Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.  
429 My God, accept my heart this day.  
431 O love that casts out fear.  
432 Love divine, all love excelling.  
437 Come unto Me, ye weary.  
442 Saviour, source of every blessing.  
443 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.  
446 Shepherd of tender youth.  
448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
454 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.  
474 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.  
502 Heirs of unending life.  
504 My soul, be on thy guard.  
513 Oh, where shall rest be found.  
521 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
529 Father, hear Thy children's call.  
579 O brothers, lift your voices.  
606 Just as I am.  
625 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.  
628 Though faint, yet pursuing.  
630 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.  
635 Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion.  
651 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.  
652 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.  
658 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
673 I heard the voice of Jesus say.



# For the Sick and Afflicted

624

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made

8.4.

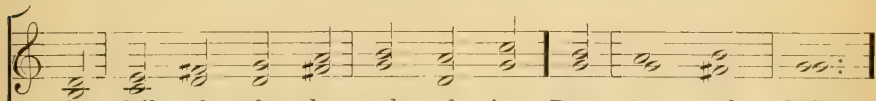
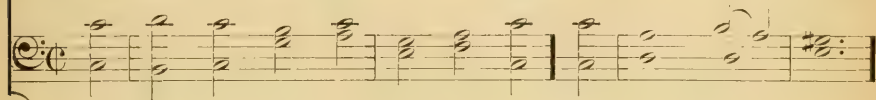
*Southill*

ADELAIDE PROCTER. 1858

H. P. H. 1880



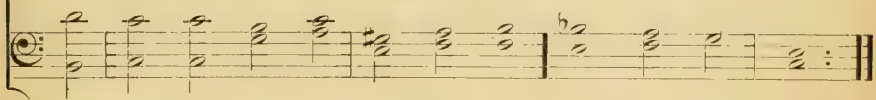
1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;



So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.



2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round.  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast giv'n us joys, tender and true,

Yet all with wings;  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more:  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

# For the Sick and Afflicted

625

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me

8s.

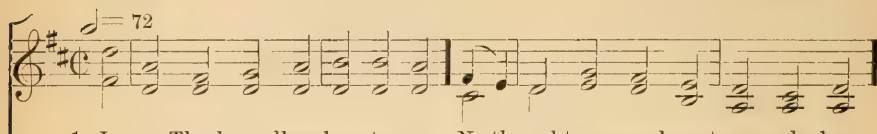
P. GERHARDT. 1653

WESLEY. Tr.

"O Jesu Christ, mein schoenstes Licht."

Guide

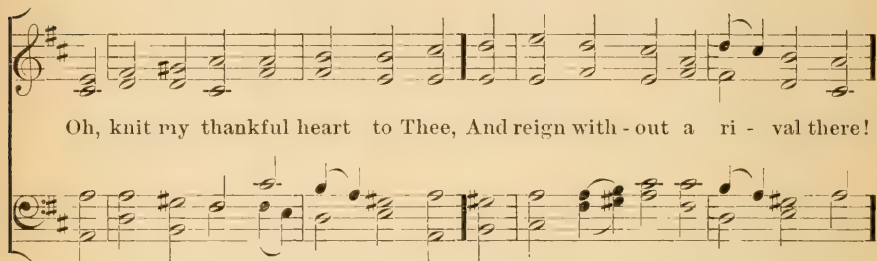
DR. S. S. WESLEY



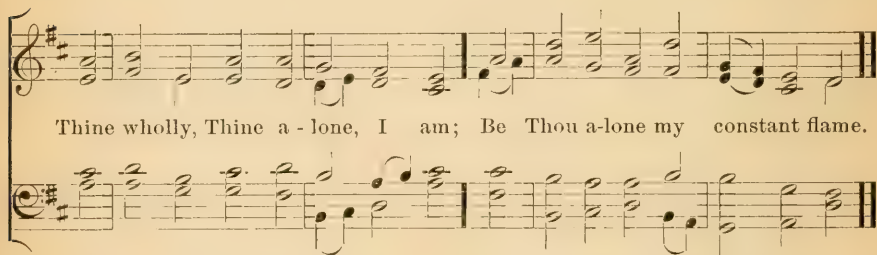
1. Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare;



Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there!



Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am; Be Thou a-lone my constant flame.



2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!  
Strange flames far from my heart remove;  
May ev'ry act, word, thought, be love!

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way!  
What wondrous things Thy love hath  
wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suff'ring, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end,

# For the Sick and Afflicted

626

My times are in Thy hand

S. M.

W. F. LLOYD. 1835

*Ludgate*  
E. GILDING. 1762

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to Thy care.

- 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 "My times are in Thy hand:"  
Why should I doubt or fear?

- My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"  
Jesus, the crucified!  
The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
Is now my guard and guide.

627

O Love divine, that stooped to share

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES. 1859

*Flores*  
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitt-'rest tear!

On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,

- The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we rest our burd'ning woe,  
O Love divine, forever dear!  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near,

# For the Sick and Afflicted

628 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way 11s.

*Altwick*

REV. J. N. DARBY. 1858

DR. HOWARD. 1760

84

1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our

lead - er, His Word is our stay; Though suff'r-ing, and sor - row, and

tri - al be near, The Lord is our re - fuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;  
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;  
The Way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter? Our help is in God!

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;  
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!  
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;  
The Lord is our leader, and heav'n is our home!

# For the Sick and Afflicted

629

We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen

11.10.

*Commendatio*

ELLEN ELLIS. 1858

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

72

1. We would see Je - sus; for the shadows length - en A-cross this

lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation  
Whereon our feet were set by sov'reign grace;  
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:  
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,  
And heav'n appears too dim, too far away;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.



# For the Sick and Afflicted

630

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

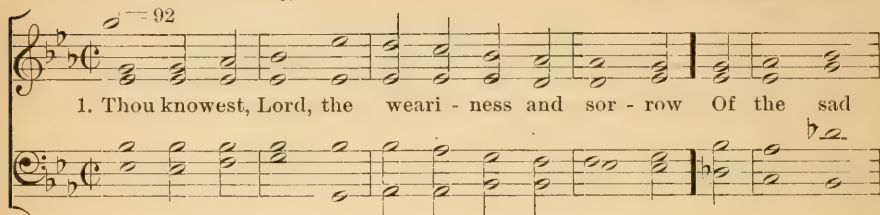
11.10.11.10.10.10.

*Omnia*

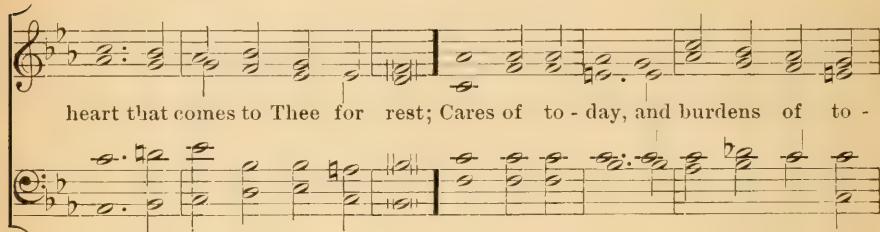
JANE BORTHWICK. 1859

SIR J. BARNBY. 1872

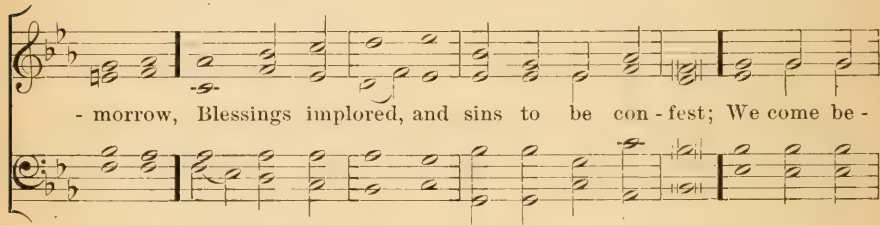
♩ = 92



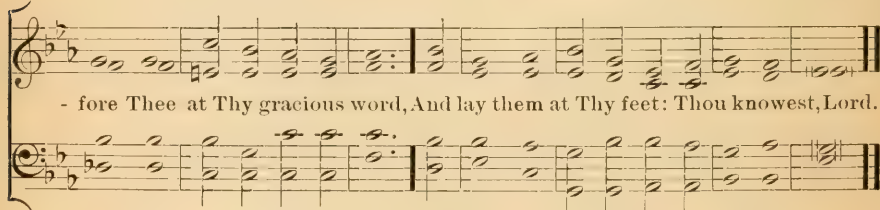
1. Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow Of the sad



heart that comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-



-morrow, Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed; We come be-



-fore Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

- 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer strayed;  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;  
All pensive mem'ries, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

# For the Sick and Afflicted

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;  
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:  
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known.

631

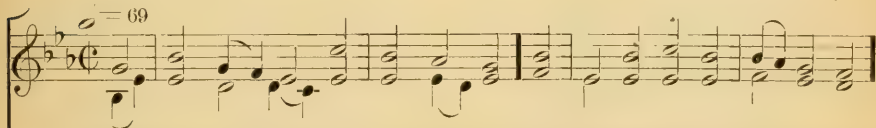
With tearful eyes I look around

L. M.

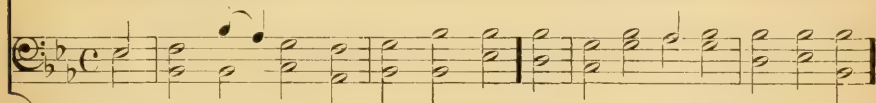
*Sebastian*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841

DR. S. S. WESLEY. 1872



1. With tear - ful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;



Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me."



2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;

To heav'n direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion; Come to Me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above;  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

# For the Sick and Afflicted

632

Thy way, not mine, O Lord

6s.

DR. BONAR. 1856

*Ibstone*  
M. TIDDEMAN. 1875

♩ = 84

1. { Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be:  
Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;

Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me. }  
Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. }

2 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God:  
So shall I walk aright.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

633

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

10.4.

A. A. PROCTER. 1862

*Per pacem*  
DR. MARTIN

♩ = 76

*mf* *dim.*

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;

*mf* *cres.* *dim. e rall.*

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.

# For the Sick and Afflicted

- 2 I do not ask that flow'rs should always  
spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I  
plead:  
Lead me aright,  
Though strength should falter and  
though heart should bleed,  
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst  
shed

- Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night.  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall  
shine,  
Through peace to light.

634 PH

## My Jesus, as Thou wilt

6s.

B. SCHMOLCK. 1704  
BORTHWICK. Tr.

"Mein Jesu, wie du wilt."

Beechcroft  
T. GERMAN REED

*♩ = 88 Voices in unison.*

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sorrow, or through joy, Con -

*mf* *pp* *rall.*

- duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee:  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

# For the Sick and Afflicted

635

Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion

7.6.

*St. Margaret*

REV. R. F. LITLEDAL. 1864

REV. W. STATHAM. 1875

♩ - 76

1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy Pas - sion, To Thee I make my pray'r;

Thou Who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain  
That floweth from Thy side!  
Oh, clothe me in the raiment  
Thy blood hath purified!

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,  
And lead from strength to strength,  
That unto Thee in Sion  
I may appear at length!

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,  
And open wide the door,  
That I may enter freely  
And never leave Thee more!

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,  
To that most blessed place,  
Where angels and archangels  
Look ever on Thy face;

6 Where glad some alleluias  
Unceasingly resound;  
Where martyrs, now triumphant,  
Walk robed in white and crowned!

7 Oh, make my Spirit worthy  
To join that ransomed throng!  
Oh, teach my lips to utter  
That everlasting song!

8 Oh, give that last, best blessing,  
That even saints can know,  
To follow in Thy footsteps  
Wherever Thou dost go!

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,  
I ask to win above;  
I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
O Thou eternal love!



# For the Sick and Afflicted

636

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord 11s.

REV. — KEEN. 1787

*Almwick*  
DR. HOWARD. 1760

84

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His ex - cell - ent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!  
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

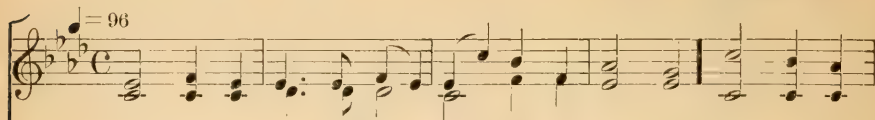
# For the Sick and Afflicted

637 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish 11.10.

T. MOORE. 1816

\* *Dublin*

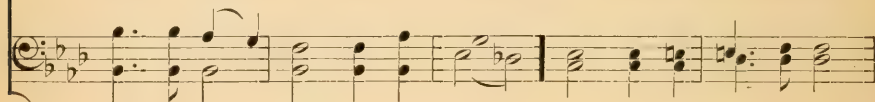
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye lan - guish; Come to the



mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,



here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot heal.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Righteousness divine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine;

*p*

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.

- 2 As ev'ry day, Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counselor and friend!  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

# Home and Personal use

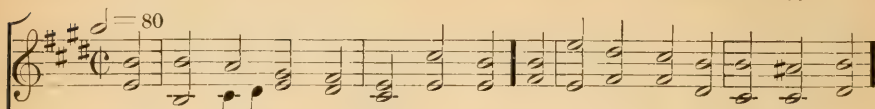
639

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go L. M.


*Melcombe*

REV. C. WESLEY. 1749

S. WEBBE. 1790



1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue;



Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned<br/>Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;<br/>In all my works Thy presence find,<br/>And prove Thy good and perfect will.</p> | <p>4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,<br/>And ev'ry moment watch and pray;<br/>And still to things eternal look,<br/>And hasten to Thy glorious Day.</p>                        |
| <p>3 'Thee may I set at my right hand,<br/>Whose eyes my inmost substance see;<br/>And labor on at Thy command,<br/>And offer all my works to Thee.</p>       | <p>5 Fain would I still for Thee employ<br/>Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath<br/>given,<br/>Would run my course with even joy,<br/>And closely walk with Thee to heaven.</p> |

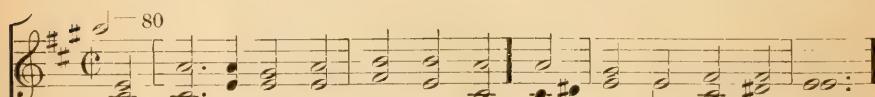
640

My Father, for another night C. M.

*St. Timothy*

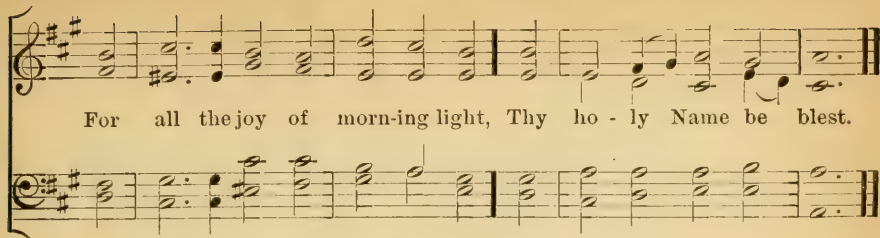
REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1875

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1875



1. My Fa-ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,

# Home and Personal use



2 Now with the new-born day I give  
Myself anew to Thee,

- That as Thou wilt I may live,  
And what Thou wilt be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
Whate'er I speak or frame,

Thy glory may I seek in all,  
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray  
Thy child accept and bless;  
And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
In paths of righteousness.

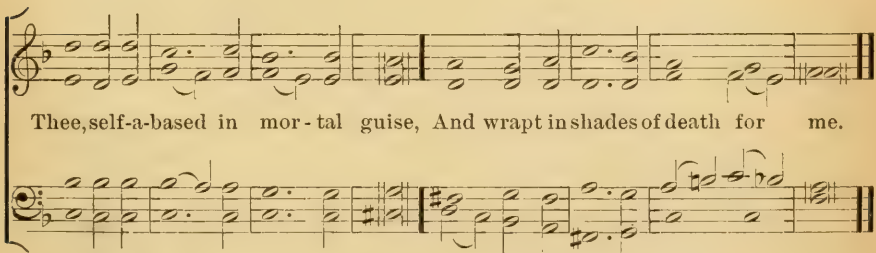
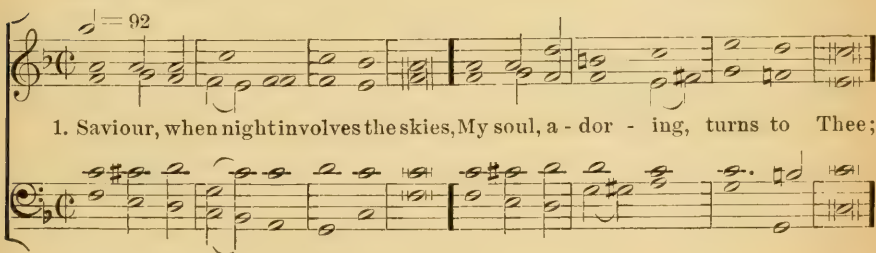
641

Saviour, when night involves the skies **L. M.**

*Sweden*

REV. T. GISBORNE. 1803

DR. HILES. 1860



2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;

Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,  
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;  
To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,  
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.



# Home and Personal use

642

Tarry with me, O my Saviour

8.7.

*Milman*

CAROLINE L. SMITH. 1852

J. T. COOPER

♩ = 84

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour! For the day is pass - ing by;

See! the shades of ev - 'ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
- 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;

Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me!  
Morning of eternal rest.

643

Inspirer and hearer of prayer

8s.

*Tabor*

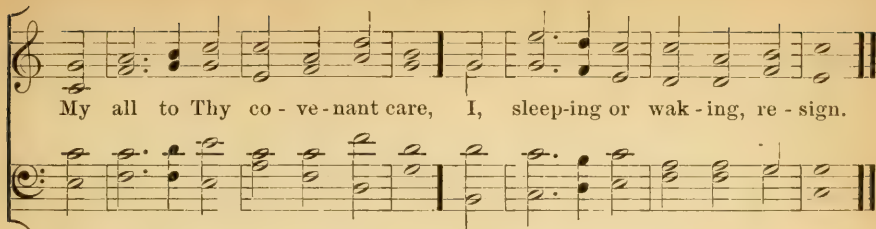
DR. STEGGALL

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1774

♩ = 80

1. In - spir - er and hear - er of pray'r, Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,

## Home and Personal use



2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sov'reign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand;

Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

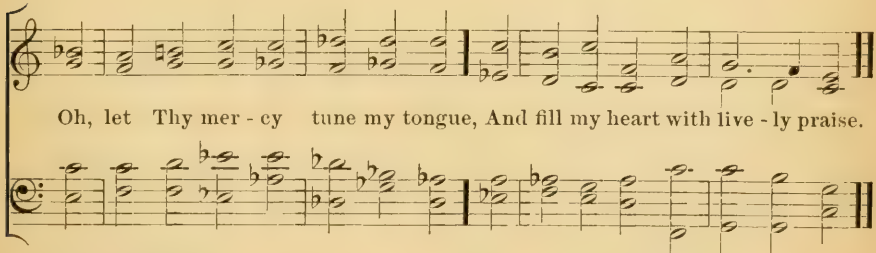
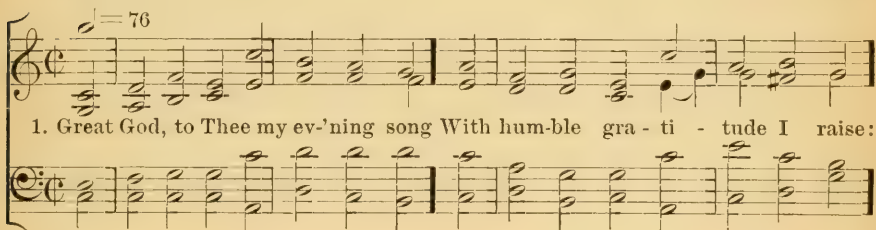
4 His smiles and His comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul He delights to defend.

## 644 Great God, to Thee my evening song L. M.

ANNE SIEELE. 1760

*Riverside*

ARTHUR E. CROOK. 1889



2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of Thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in Thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

# Home and Personal use

645

The day is past and gone

S. M.

*Vespertine*

J. LELAND. 1792

H. SMART. 1877

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. The day is past and gone; The ev'n - ing shades ap - pear:

Oh, may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possesst.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

646

Through the day Thy love has spared us

8.7.8.7.7..

T. KELLY. 1806

*Baden*  
GERMAN.

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Through the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest:

Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;

## Home and Personal use

Je - sus, Thou our guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
 In Thine arms may we repose;  
 And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

## 647 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father 8.7.

H. PARR. 1856

*Repose*  
 E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

1. Hear our pray'r, O Heav'nly Fa - ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an - gels, pure and ho - ly, Round our bed their vi - gils keep.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them ev'ry one;  
 Down before the cross we cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril  
 Safe beneath its shelt'ring shade;  
 Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
 When our pilgrimage is made.

4 None can measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought;  
 None can bound the tender mercies  
 Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,  
 Give us strength for days to come;  
 Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,  
 Till Thine angels bear us home.

# Home and Personal use

648

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes

C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1696

*St. David*  
ENGLISH. 1621

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. To Si - on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pect - ing aid;

From Si - on's hill, and Si - on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,  
Thy guardian will not sleep;  
Behold, the God who slumbers not  
Will favored Israel keep.

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,  
Safe to thy journey's end.

649

Lord, forever at Thy side

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

FIRST TUNE

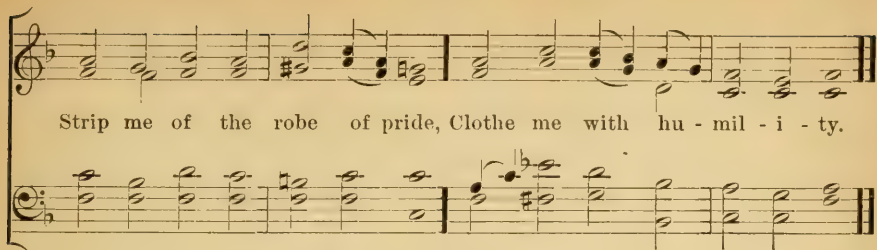
*Seymour*  
From WEBER. 1826

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:



# Home and Personal use



Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

2 Meekly may my soul receive,  
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;  
Thou hast spoken; I believe,  
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,  
Weanèd from the mother's breast,  
By no subtleties beguiled,  
On Thy faithful word I rest.

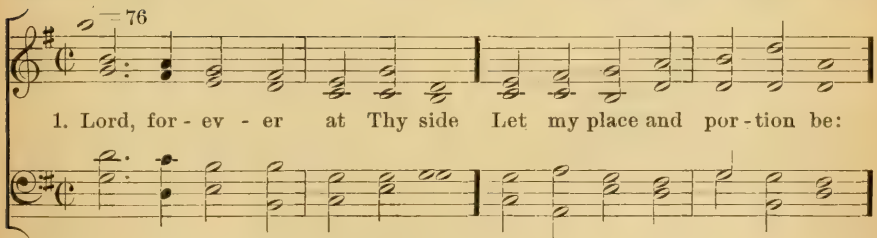
4 Israel now and evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
Him, in all His ways, adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

649

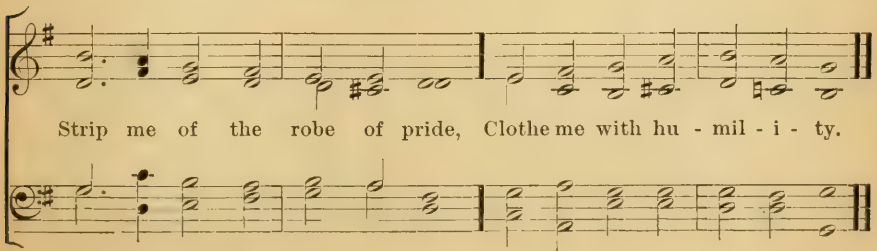
SECOND TUNE

*Humility*

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1879



1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:



Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

# Home and Personal use

650

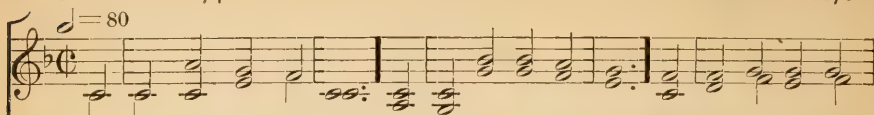
Jesus, my strength, my hope

D. S. M.

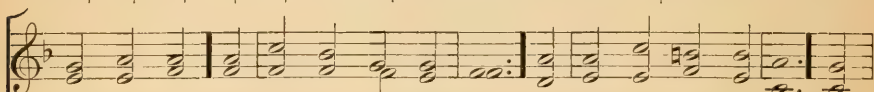
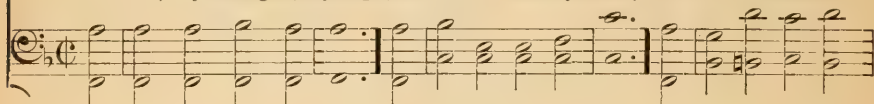
C. WESLEY. 1742

*Vigil*  
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1870

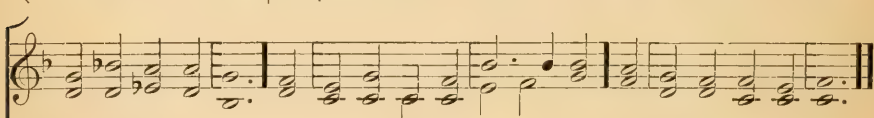
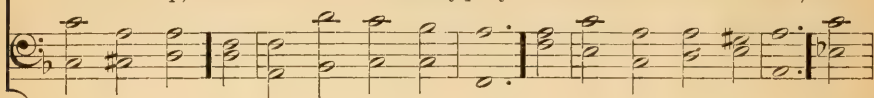
$\text{♩} = 80$



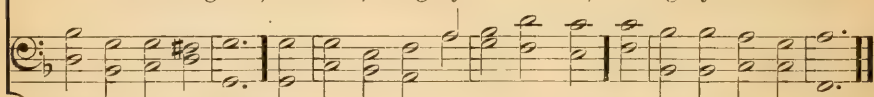
1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care; With humble con-fi -



- dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. Give me on Thee to wait, Till



I can all things do; On Thee, almighty to cre-ate, Almighty to re-new.



2 Give me a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great Name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee:  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

651

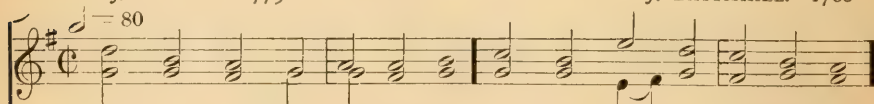
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare

7s.

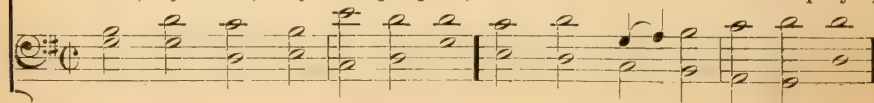
REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

*Supplication*  
J. BATTISHILL. 1760

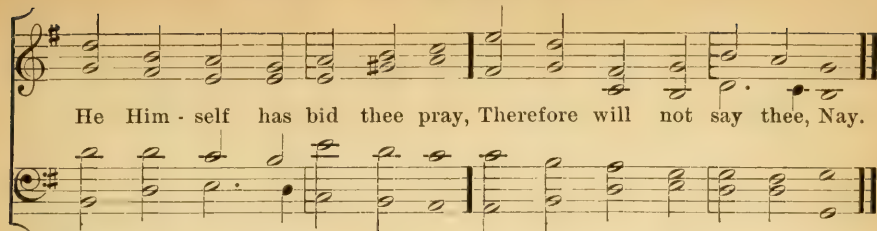
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-prepare; Je - sus loves to an-swer pray'r;



# Home and Personal use



He Him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;

There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

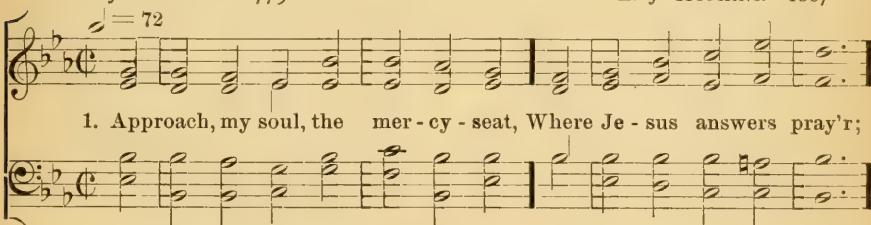
6 Show me what I have to do;  
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith;  
Let me die Thy people's death.

## 652 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat C.M.

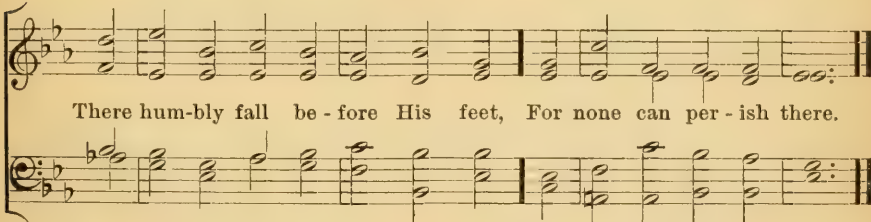
REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

*Wessex*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers pray'r;



There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest,

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name,

# Home and Personal use

653

My God, I love Thee: not because

C. M.

F. XAVIER. 1540

CASWALL. Tr.

"O Deus! ego amo Te."

Vermont

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1878

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. My God, I love Thee: not be-cause I hope for heav'n thereby;

Nor yet be-cause if I love not I must for - ev - er die.

- 2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
E'en death itself; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?

- Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward:  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

654

More love to Thee, O Christ

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

\* Farcham

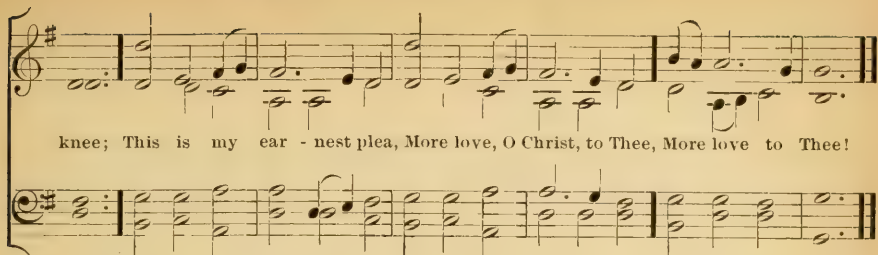
MRS. PRENTISS. 1869

SIR J. GOSS. 1872

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended

# Home and Personal use



2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest:  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best:  
This all my pray'r shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

655

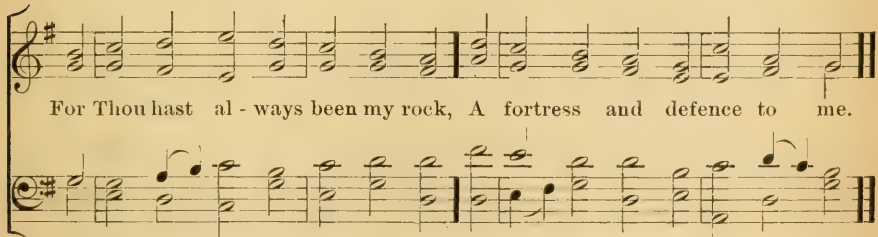
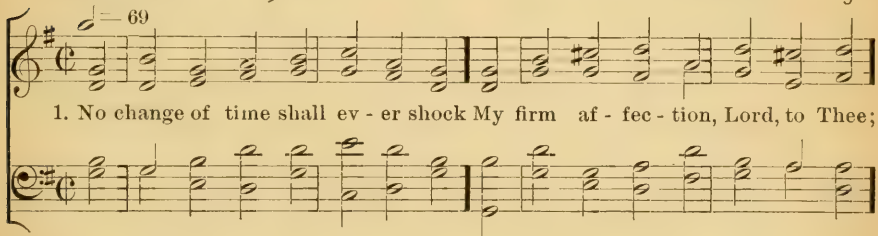
No change of time shall ever shock

L. M.

*Angels'*

TATE and BRADY. 1698

O. GIBBONS. 1623



2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;  
My trust is in Thy mighty power:  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,  
To Whom all praise we justly owe;  
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,  
Be guarded safe from ev'ry foe.



# Home and Personal use

656

Breast the wave, Christian

P. M.

*Encouragement*

J. STAMMERS. 1830

J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's longest;

Onward and onward still Be thine endeavor; The rest that re - maineth Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heav'n is before thee;  
He Who hath promised  
Faltereth never;  
He Who hath loved so well,  
Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposes;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him forever.

657

When all Thy mercies, O my God

C. M.

*Winchester old*

ENGLISH. 1592

J. ADDISON. 1712

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

\* The small notes and ties, for 1st Stanza only.

# Home and Personal use

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

## 658 Thou hidden love of God, whose height 8s.

G. TERSTEEGEN. 1729

WESLEY. Tr.

Old 112th  
GERMAN. 1540

"Verborgne Gottesliebe du."

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:

I see from far Thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose:

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of ev'ry motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
My base affections crucify,

Nor let one fav'rite sin survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

659

The Lord my pasture shall prepare

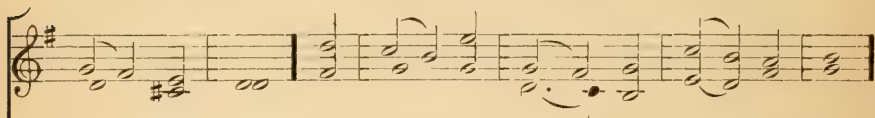
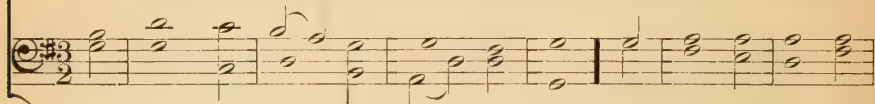
8s.

J. ADDISON. 1712

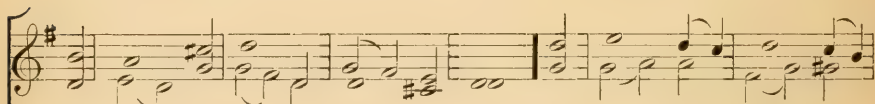
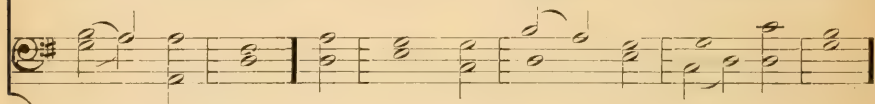
*Surrey*  
H. CAREY. 1730



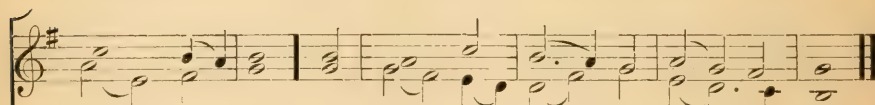
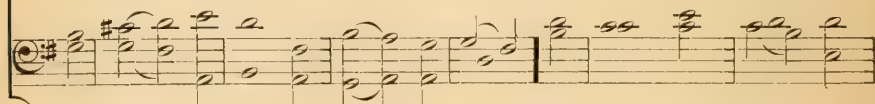
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a



shep - herd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He



shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.



# Home and Personal use

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

660

Oh, for a closer walk with God

C. M.

W. COWPER. 1772

*Metzler*  
R. REDHEAD. 1859

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

# Home and Personal use

661

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs 10s.

G. GREGORY. 1787

FIRST TUNE

*Hesper*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1870

$\text{♩} = 104$

1 As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -

- haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for

Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:  
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

661

SECOND TUNE

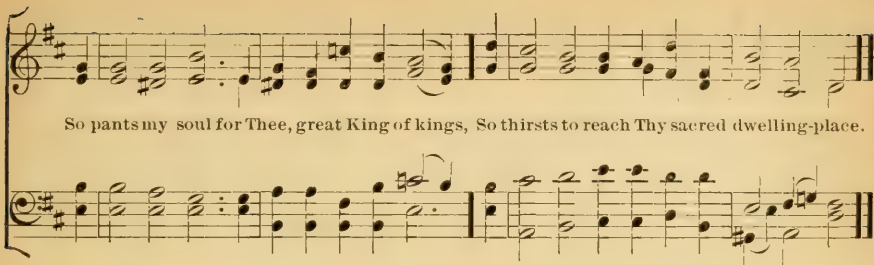
*Cyril*  
C. BOWDLER. 188

$\text{♩} = 50$

1. As pants the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,



# Home and Personal use

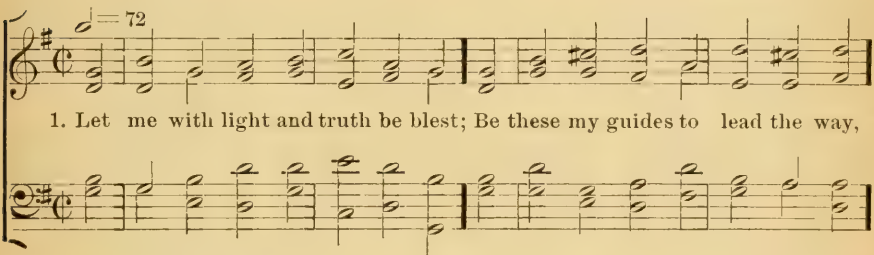


So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

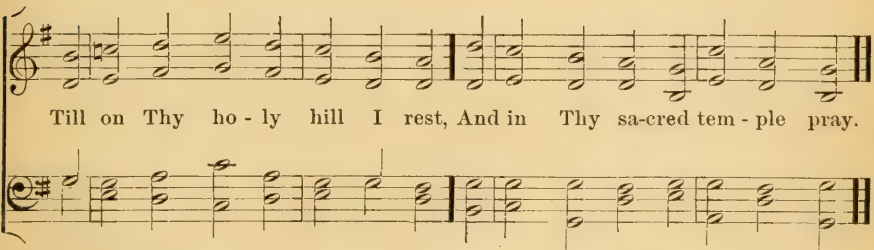
## 662 Let me with light and truth be blest L. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1696

*Angels'*  
O. GIBBONS. 1623



1. Let me with light and truth be blest; Be these my guides to lead the way,



Till on Thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in Thy sa - cred tem - ple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God, Who is my only joy;  
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why  
So much oppressed with anxious care?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruined state repair.

# Home and Personal use

## 663 O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows C. M.

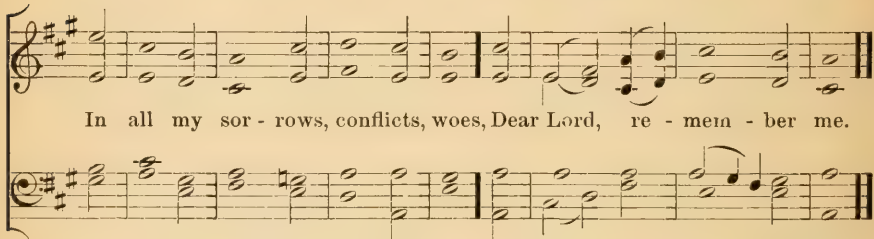
REV. T. HAWEIS. 1792

*Martyrdom*  
H. WILSON. 1768

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. O Thou, from Whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;



In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:  
In love, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
Hear and remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh, let my strength be as my day!  
For good, remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death  
I own Thy just decree,  
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,  
Dear Lord, remember me!

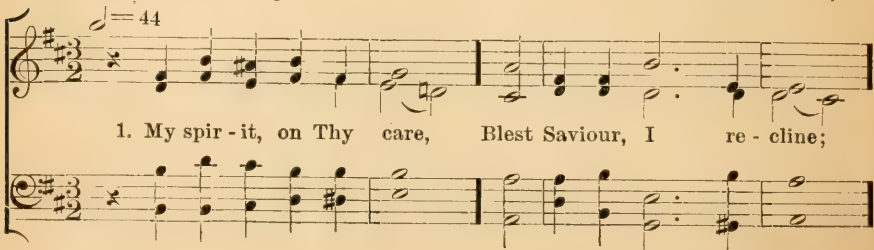
## 664 My spirit, on Thy care

S. M.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

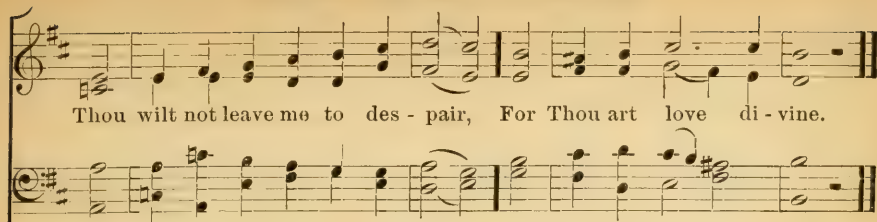
*Consolation*  
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 44$



1. My spir - it, on Thy care, Blest Saviour, I re - cline;

# Home and Personal use



Thou wilt not leave me to des - pair, For Thou art love di - vine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform:  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

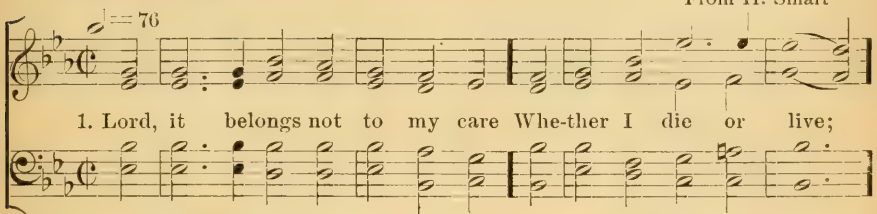
665

Lord, it belongs not to my care

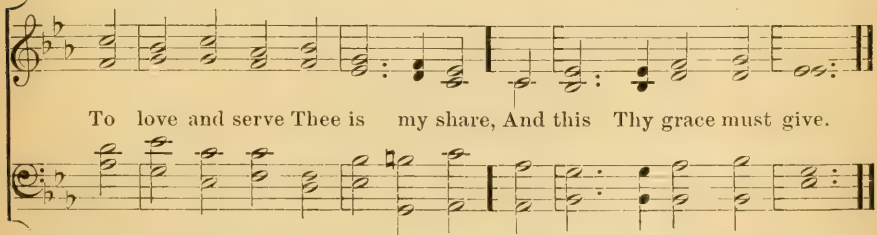
C. M.

R. BAXTER. 1681

*Eastland*  
W. SMEDLEY. 1880  
From H. Smart



1. Lord, it belongs not to my care Whe-ther I die or live;



To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, oh, make me glad  
The longer to obey;  
If short, no laborer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
And he that to God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me  
meet  
Thy blessed face to see;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

# Home and Personal use

666

Jesus, I live to Thee

S. M.

REV. H. HARBAUGH. 1850

*Dunelm*  
DR. ARMES. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heav'n forever mine.

667

My God, my Father, while I stray

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

FIRST TUNE

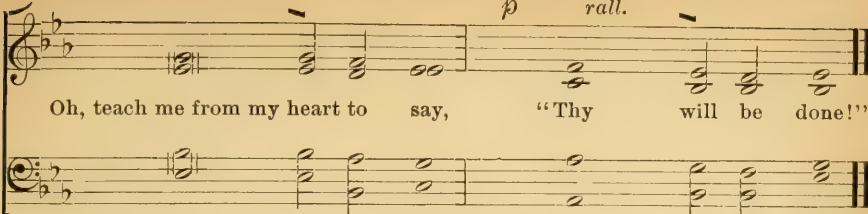
*Troyte 1*  
A. H. D. TROYTE

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

# Home and Personal use

*p* *rall.*



Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

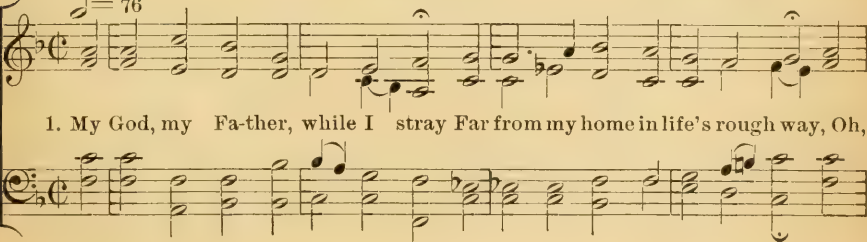
7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done."

667

SECOND TUNE

*Resignation*  
J. HULLAH. 1865

$\text{♩} = 76$



1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, Oh,



teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"  
"Thy will be done!"



# Home and Personal use

668

Whate'er my God ordains is right

P. M.

S. RODIGAST. 1675

WINKWORTH. Tr.

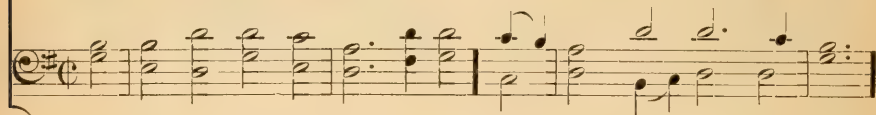
"Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan."

\* *Gastorius*

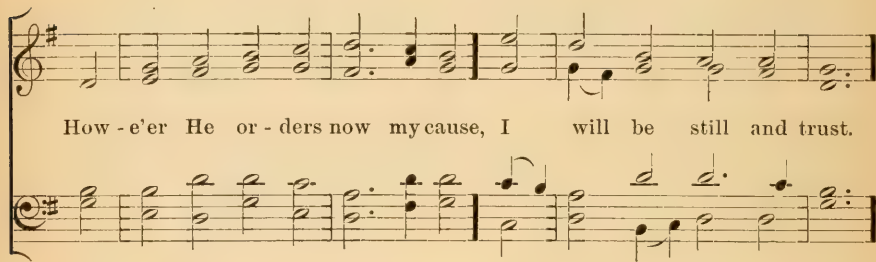
J. PACHELBEL. 1700



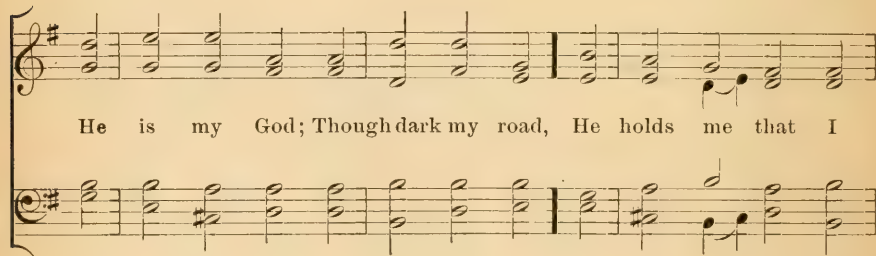
1. What-e'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev - er just,



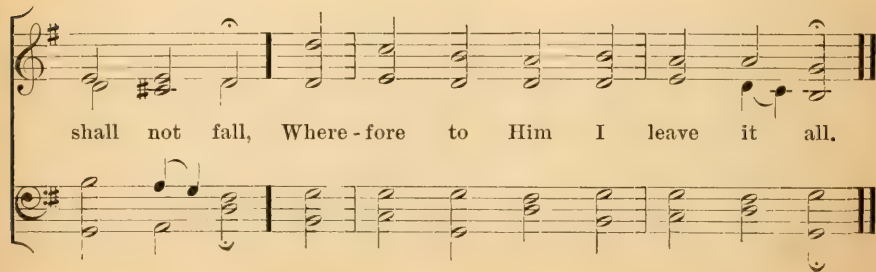
How - e'er He or - ders now my cause, I will be still and trust.



He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I



shall not fall, Where - fore to Him I leave it all.



# Home and Personal use

2 What'er my God ordains is right;  
He never will deceive;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to Him I cleave,  
And take content  
What He hath sent;

His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait His day.

3 What'er my God ordains is right;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 What'er my God ordains is right;  
My light, my life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good;  
I trust Him utterly;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our guardian here.

5 What'er my God ordains is right;  
Here will I take my stand,  
Though sorrow, need, or death make  
For me a desert land. [earth  
My Father's care  
Is round me there,  
He holds me that I shall not fall;  
And so to Him I leave it all.

669

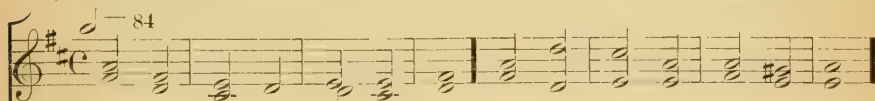
Sovereign ruler of the skies

7s.

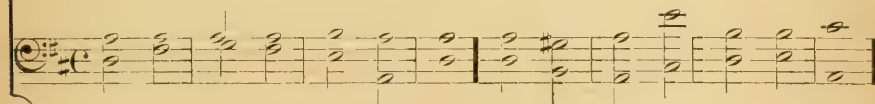
*Buckland*

J. RYLAND. 1777

REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863



1. Sov'reign rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra-cious, ev - er wise,



All our times are in Thy hand, All e - vents at Thy com-mand.



2 He that formed us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,

All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own Thy hand,  
Still to Thee surrendered stand,  
Know that Thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all Thy own!

# Home and Personal use

670

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

C. M.

*Devon*

ANNE STEELE. 1760

J. A. MACMEIKAN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From ev'ry murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend:  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

671

While Thee I seek, protecting Power

C. M.

*Meliora*

HELEN M. WILLIAMS. 1786

DR. GAUNTLETT

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. While Thee I seek, pro-TECT - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

# Home and Personal use

- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed,  
To Thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
In ev'ry pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storms shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

672

Blest be the tie that binds

S. M.

*Moravia*

J. FAWCETT. 1772

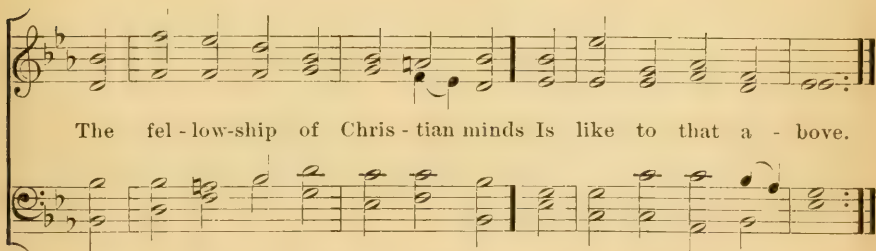
REV. L. WEST. 1800



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love:



The fel - low-ship of Chris - tian minds Is like to that a - bove.



- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
Not like the world's, our pain;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

# Home and Personal use

673

I heard the voice of Jesus say

D. C. M.

*Vox Jesu*

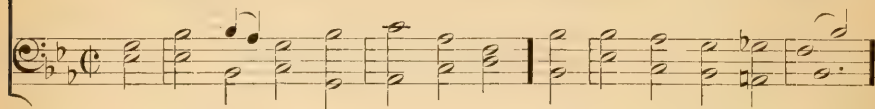
DR. BONAR. 1846

FIRST TUNE

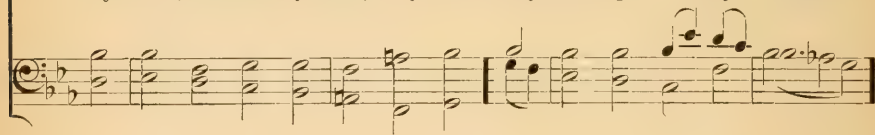
SPOHR-BARNBY. 1867



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;



Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.





# Home and Personal use

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
Behold I freely give.  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till trav'ling days are done.

673

SECOND TUNE

*Albridge*  
E. J. HOPKINS. 1880

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

# Home and Personal use

## 674 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin 10s.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1875

*Pax tecum*  
G. T. CALDBECK. 1877

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Peace, per - feet peace, in this dark world of sin ?

The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the text.

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.

The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the text.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

## 675

## Forever with the Lord

S. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1835

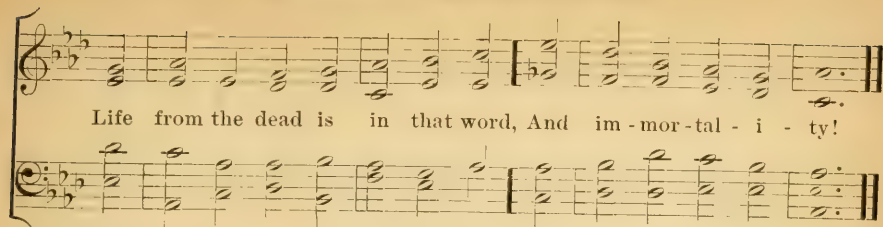
*Forever*  
From SCHUMANN. 1840

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the text.

# Home and Personal use



Life from the dead is in that word, And im-mor-tal - i - ty!

2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

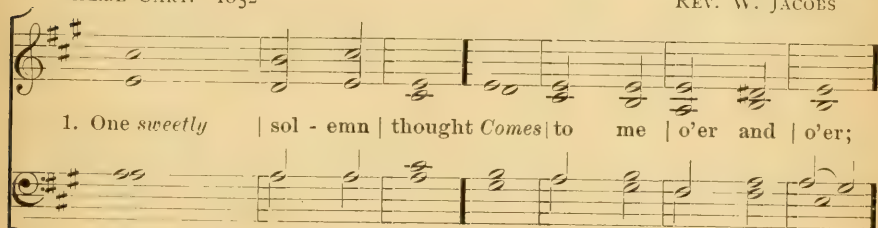
676

One sweetly solemn thought

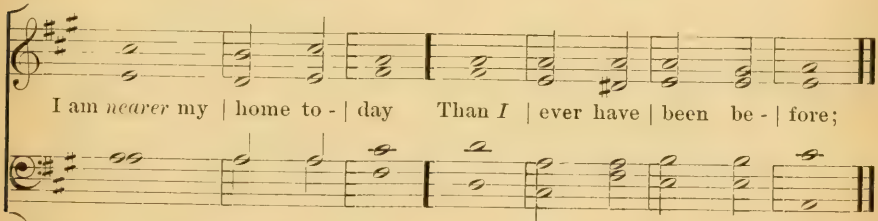
P.M.

PHOEBE CARY. 1852

Chant  
REV. W. JACOBS



1. One sweetly | sol - emn | thought Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er;



I am nearer my | home to - | day Than I | ever have | been be - | fore;

2 Nearer the | great white | throne,  
Near - er the | crystal sea,  
Nearer my | Father's | house,  
Where the | "many | mansions" | be;

3 Nearer the | bound of | life,  
Where we | lay our | burdens | down;  
Nearer | leaving the | cross,  
Nearer | gain - ing the | crown;

4 But lying | darkly be - | tween,  
Winding | down | through the | night,

Is the deep and | unknown | stream  
To be crossed | ere we | reach the | light.

5 Jesus, per - | fect my | trust,  
Strengthen the | hand | of my | faith:  
Let me feel Thee near | when I | stand  
On the edge | of the | shore of | death;

6 Feel Thee near | when my | feet  
Are slipping | o - | ver the | brink;  
For it may be I'm | nearer | home,  
Nearer | now | than I | think.

# Home and Personal use

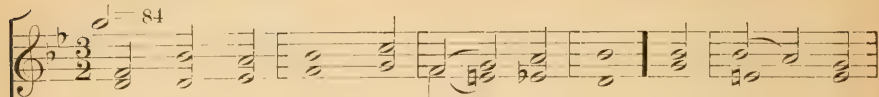
677

As, when the weary traveller gains L. M.

*Walton*

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

From BEETHOVEN. 1831



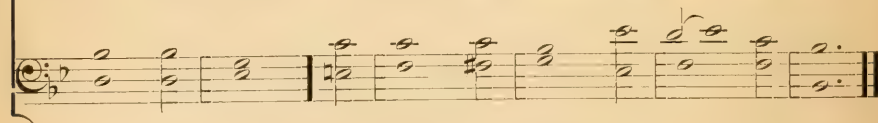
1. As, when the wea - ry travel - ler gains The height of



some com - mand - ing hill, His heart re - vives, if



o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still;



2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting heart renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heav'n his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to Thine abode;  
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labors of the road.

DR. WATTS. 1709

*Beulah*  
DR. GARRETT. 1889

80

1. There is a land of pure de - light,

Where saints im - mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex -

- cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.



# Home and Personal use

679

There is a blessed home

6s.

Annie  
ANCIENT

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1861

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 92$  *To be sung in unison.*

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - - row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

2 There is a land of peace:

Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,

To see the Lamb Who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side!  
To give to Him the praise  
Of ev'ry triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!

# Home and Personal use

4 Look up, ye saints of God!  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe!  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love!  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

679

SECOND TUNE

*Blessed Home*  
SIR J. STAINER. 1875

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe,

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

# DOXOLOGIES

NOTE.— After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

## L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow!

Praise Him. all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

## L. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The God Whom earth and heav'n adore.

Be glory, as it was of old,

Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

## D. L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,

And God the Spirit, praise be given,

The everlasting Three in One,

Adored by all in earth and heaven;

As was in circling ages past,

Is now, and shall forever be,

While saints their crowns of glory cast

Before Thy throne, blest Trinity. Amen.

## C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The God Whom we adore,

Be glory, as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore. Amen.

## D. C. M.

**T**O praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all-divine,

The One in Three, and Three in One

Let saints and angels join:

Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,

The God Whom we adore,

As was, and is, and shall be done,

When time shall be no more. Amen.

## S. M.

**T**O God, the Father, Son,

And Spirit, ever blest,

The One in Three, the Three in One,

Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

## D. S. M.

**P**RAISE, as in ages past,

Praise, as in glory now,

Praise, while eternity shall last,

To Thee, O God, we vow;

Whom all the heav'nly host

And saints on earth adore;

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Be glory evermore. Amen.

## 1

10s.

**T**O God the Father, and to God the Son,

To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,

As was, and is, and ever shall be given.  
Amen.

## 2

8s.

**A**LL praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,  
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.  
Amen.

## 3

8.8.8.8.8.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Be glory in the highest given,  
By all in earth, and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.  
Amen.

## 4

8s.

8.8.8.8.8.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom heav'n's triumphant host

And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more.  
Amen.

## 5

D. 8s.

**E**TERNAL Father! throned above,  
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!

Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne  
For man's rebellion to atone;  
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give  
That grace whereby our spirits live:

Thou God of our salvation, be  
Eternal praises paid to Thee.

Amen.

# Dorologies

6

7s.

**H**OLY Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

7

7.7.7.7.7.7.

7s.

**P**RAISE the Name of God most high  
Praise Him, all below the sky,  
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore His praise shall last.  
Amen.

8

D. 7s.

**H**OLY Father, Fount of light,  
God of wisdom, goodness, might;  
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,  
God with us, Emmanuel;  
Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
God of comfort, peace, and love;  
Evermore be Thou adored,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

9

6s.

**T**O Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal glory be. Amen.

10

6.6.6.6.6.6.

6s.

**T**O God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise and glory be;  
As was in ages past,  
And shall forever last,  
Most Holy Trinity.

11

D. 6s.

**T**O Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal glory be;  
As hath been, and is now,  
And shall be evermore:  
Before Thy throne we bow,  
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

12

8.7.

8.7.

**P**RAISE the Father, earth and  
heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

13

8.7.8.7.8.7.

**P**RAISE and honor to the Father,  
Praise and honor to the Son,  
Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One;  
One in might and one in glory  
While eternal ages run. Amen.

14

D. 8.7.

8.7.

**L**ET the voice of all creation,  
Earth and heav'n's triumphant  
host,  
Praise the God of our salvation,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
See the heav'nly elders casting  
Golden crowns before His throne:  
Alleluias everlasting  
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

15

7.6.

**T**O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be loftiest praises given,  
Now and for evermore. Amen.

16

D. 7.6.

7,6.

**O**FATHER ever glorious,  
O everlasting Son,  
O Spirit all victorious,  
Thrice holy Three in One,  
Great God of our salvation,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Praise, glory, adoration,  
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

17

6.5.

**G**LORY to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

18

9.8.

**T**O God the Father, Son and Spirit,  
The everlasting Three in One,  
Be glory due Thy boundless merit,  
While never ending ages run.

19

8.7.8.7.4.7.

**G**REAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne:  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

# Dorologies

20

8.7.8.7.7.7.

**P**RAISE the Father throned in heaven;  
Praise the everlasting Son;  
Praise the Spirit freely given;  
Praise the blessed Three in One.  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

21

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

**T**O Father, Son, and Spirit blest,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in One confest,  
Be highest glory given,  
As hath been from the ages past,  
And shall be while the ages last,  
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

22

7.6.7.6.8.8.

**T**O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
God ever Three in One,  
Let glory due Thy merit,  
By angel choirs begun,  
As in the countless ages past,  
Be sung while endless ages last. Amen.

23

8.5.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
God forever One,  
Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
While the ages run. Amen.

24

8.8.8.4.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our God forever Three in One,  
Be praise from men and angel host,  
While ages run. Amen.

25

8.8.8.6.

**O** HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,  
While everlasting ages run,  
All glory be to Thee. Amen.

26

7.7.7.5.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three in One; from every coast,  
Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,  
Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

27

6.6.6.6.8.8.

**T**O God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son;  
To God the Spirit, praise:  
With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.  
Amen.

28

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

**T**O Father and to Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given,  
As hath been heretofore,  
And shall be evermore:  
Let all His Name adore  
In earth and heaven. Amen.

29

4.4.7.7.6.

**T**O Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One  
True God, be glory given;  
Now, and while the ages run,  
Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

30

HYMN 466

P. M.

**T**O God, the Father, Son,  
And ever blessed Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be glory due Thy merit;  
As was in ages past,  
Is now, and still shall be,  
While endless ages last,  
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

31

**C**OME, let us adore Him! come, bow at  
His feet!  
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is  
meet!  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies! Amen.



## Index of Subjects.

- Adoration—137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 374, 385, 387, 444, 445, 447, 448, 450, 452, 455, 456, 457, 458, 460, 461, 462, 463.
- Aspiration—135, 338, 339, 343, 344, 345, 409, 411, 430, 431, 432, 439, 600, 607, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 658, 660, 666, 675.
- Associations or Guilds—161, 162, 163, 168, 268 at vs. 3, 274, 511, 580, 581, 584, 588.
- Christ's Call—143, 169, 437, 590, 596, 631, 673.
- Church, Intercession for the—259, 260, 326, 327, 328, 329, 496, 499, 525.
- Church Militant—485, 488, 490, 491, 516, 521, 580.
- Church at Rest—8, 179, 394, 396, 397, 679.
- Church Triumphant—74, 124, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 407, 408.
- Clergy, The—182, 183, 184, 285, 286, 288, 497, 581.
- Confession of Christ—163, 164 at vs. 2, 216, 217, 342, 358, 359, 364, 582, 598, 600.
- Consecration—10, 101, 344, 345, 395, 429, 454, 507, 508, 510, 603, 666.
- Country, Our—187, 188, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 200.
- Doubt—144, 146, 420, 422, 424, 426, 427.
- Faith—7, 95, 326, 345, 355, 435, 446, 606, 610, 611, 623, 626, 636, 664, 668, 671, 675.
- Fellowship with God—12, 68, 312, 315, 344, 355, 410, 430, 436.
- Following Christ—68, 452, 507, 510, 571, 615.
- Guidance—326, 333, 341, 343, 379, 380, 411, 414, 417, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 611, 614, 615, 616.
- Hope—43, 318, 397, 404, 407, 512, 521, 523, 675, 676, 679.
- Hospitals—14, 272, 273, 274, 300.
- House of God—479, 482, 483, 484, 489.
- Humility—410, 603, 611, 632, 649.
- Joy—43, 47, 324, 457, 522, 579.
- Judgment, Day of—36, 37, 38.
- Love of God—100, 101, 431, 432, 433, 625, 627, 658.
- Love to God—75, 76, 77, 317, 443, 444, 563, 599, 600, 653, 654.
- Love to Man—268 at vs. 3, 269, 275, 580, 586.
- Name of Jesus—149, 321, 322, 433, 518.
- Orphans—276, 277.
- Peace—15, 32, 496, 613, 633, 674.
- Penitence—82, 85, 86, 87, 89, 347, 349, 350, 351, 354, 356, 360, 384, 529, 595.
- Perseverance—509, 510, 511, 549.
- Praise, 23, 362, 366, 369, 438, 442, 443, 445, 452, 453, 455, 456, 458, 460, 461, 462, 463, 465, 468, 469, 471, 474, 617.
- Preparation for Christ—40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 316, 405.
- Progress—393, 395, 503, 505, 506, 509, 510, 521, 522, 523, 620, 656.
- Protection—16, 17, 19, 415, 416, 417, 418, 435, 643, 648.
- Providence—189, 427, 435, 465.
- Submission—346, 610, 613, 616, 626, 632, 634, 666, 667, 668, 671.
- Sympathy—161, 162, 269, 271, 274, 275, 630.
- Temperance—278, 279.
- Thanksgiving—367, 368, 470, 624.
- Triumph of Christ—39, 127, 367, 370, 371, 457.
- Trust—84, 145, 335, 336, 340, 341, 363, 412, 413, 435, 436, 590, 606, 622, 626, 628, 642, 664.
- Unity—230, 492, 494, 495.
- Watchfulness—40, 186, 405, 501, 504.
- Work—511, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 619.
- Zeal—393, 503, 628.

# Index of First Lines.

Giving also, in parenthesis, the numbers of such hymns as were in the old Hymnal.

## HYMN

A charge to keep I have	(474)	501
A few more years shall roll	(28)	203
A tower of strength our God doth stand		416
Abide with me: 'Tisf falls the eventide	(335)	12
Above the clear blue sky	(211)	570
According to Thy gracious word		233
Across the sky the shades of night		202
All glory, land, and honor	(72)	90
All hail the power of Jesus' name	(424)	450
All my heart this night rejoices		538
All people that on earth do dwell	(405)	470
All praise to him Who built the hills		463
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord		320
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	(333)	18
Alleluia! Alleluia!		123
Alleluia! sing to Jesus!		368
Alleluia, song of gladness	(480)	73
Almighty Father, bless the word	(166)	33
Almighty Father, hear our cry		307
Almighty God, Whose only Son		499
Am I a soldier of the cross?	(471)	508
Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory		311
And now, O Father, mindful of the love		228
Angels from the realms of glory	(24)	60
Angels, roll the rock away	(101)	116
Angel-voices, ever singing		304
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	(399)	632
Arise, O Lord, and shine	(287)	265
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	(514)	342
Art thou weary, art thou languid		661
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs	(155)	661
As when the weary traveller gains	(450)	677
As with gladness men of old	(45)	65
Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord		598
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!	(260)	244
At even, ere the sun was set		14
At the cross her station keeping		103
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	(100)	118
At the Name of Jesus		518
Awake, and sing the song	(463)	369
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	(332)	2
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	(476)	503
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee		80
Before Jehovah's awful throne	(409)	473
Before the ending of the day	(359)	21
Behold a humble train	(180)	153
Behold the Lamb of God!	(80)	96
Behold, the Master passeth by!		169
Blessed city, heavenly Salem		400
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise		241
Blest are the pure in heart		410
Blest be the tie that binds	(315)	672
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright	(149)	31
Blow ye the trumpet, blow!		330
Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord		286
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	(209)	224
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	(207)	225
Breast the wave, Christian	(472)	656
Brief life is here our portion	(491)	406
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	(37)	66
Brighly gleams our banner		545
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored		226
By cool Siloam's shady rill	(224)	565
Call Jehovah thy salvation		415
Call them in! the poor, the wretched		619
Calm on the listening ear of night	(26)	55
Children of the heavenly King	(449)	452
Christ, above all glory seated		371
Christ, by heavenly hosts adored		188
Christ for the world we sing		530
Christ is made the sure foundation	(282)	483
Christ is our corner-stone	(279)	294

## HYMN

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!		113
Christ our King to heaven ascendeth		137
Christ, the Life of all the living		361
Christ the Lord is risen again	(106)	114
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	(98)	111
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	(331)	312
Christian! dost thou see them	(68)	81
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	(21)	56
Come, Christian children, come and raise		554
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	(131)	379
Come hither, ye faithful	(25)	50
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest		380
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	(137)	289
Come, Holy Spirit, come!	(135)	376
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	(128)	377
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne		297
Come, let us all with one accord		26
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	(208)	447
Come, let us sing the song of songs!		448
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	(330)	3
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	(401)	651
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour		533
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	(272)	497
Come, Thou almighty King	(428)	388
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!		378
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus		48
Come to our poor nature's night		435
Come unto Me, ye weary		497
Come, ye disconsolate		637
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain		110
Come, ye thankful people, come	(306)	193
Conquering kings their titles take		322
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	(129)	381
Crown Him with many crowns	(116)	374
Day of wrath! oh day of mourning	(483)	36
Days and moments quickly flying		621
Dear Jesus, ever at my side		594
Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil	(240)	214
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord		220
Dead Jehovah, God of nations	(310)	201
Earth has many a noble city		63
Eternal Father! strong to save	(267)	306
Eternal God! we look to Thee		455
Every morning mercies new		4
Fair waved the golden corn		569
Far from my heavenly home	(520)	323
Father, hear Thy children's call		495
Father of all, from land and sea		495
Father of all Whose love profound	(142)	139
Father of heaven, Who hast created all		206
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	(271)	287
Father of mercies! in Thy Word	(360)	283
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	(440)	670
Fierce was the storm of wind		71
Fight the good fight, with all thy might		505
Fling out the banner! let it float		253
For all the saints, who from their labors rest	(137)	176
For all Thy saints, a noble throng		165
For all Thy saints, O Lord		181
For thee, O dear, dear country	(492)	407
For Thee, O God, our constant praise	(407)	480
For Thy mercy and Thy grace		204
Forever with the Lord!	(489)	675
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	(318)	639
Forty days and forty nights	(49)	79
Forward! be our watchword		523
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	(286)	269
From all that dwell below the skies	(289)	468
From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest	(175)	174
From every stormy wind that blows	(403)	481

HYMN	
From glory unto glory !.....	205
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	(283). 254
From the eastern mountains.....	62
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	(190). 490
Glory be to God the Father !.....	517
Glory be to Jesus.....	(74). 392
Glory to the blessed Jesus.....	537
Glory to the Father give.....	(220). 547
Glory to Thee, O Lord, Who by Thy mighty power.....	70
Glory to Thee, O Lord.....	(179). 117
Go forward, Christian soldier.....	510
Go, labor on ! spend and be spent !.....	584
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	(86). 93
God Almighty, in Thy temple.....	548
God in heaven, hear our singing !.....	573
God moves in a mysterious way.....	(502). 427
God, my Father, hear me pray.....	384
God, my King, Thy might confessing.....	(428). 384
God of love, our Father, Saviour.....	298
God of mercy, God of grace.....	332
God of mercy, throned on high.....	551
God of our fathers, bless this our land.....	195
God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand.....	194
God of the prophets ! Bless the prophets' sons.....	280
God that madest earth and heaven.....	(344). 19
God the all-merciful ! earth hath forsaken.....	198
God the Father, God the Son.....	528
Golden harps are sounding.....	545
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.....	535
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....	(327). 576
Grant us, O our heavenly Father.....	574
Great Creator, Lord of all.....	546
Great God, to Thee my evening song.....	(345). 644
Great God, what do I see and hear !.....	(484). 37
Great Shepherd of the sheep.....	571
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	(505). 414
Hail ! sacred day of earthly rest.....	25
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	128
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus !.....	(78). 305
Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	(34). 323
Hail to the Lord Who comes.....	41
Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding.....	41
Hark ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are swell- ing.....	(453). 398
Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord.....	(521). 599
Hark ! ten thousand voices sounding.....	125
Hark ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes.....	(15). 47
Hark ! the herald angels sing.....	(17). 51
Hark ! the loud celestial hymn.....	140
Hark ! the sound of holy voices.....	(189). 179
Hark ! the voice eternal.....	35
Hark ! what mean those holy voices.....	61
Hasten the time appointed.....	(291). 255
Have mercy, Lord, on me.....	(60). 351
He is risen, He is risen.....	(107). 117
He leadeth me ! O blessed thought !.....	616
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.....	356
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father.....	647
Hear us, Thou that broodest.....	133
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.....	556
Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray.....	290
Hearts of unending life.....	(479). 592
Here, O my Lord, I see the face to face.....	219
Holy Father, cheer our way.....	145
Holy Father, great Creator.....	(145). 386
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.....	(140). 285
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty.....	(138). 383
Holy offerings, rich and rare.....	478
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	524
Holy Spirit, Lord of glory.....	215
Holy Spirit, Lord of love.....	213
Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn.....	559
Hosanna to the living Lord.....	(4). 316
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.....	550
How beauteous are their feet.....	(44). 498
How firm a foundation.....	(38). 430
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.....	(385). 433
How wondrous and great.....	(35). 467
Hushed was the evening hymn.....	563
I am not worthy, holy Lord.....	234
I could not do without Thee.....	603
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.....	633
I heard a sound of voices.....	404
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	(528). 673
I hunger and I thirst.....	343
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	605
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	(191). 483
I'm but a stranger here.....	623
I need Thee every hour.....	602
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	601
I think when I read that sweet story of old.....	(226). 562

HYMN	
In exile here we wander.....	74
In His own raiment clad.....	106
In His temple now behold Him.....	151
In loud exalted strains.....	(132). 482
In mercy, not in wrath.....	(50). 352
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	359
In the hour of trial.....	(443). 540
In the Name which earth and heaven.....	292
In the vineyard of our Father.....	(227). 577
In token that thou shalt not fear.....	(214). 209
Inspirer and hearer of prayer.....	(339). 643
It came upon the midnight clear.....	(22). 510
It is not death to die.....	(97). 419
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	(496). 402
Jerusalem, the golden !.....	(493). 408
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	(218). 597
Jesus calls us ; o'er the tumult.....	143
Jesus came, the heavens adoring.....	318
Jesus Christ is passing by.....	592
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....	(99). 112
Jesus, from Thy throne on high.....	276
Jesus, gentlest Saviour.....	366
Jesus, high in glory.....	570
Jesus, I live to Thee.....	666
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	(236). 358
Jesus, in Thy dying woes.....	530
Jesus, King of glory.....	531
Jesus lives ! thy terrors now.....	(104). 122
Jesus, Lord of life and glory.....	350
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	(393). 335
Jesus, meek and gentle.....	(225). 367
Jesus, merciful and mild.....	611
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.....	600
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.....	(394). 341
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	(434). 550
Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !.....	(33). 149
Jesus, our risen King.....	367
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	(281). 261
Jesus, still lead on.....	420
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	(352). 534
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	(455). 434
Jesus, Thou art my loving hearts !.....	430
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.....	625
Jesus, to Thy table led.....	292
Jesus ! where'er Thy people meet.....	296
Jesus, with Thy Church abide.....	525
Joy fills our inmost heart to day.....	539
Joy to the world ! the Lord is come.....	(40). 324
Just as I am, without one plea.....	(392). 606
King of glory ! Saviour dear.....	549
King of saints, to Whom the number.....	168
Laboring and heavy laden.....	496
Lamb of God, for sinners slain.....	543
Lamb of God, I look to Thee.....	566
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.....	281
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.....	(512). 423
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	(506). 421
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.....	422
Let me with light and truth be blest.....	(162). 662
Let no hopeless tears be shed.....	245
Let saints on earth in concert sing.....	391
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving.....	299
Lift up, lift up your voices now !.....	413
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.....	(39). 325
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....	399
Light's abode, celestial Salem.....	(195). 486
Like Noah's weary dove.....	(1). 39
Lo ! He comes with clouds descending.....	608
Lo ! the voice of Jesus.....	(183). 393
Lo ! what a cloud of witnesses.....	251
Look from Thy sphere of endless day.....	(115). 130
Look, ye saints : the sight is glorious.....	258
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying.....	(251). 346
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.....	(165). 34
Lord, amidst us abide Thy blessing.....	(466). 649
Lord, forever at Thy side.....	200
Lord God, we worship Thee.....	260
Lord, hear watch Thy Church is keeping.....	589
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	(63). 88
Lord, in this Thy merciful day.....	(172). 189
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead.....	665
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	166
Lord, it is good for us to be.....	635
Lord Jesus, by Thy passion.....	614
Lord Jesus, think on me.....	45
Lord Jesus ! when we stand afar.....	(300). 270
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....	313
Lord of all being ; throned afar.....	328
Lord of all power and might.....	301
Lord of life, of love, of light.....	527
Lord of mercy and of might.....	



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN	
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.....	496
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray.....	182
Lord of the harvest, hear..... (170).....	185
Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet.....	262
Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!.....	190
Lord of the hearts of men.....	75
Lord of the living harvest.....	285
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high..... (270).....	183
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.....	586
Lord, Thy children guide and keep.....	572
Lord, Thy Word abideth.....	282
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne..... (69).....	334
Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast.....	257
Lord, who throughout these forty days.....	235
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee..... (454).....	443
Love divine, all love excelling..... (456).....	432
Love of Jesus, all divine.....	607
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.....	562
Magnify Jehovah's Name..... (408).....	475
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	654
Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.....	120
My faith looks up to Thee..... (237).....	345
My Father, for another night.....	640
My God, accept my heart this day..... (234).....	429
My God, and is Thy table spread..... (205).....	231
My God, how wonderful Thou art..... (460).....	441
My God, I love Thee: not because..... (458).....	653
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made.....	624
My God, my Father, while I stray..... (256).....	667
My God, permit me not to be..... (57).....	353
My hope is built on nothing less.....	622
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	634
My soul, be on thy guard!..... (470).....	504
My soul with patience waits..... (55).....	334
My spirit, on Thy care.....	664
My times are in Thy hand.....	636
Nearer, my God, to Thee..... (507).....	344
New every morning is the love..... (329).....	1
No change of time shall ever shock..... (437).....	655
Not by Thy mighty hand.....	72
Not to the terrors of the Lord..... (184).....	392
Now a new year opens..... (347).....	20
Now from the altar of our hearts.....	99
Now, my soul, thy voice praising..... (308).....	466
Now thank we all our God.....	157
Now, the blessed Dayspring.....	535
Now the day is over.....	535
Now the laborer's task is o'er.....	242
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!..... (413).....	474
O Bread of Life from heaven.....	223
O Brightness of the immortal Father's face.....	6
O brothers, lift your voices..... (19).....	49
O come, all ye faithful..... (89).....	105
Oh come and mourn with me awhile..... (301).....	472
O come, loud anthems let us sing..... (13).....	45
O come, O come, Emmanuel..... (169).....	208
O day of rest and gladness..... (435).....	680
O Father, bless the children..... (467).....	439
O for a closer walk with God.....	440
O for a heart to praise my God.....	211
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.....	417
O God, in Whose all-searching eye.....	455
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.....	138
O God of life, Whose power benign..... (312).....	199
O God of love, O King of peace.....	271
O God of mercy, God of might.....	275
O God of mercy! hearken now..... (29).....	418
O God, our help in ages past.....	221
O God, unseen yet ever near..... (66).....	338
O gracious God, in Whom I live.....	511
O happy band of pilgrims..... (235).....	218
O happy day, that stays my choice.....	401
O heavenly Jerusalem.....	337
Oh, help us, Lord, each hour of need.....	494
O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace..... (139).....	137
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.....	232
O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace.....	610
O Holy Saviour, friend unseen.....	5
O Jesu, crucified for man.....	615
O Jesu, I have promised.....	264
O Jesu, Lord most merciful..... (88).....	85
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost..... (10).....	357
O Jesu, Thou art standing.....	364
O Jesu, we adore Thee.....	177
O King of suns, we give Thee praise and glory.....	363
O Lamb of God, still keep me.....	424
O Light, Whose beams illumine all.....	58
O little town of Bethlehem.....	

HYMN	
O Lord, be with us when we sail.....	305
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.....	167
O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King.....	291
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills..... (276).....	291
O Lord, our strength in weakness.....	278
O Lord, the Holy Innocents..... (178).....	575
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	627
O love that casts out fear.....	431
O mighty God, Creator, King.....	310
O mother dear, Jerusalem!..... (495).....	403
O One with God the Father.....	68
O Paradise, O Paradise..... (509).....	394
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending.....	238
O praise ye the Lord..... (406).....	47
O quickly come, dread Judge of all.....	42
O sacred Head surrounded..... (67).....	102
O saving Victim, opening wide.....	227
O Saviour, precious Saviour.....	414
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod.....	131
O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling.....	249
O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.....	161
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed.....	145
O Spirit of the living God..... (126).....	288
Oh, that the Lord's salvation.....	266
O, the bitter shame and sorrow.....	612
O Thou, before the world began.....	285
O Thou, before Whose presence.....	585
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows..... (65).....	663
O Thou, in Whom alone is found.....	293
O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose.....	302
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry..... (386).....	86
O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.....	84
O Thou through suffering perfect made.....	272
O Thou to Whose all-searching sight..... (62).....	339
O Thou, Who didst, with love untold.....	144
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	428
O Thou, who gavest Thy servant grace.....	146
O Thou, Who madest land and sea.....	496
O Thou, Who through this holy week.....	92
Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear..... (281).....	493
O very God of very God.....	326
Oh, what, if we are Christ's.....	390
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.....	397
Oh, where shall rest be found..... (513).....	541
Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright.....	314
Oh, with due reverence let us all..... (280).....	479
O wondrous type! O vision fair.....	167
O Word of God incarnate..... (362).....	284
Oh, worship the King..... (519).....	290
O'er the distant mountains breaking.....	46
Of the Father's love begotten.....	52
Of in danger, oft in woe..... (477).....	506
On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry..... (12).....	44
On the resurrection morning.....	243
On our way rejoicing.....	522
Once in royal David's city..... (238).....	540
Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be..... (8).....	38
One sole baptismal sign..... (197).....	492
One sweetly solemn thought.....	676
Only one prayer to-day.....	594
Onward, Christian soldiers..... (282).....	516
Onward, Christian! though the region.....	620
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed..... (132).....	375
Our day of praise is done.....	23
Our fathers' God! to Thee.....	196
Our Lord is risen from the dead..... (117).....	132
Out of the deep I call.....	349
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin.....	674
Pleasant are Thy courts above..... (200).....	489
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven..... (529).....	458
Praise to God, immortal praise..... (302).....	152
Praise to the heavenly Wisdom.....	296
Praise to the Holiest in the height.....	453
Praise we the Lord this day..... (181).....	158
Prince of Peace, control my will.....	613
Raised between the earth and heaven.....	303
Rejoice, rejoice, believers!..... (5).....	43
Rejoice, the Lord is King!.....	457
Rejoice, ye pure in heart!.....	520
Rejoice, ye sons of men!.....	152
Resting from His work to-day..... (90).....	107
Revive Thy work, O Lord.....	191
Rise, O Lord, in majesty!..... (4).....	91
Rise, crowned with light..... (36).....	487
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..... (447).....	512
Rock of ages, cleft for me..... (391).....	386
Round the Lord in glory seated..... (431).....	387
Safe upon the billowy deep.....	309
Safely, safely gathered in.....	246

For facility of reference, hymns beginning with the word Oh, are printed in this index as if they began with O.

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

## HYMN

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening.....	250
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise..... (169).....	32
Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	519
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	17
Saviour, for the little one.....	247
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..... (229).....	573
Saviour, source of every blessing..... (370).....	442
Saviour, sprinkle many nations.....	257
Saviour! teach me day by day.....	563
Saviour, when in dust to Thee..... (53).....	89
Saviour, when night involves the skies.....	641
Saviour, Who didst come to give.....	226
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding..... (213).....	307
Saviour, Whom I fain would love.....	355
Saw you never, in the twilight.....	542
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph.....	126
See the destined day arise!..... (81).....	97
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless..... (210).....	235
Shepherd of tender youth.....	446
Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love.....	411
Shine Thou upon us, Lord.....	587
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing..... (23).....	53
Sinful, sighing to be blest.....	347
Sing Alleluia forth in deuteous praise..... (432).....	462
Sing, my soul, His wondrous name..... (373).....	205
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle.....	98
Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn.....	57
Sing, with all the sons of glory.....	124
Sing, ye faithful! sing with gladness!.....	517
Softly now the light of day..... (340).....	13
Soldiers of Christ, arise..... (216).....	509
Soldiers of the cross, arise!.....	581
Songs of praise the angels sang..... (422).....	476
Songs of thankfulness and praise.....	67
Souls in heathen darkness lying..... (292).....	256
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises..... (322).....	669
Sovereign ruler of the skies.....	264
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them.....	382
Spirit divine, attend our prayers.....	133
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love..... (133).....	136
Spirit of truth, we call.....	300
Stand, soldier of the cross.....	210
Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.....	582
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright.....	170
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear..... (336).....	11
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go..... (338).....	22
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... (84).....	104
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!.....	642
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	396
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled..... (263).....	248
The ancient law departs..... (32).....	148
The angel sped on wings of light.....	156
The Church's one foundation..... (202).....	491
The cross is on our brow.....	212
The day is gently sinking to a close..... (349).....	7
The day is past and gone..... (334).....	645
The day is past and over..... (341).....	16
The day of resurrection!..... (105).....	115
The eternal gates lift up their heads.....	129
The God of Abraham praise..... (141).....	460
The God of love my Shepherd is.....	413
The grave itself a garden is.....	108
The Head, that once was crowned with thorns, (114).....	372
The heavenly King must come.....	163
The King of love my Shepherd is..... (464).....	412
The Lord my pasture shall prepare..... (504).....	659
The morning light is breaking.....	252
The radiant morn hath passed away.....	8
The roseate hues of early dawn.....	409
The royal banners forward go..... (79).....	94
The saints of God! Their conflict past.....	175
The shadows of the evening hours..... (337).....	162
The son of Consolation!.....	162
The Son of God goes forth to war..... (176).....	507
The spacious firmament on high..... (508).....	464
The Spirit, in our hearts..... (134).....	596
The strain upraise of joy and praise..... (425).....	461
The strife is o'er, the battle done..... (103).....	121
The sun is sinking fast..... (345).....	10
The voice that breathed o'er Eden..... (248).....	240
The world is very evil..... (490).....	405
There is a blessed home..... (317).....	679
There is a fountain filled with blood..... (383).....	593
There is a green hill far away..... (231).....	544
There is a land of pure delight..... (488).....	678
There is one way, and only one.....	160
There's a friend for little children.....	553
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	273
Thine forever! God of love..... (238).....	216
This is the day of light..... (159).....	28

## HYMN

Those eternal bowers.....	395
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!.....	317
Thou art gone up on high..... (113).....	373
Thou art the Christ, O Lord.....	164
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone..... (501).....	425
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.....	573
Thou, God, all glory, honor, power..... (203).....	456
Thou hidden love of God, whose height..... (515).....	658
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.....	630
Thou to Whom the sick and dying.....	274
Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray.....	230
Thou, Who on that wondrous journey.....	75
Thou Who sentest Thine apostles.....	173
Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend.....	184
Thou Who with dying lips.....	277
Thou, Whose almighty word..... (146).....	327
Thou, faint, yet pursuing.....	628
Three in One, and One in Three.....	389
Through Him, Who all our sickness felt.....	588
Through the day Thy love has spared us..... (342).....	646
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.....	521
Thy kingdom come, O God!..... (7).....	329
Thy life was given for me!.....	604
Thy Temple was not made with hands.....	295
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... (254).....	632
To bless Thy chosen race..... (285).....	500
To Him Who for our sins was slain..... (109).....	366
To our Redeemer's glorious Name..... (372).....	451
To Zion's hill I lift my eyes..... (316).....	648
To the Name of our salvation.....	521
To Thee, O Comforter divine.....	134
To Thee, O Father, throned on high.....	239
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.....	191
To Thee our God we fly.....	187
To Thy temple I repair..... (163).....	307
To-day Thy mercy calls me.....	590
Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.....	370
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head..... (192).....	488
Turned by Thy grace, I look within.....	595
Wake, awake, for night is flying.....	400
We, hard of heart, were again.....	267
Watchman, tell us of the night..... (43).....	331
We come, Lord, to Thy feet.....	536
We give immortal praise..... (143).....	141
We give Thee but Thine own..... (299).....	268
We love the place, O God.....	484
We march, we march to victory!.....	514
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour.....	159
We sing the glorious conquest.....	150
We sing the praise of Him Who died..... (78).....	100
We walk by faith, and not by sight.....	426
We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen.....	639
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin..... (62).....	82
Weary of wandering from my God..... (70).....	83
Welcome, happy morning.....	109
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... (147).....	27
Whate'er my God ordains is right..... (257).....	668
What thanks and praise to Thee we owe.....	172
When all Thy mercies, O my God..... (426).....	657
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.....	591
When, doomed to death, the apostle lay.....	279
When from the East the wise men came.....	64
When, His salvation bringing..... (219).....	558
When in the Lord Jehovah's Name.....	30
When I survey the wondrous cross..... (82).....	101
When Jesus left His Father's throne..... (230).....	561
When morning gilds the skies.....	445
When our heads are bowed with woe..... (252).....	348
When, streaming from the eastern skies..... (314).....	638
When the weary, seeking rest.....	609
When the angel-hosts adore Thee.....	171
Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet.....	315
While o'er the deep Thy servants sail.....	308
While shepherds watched their flocks by night, (18).....	54
While Thee I seek, protecting Power..... (441).....	571
Who art these in bright array..... (494).....	183
Who are these like stars appearing.....	178
Who is this that comes from Edom..... (77).....	449
With broken heart and contrite sigh..... (71).....	87
With gladsome hearts we come.....	532
With joy we hail the sacred day.....	29
With one consent let all the earth..... (277).....	469
With tearful eyes I look around.....	631
Within the Father's house.....	69
Witness, ye men and angels; now..... (239).....	217
Work, for the night is coming.....	583
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim..... (290).....	283
Ye servants of the Lord..... (171).....	186



# Metrical Index of Tunes.

C. M.	HYMN
Abbey.....	144
Albano.....	305
Bedford.....	85, 3-8
Bertha.....	108
Beulah.....	678
Bishopthorpe.....	31
Bristol.....	165
Bristol, new.....	456
Burford.....	235
Burlington.....	382
Chichester.....	508
Christmas.....	503
Cloisters.....	47
Coronation.....	450
Dalmore.....	377
Danes.....	451
Devon.....	670
Dinard.....	559
Dundee.....	29, 217, 459
Dursley.....	588
Eastland.....	665
Edgbaston.....	564
Gerontius.....	234, 453
Haight.....	425
Holy Trinity.....	20
Horsley, 1.....	270, 544
Jerusalem.....	221
Jessica.....	559
Leeds.....	372
Leicester.....	254
London, new.....	663
Martyrdom.....	337, 593
Mear.....	493
Melora.....	671
Memoria.....	434
Metzler.....	283, 429, 434, 459, 660
Miles Lane.....	450
Norwich.....	281
Redhead, 94.....	326
"    100.....	324
Rohrau.....	565
St. Agatha.....	235
St. Agnes.....	35, 235
St. Anne.....	392, 418, 597
St. David.....	391, 618
St. Etheldreda.....	346
St. Flavian.....	78, 92, 221, 417
St. Fulbert.....	447
St. George, 1.....	47
St. James.....	453, 503
St. Luke.....	189, 435
St. Magnus.....	129, 372
St. Mary.....	354
St. Peter.....	433
St. Timothy.....	640
Selby.....	324, 440
Semper.....	267, 403
Soho.....	554
Southam.....	269
Southwell.....	402
Suther.....	392, 427
Tallis.....	209, 426
Taunton.....	441
Vermont.....	653
Wessex.....	652
Winchester, old.....	54, 657
Witness.....	393

## D. C. M.

Albidge.....	673
All Saints, 2.....	507
Angelicum.....	59
Cana.....	237
Carol.....	51, 561

	HYMN
Castle Rising.....	409
St. Leonard.....	15
St. Matthew.....	273
St. Ursula.....	59
Signum.....	38
Vox Jesu.....	613

## L. M.

Alstone.....	575
Angels.....	100, 218, 655, 662
Angelus.....	5
Asch.....	430
Bamberg.....	244
Beccles.....	473
Beddome.....	287
Breslau.....	94, 297, 597
Brockham.....	261, 320
Broughton.....	136, 265
Camden.....	253
Canon.....	18
Cannons.....	86
Cantionale.....	136, 481
Cologne.....	132, 293
Custodes.....	227
Desuper.....	379
Duke Street.....	261
Ely.....	279
Erfurt.....	499
Flores.....	627
Galilee.....	296
Grace Church.....	333
Hesperus.....	261
Hilderstone.....	380, 586
Holland.....	101
Horsley, 2.....	561
Hursley.....	131, 308
Isley.....	21
Jan lucis.....	21
Keble.....	11
Kent.....	218, 315
Leipsc.....	286, 291, 353
Ludborough.....	275
Manna.....	80, 595
Matutinus.....	2
Melchior.....	1, 172, 183, 288, 379, 639
Melcombe.....	281
Mensa.....	2
Morning Hymn.....	33
Mursell.....	33
Nevin.....	454
Old 100th.....	468, 469, 470
Onward.....	145
Pax.....	199
Pentecost.....	505
Radley.....	11
Redhead, 4.....	119, 146
Redhead, 90.....	167, 428
Riverside.....	101, 231, 647
Rockingham.....	295
Rose.....	105
St. Cross.....	91
St. Drostane.....	21
St. Gregory.....	137, 251
St. Lawrence.....	139, 169, 591
St. Petrox.....	14, 94
St. Sepulchre.....	272
Salutaris.....	227
Salvete.....	5
Sancta.....	58, 598
Sebastian.....	214, 480, 631
Shropshire.....	339
Spot-wood.....	448
Sweden.....	641
Sydney.....	641
Thanksgiving.....	295

	HYMN
Triumphant .....	472
Truro .....	265, 488
Uffingham .....	87
Walton .....	244, 677
Wareham .....	370
Warrington .....	297
Wenzel .....	463
Winchester, new .....	44, 91, 160, 263
Woolmers .....	197

## D. L. M.

Creation.....	461
Darmstadt.....	211, 239
Hayes.....	166
Jordan.....	455, 616

## S. M.

Advent.....	500
Allington.....	70
Anandale.....	334
Barnes.....	27
Ben Rhydding.....	69, 596
Canterbury, old.....	71
Columbia.....	75
Consolation.....	664
Crotch.....	252
Crucis.....	210
Crux.....	212, 376, 474, 594
Day of Praise.....	569, 520
Dominica.....	28
Dunelm.....	666
Einmus.....	23
Forever.....	675
Franconia.....	72, 502
Jewel.....	181
Laurel.....	410
Ludgate.....	614, 626
Lydney.....	569
Lyte.....	533
Marion.....	620
Moravia.....	500, 485, 486, 612
Narenza.....	186
Panoply.....	309
Procul.....	333
Redhead, 105.....	184
Rylstone.....	505
St. Bride.....	351, 513
St. Ethelwald.....	268, 509
St. George, 3.....	148, 153, 158
St. Michael.....	163, 268, 498, 501
Sandford.....	419
Southwell.....	349
Snabia.....	28, 618
Utrecht.....	390
Vesper.....	498
Vespertine.....	27, 536, 645

## D. S. M.

Chalvey.....	203
Diademata.....	374
Fairfield.....	373
Lee.....	374
Olivet.....	373
Vigil.....	650

**5.5.5.5. 6.5.6.5.**

Encouragement.....	656
Hanover.....	450, 471
Lyons.....	467

# METRIC INDEX OF TUNES.

## 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

HYMN

Fareham.....	654
Horbury.....	344
Oxford.....	344

## 6.4.6.6.

Labente.....	10
St. Columba.....	10

## 6.5. (Four lines.)

Europa.....	550
Merrial.....	535
Plymouth.....	567
The Bourne.....	541
Ward.....	335, 576

## 6.5. (Eight lines.)

Bavaria.....	518
Caswall.....	362
David.....	157, 395
Edina.....	519
Grosvenor.....	518
Madison.....	519
Magdalene.....	340, 608
St. Andrew of Crete.....	81

## 6.5. (Twelve lines.)

Ecclesia.....	516
Gaisberg.....	515
Guiding Star.....	62
Hermas.....	133, 515
New Year.....	522
Ruth.....	35
St. Alban.....	531
St. Boniface.....	523
St. Gertrude.....	516
Vexillum.....	515

## 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

Bath.....	580
Faith.....	345
Leyden.....	196
Moscow.....	327, 388
Philippi.....	367
St. Chrysostom.....	328
Westerdale.....	446

## 6. (Four lines.)

Bowring.....	431
Dilexi.....	484
Moseley.....	343
St. Cecilia.....	329
St. Cyprian.....	282
St. Martin.....	282

## 6. (Six lines.)

Aura.....	571
Fern.....	532
Laudes Domini.....	445
St. Veronica.....	154
Waltham, 2.....	604

## 6. (Eight lines.)

Annu.....	679
Beecheroff.....	277, 634
Blessed Home.....	587, 679
Ibstone.....	632

## 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Anna.....	152, 674
Children's Voices.....	570
Christchurch.....	187, 330
Croft.....	452
Gospel.....	457
Harewood.....	294
Harvey.....	259
St. Godric.....	141
St. Mildred.....	492
Samuel.....	568

## 7.6. (Four lines.)

HYMN

Argyle.....	401
Autumn.....	284
Köcher.....	150, 511
St. Alphege.....	240, 496
St. Finbar.....	266
St. Margaret.....	635

## 7.6. (Eight lines.)

Aurelia.....	384, 491
Bentley.....	240
Calkin.....	585
Ceylon.....	510
Chuny.....	405
Come sing.....	252
Come unto me.....	437
Day of rest.....	615
Depono.....	162, 605
Dies Dominica.....	363
Dorking.....	115, 205
Eastham.....	396, 579
Ewing.....	408
Excelsius.....	512
Genesis.....	407, 601
Greenland.....	323, 408
Holy Church.....	364
India.....	255
In memoriam.....	583
Intercessor.....	278, 360, 590
Joy.....	512
Lausanne.....	115, 354, 608
Lux mundi.....	533
Missionary.....	357
Munich.....	43, 150
Paan.....	174, 285
Passion.....	102
Patience.....	357
Patmos.....	174
Rest.....	24
St. Anselm.....	68, 208
St. John Damascene.....	110
St. Kevin.....	110
St. Theodulph.....	90
Stand up.....	582
Voice.....	155
Wordsworth.....	24
Zaan.....	323, 444

## 7.7.6.7.7.6.

Esca.....	223
St. Ulrich.....	223

## 7. (Three lines.)

Grace.....	356
Lacrymæ.....	222
Newark.....	88
St. Basil.....	222
St. Philip.....	88

## 7.7.7.5.

Capetown.....	389
Charity.....	76
Litany 6.....	527
Lux vespera.....	135
Morgenglanz.....	9

## 7.7.7.6.

Litany 3.....	524
" 4.....	525
" 5.....	526
" 7.....	528
" 8.....	529
" 9.....	529
" 10.....	529
" 11.....	530

## 7. (Four lines.)

Bewdley.....	452
Buckland.....	226, 669
Crucis milites.....	581
Dulce.....	13
Elm.....	547
Evermore.....	216
Exemplum.....	566
Glebe.....	204
Hart.....	30, 611

## HYMN

Humility.....	79
Innocents.....	649
Liguria.....	476
Lubeck.....	592
Mercy.....	438
Newington.....	348
Paraclete.....	216
Pilgrimage.....	347
Pleval.....	552
Redhead, 43.....	452, 613
" 45.....	563
" 47.....	111, 119
St. Bees.....	97, 348
St. Ethelwald.....	552, 599
Scarho.....	147
Seymour.....	549
Stratner.....	649
Supplication.....	475
University College.....	651
Vienna.....	506
Whitehall.....	476
Xavier.....	309, 543, 551
	322

## (With Alleluia.)

Ascension.....	128
Paschal.....	112
Redhead, 61.....	112
St. Salvador.....	114
Wurtemberg.....	128
Worgan.....	114
	112

## 7. (Six lines.)

Barmouth.....	4
Bread of Heaven.....	224
Dix.....	65, 192
Dulwich.....	332
Epsom.....	572
Gethsemane.....	93
Glastonbury.....	247
Gloria.....	192
Grove.....	384
Herbert.....	57, 213
Light.....	378
Lüneburg.....	411
Ratisbon.....	224, 312
Redhead, 76.....	336
Rock.....	336
St. Bruno.....	107, 336
Videam.....	385

## 7. (Eight lines.)

Cassel.....	355
Cicely.....	246
Culford.....	331
Hollingside.....	335
Incarnation, 2.....	118
Litany 1.....	89
" 2.....	89
Maidstone.....	301, 489, 607
Mendelssohn.....	51
Newcastle.....	51
St. Edmund.....	67, 180
St. George, 2.....	193
Salzburg.....	118, 188, 241

## 7.8.7.8.7.7.

Incarnation, 1.....	140
Meinhold.....	248
Tribute.....	140

## 8.6.8.4.

Dona.....	413
Pastor.....	413
St. Cuthbert.....	25, 375

## 8.7. (Four lines.)

Aberdeen.....	156
Ad inferos.....	359
Arundel.....	125, 414, 436
Batty.....	104
Bergen.....	48
Cherubini.....	201
Chope.....	61
Dawn.....	574
Domnus regit.....	412

# METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	HYMN
Elmcote.....	620
Harting.....	371
Love Divine.....	432, 619
Marine.....	578
Merton.....	41, 171, 258
Milman.....	642
Redhead, 143.....	63
Repose.....	17, 647
St. Andrew (Thorne).....	143
St. Oswald.....	414, 521
Salvator.....	215, 264, 465
Second Advent.....	207, 325, 442
Sharon.....	41
Sonans.....	48, 303, 534
Stuttgart.....	415, 424
Trust.....	

## 8.7. (Six lines.)

Austria.....	490
Benedic.....	421, 458
Bethany.....	315
Bladon.....	555
Corner stone.....	483
Dulce carmen.....	73, 421
Garvanza.....	399
Nukapu.....	173
Oriel.....	321, 400
Pange lingua.....	98
Praelium.....	98
Regent Square.....	60, 483
St. Austell.....	299
St. Denys.....	99
St. Helen.....	399, 517
Salvatoris.....	321
Simon.....	151
Snart.....	453
Sodbury.....	73
Urbs beata.....	400

## 8.7. (Eight lines.)

Alleluia.....	368
Croydon.....	127
Deerhurst.....	179
Eton.....	179
Everton.....	260
Excelsis.....	61
Falfield.....	257, 432, 443, 490
Golden sheaves.....	168, 292, 358, 556
Iona.....	368
Knightsbridge.....	179, 387
Montrie.....	126, 299
Rox glorie.....	123
St. Andrew (Barnby).....	387
St. Frideswide.....	365, 542
St. Hilda.....	521
Sanctuary.....	124, 292
Sponse.....	

## 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Eton College.....	34, 548
Harford.....	577
Kensington new.....	130
Lindeman.....	386
Realms of glory.....	60
St. Oswald.....	256
St. Raphael.....	34, 350, 573
St. Thomas.....	39
Störl.....	46, 250
Westminster.....	39, 617

## 8.7.8.7.7.7.

All Saints, 1.....	178, 449
Aster.....	117
Baden.....	646
Irby.....	540
Neander.....	117
Waltham, 1.....	274

## 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Attolle.....	202
Ein feste burg.....	416
Fides.....	142
Luther.....	37

## 8.8.

Plainsong.....	289
Spiritus.....	289
Veni Creator.....	289

## 8.8.6.

Comforter.....	134
Magdalen College.....	36

	HYMN
Rye.....	366
St. Augustine.....	182

## 8.8.7.8.8.7.

Evangelists.....	497
Mater.....	103
Stabat.....	103

## 8.8.8.

Dies iræ 1.....	36
2.....	36
Newport.....	138

## 8.8.8.4.

Almsgiving.....	477
Helena.....	341
Repton.....	495
Resignation.....	667
St. Gabriel.....	8
Sarum.....	236
Strand.....	120
Troyte, No. 1.....	667

## 8.8.8.6.

Derry.....	84, 271
Herman.....	606
Isaiah.....	610
Misericordia.....	606
St. Crispin.....	606

## 8. (Six lines.)

Adoro.....	600
Beati.....	175
Bremen.....	314
Credo.....	42
Faber.....	229
France.....	45
Guide.....	625
In tenebris.....	22
Melita.....	184, 276, 396, 638
Neumark.....	83
Old 12th.....	302, 424, 658
St. Werbergh.....	622
Surrey.....	381, 659
Sydenham.....	190
Vini Emmanuel.....	45
Viventes.....	314

## 10.10.

Cæna.....	220
Pax tecum.....	674

## 10.10.7.

Endless Alleluia.....	462
Harvest.....	262
Holy City.....	462

## 10. (Four lines.)

America.....	194
Benediction.....	32
Cyril.....	661
Dalkeith.....	12
Eventide.....	12
Hesper.....	661
Hezekiah.....	280
Langran.....	82
Lenton.....	219
Mecum.....	12
O quanta.....	397
Pax Dei.....	32
Penitencia.....	219
Russia.....	487
Sacramentum.....	220
Salem.....	170
Tragion.....	228
Unde.....	422
Vera.....	

## 10. (Six lines.)

Stockport.....	56
Sunset.....	7

## 11.10.11.10.

Commendatio.....	629
Consolator (Bradshaw).....	161
Cullingworth.....	177
Dublin.....	687
Eden.....	66
Epiphany.....	31
File.....	238

	HYMN
St. Barnabas.....	66
Santa Laura.....	66

## Single numbers.

5.4. (Twelve lines.) Patria.....	195
5.5.8.8.5.5. Fatherland.....	420
6.4.6.3. Gem.....	106
6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. Home.....	623
6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4. Leeds.....	602
7.6.7.5.7.6.7.5. Alpha.....	583
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.8. Tours.....	538
7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6. Kreuznach.....	74
7.7.4. Vita.....	245
7.7.5.7.7.7.5. San Remo.....	546
7. (Ten lines.) Vespers.....	290
7.7.7.7.8.8. Brown.....	116
7.7.7.7.8.8. Requiescat.....	242
7.8.7.8. (with All.) St. Albinus.....	122
8.3.3.6.8.3.3.6. Bonn.....	538
8.4.8.4.8.4. Southill.....	624
8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. Temple.....	19
8.5.7.5. Belling.....	537
8.5.8.5. Quinquagesima.....	77
8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4. Gaude.....	539
8.7.8.3. Mansfield.....	243
8.7.8.7.3. Etiam.....	589
8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7. Gütersloh.....	361
8.7.8.7.8.7.7. Day Star.....	52
8.7.8.8.7. Seraphim.....	612
8.8.8.8. Tabor.....	643
8.8.8.8.7. Hosanna, 1.....	316
8.8.8.8.7. Meyer.....	557
8.8.8.8.8.8.8.7. Per pacem.....	635
10.4.10.4. St. Nicholas.....	6
10.6.10.6. St. Francis.....	206
10.10.10.10. Ultor.....	198
11.10.11.10.10. Omnia.....	630
11.11.11.11. Pusey.....	496
11.11.11.11. Alnwick.....	628
11.11.11.11. ".....	636
11. (Six lines.) Salve.....	109

## P. M.

Adeste fideles.....	49
Alford.....	396, 404
Angel voices.....	304
Barnby.....	49
Berchtsgaden.....	514
Birkdale.....	3
Chant.....	676
Consolator (Dykes).....	342
Ecce Agnus.....	96
For all.....	176
Gastorius.....	668
Homage.....	478
Hosanna, 2.....	500
Intercession.....	609
Leoni.....	460
Lux benigna.....	423
Margaret.....	319
Mells.....	317
Midsomer Norton.....	423
Newman.....	383
Nicæa.....	16
Nocturne.....	200, 466
Nun danket.....	478
Offerings.....	225
Panis.....	562
Pansy.....	394
Paradise.....	398
Pilgrims.....	113
Resurrexit.....	50
Roxburgh.....	16
St. Anatolius, 1.....	16
St. Anatolius, 2.....	232
St. Catherine.....	96
St. John.....	621
St. Sylvester.....	342
Stephanos.....	249
Tidings.....	53
Triumph.....	131
Troyte, 2.....	398
Victory.....	225
Vox angelica.....	40
Vox Domini.....	394
Wachet auf.....	514
Waiting.....	40
Warwick.....	
Watchman.....	



# Alphabetical Index of Tunes.

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
Abbey.....	144	Burford.....	235	Dominus regit.....	413
Aberdeen.....	156	Burlington.....	382	Dona.....	413
Adeste fideles.....	49			Dorking.....	115, 205
Ad inferos.....	359	Cena.....	220	Dublin.....	637
Adoro.....	600	Calkin.....	585	Duke Street.....	261
Advent.....	500	Camden.....	253	Dulce.....	13
Albano.....	305	Cana.....	237	Dulce carmen.....	73, 421
Albridge.....	673	Cannons.....	86	Dulwich.....	332
Alford.....	396, 404	Canon.....	18	Dundee.....	29, 217, 479
Alleluia.....	368	Canterbury, old.....	71	Dunelm.....	606
All Saints, 1.....	70	Cantonaile.....	136, 481	Dursley.....	588
All Saints, 2.....	173, 401	Capetown.....	389		
Almsgiving.....	477	Carol.....	54, 561	Eastham.....	396, 579
Alnwick.....	628, 636	Cassel.....	355	Eastland.....	665
Alpha.....	583	Castle Rising.....	409	Ecce Agnus.....	96
Alstone.....	575	Caswall.....	362	Ecclesia.....	516
America.....	194	Ceylon.....	510	Eden.....	511
Angelicum.....	59	Chalvey.....	203	Edgbaston.....	564
Angels.....	100, 218, 655, 662	Chant.....	616	Edina.....	519
Angelus.....	5	Charity.....	76	Ein feste burg.....	416
Angel voices.....	304	Cherubini.....	201	Elm.....	547
Anna.....	152, 104	Chichester.....	508	Elmcoote.....	620
Annedale.....	834	Children's Voices.....	61	Ely.....	279
Annu.....	679	Chope.....	61	Emmaus.....	23
Argyle.....	401	Christchurch.....	187, 339	Encouragement.....	656
Arundel.....	125, 414, 436	Christmas.....	503	Endless Alleluia.....	462
Ascension.....	128	Cicely.....	246	Epiphany.....	66
Asch.....	430	Cloisters.....	407	Epsom.....	572
Aster.....	117	Cluny.....	405	Erfurt.....	499
Attolle.....	202	Cologne.....	132, 298	Esca.....	223
Aura.....	571	Columbia.....	75	Etiam.....	589
Aurelia.....	284, 491	Come sing.....	252	Eton.....	179
Austria.....	490	Come unto me.....	437	Eton College.....	34, 548
Autumn.....	284	Comforter.....	154	Europa.....	550
		Commendatio.....	629	Evangelists.....	497
		Consolation.....	664	Eventide.....	12
Baden.....	646	Consolator (Bradshaw).....	161	Evermore.....	216
Bamberg.....	244	Consolator (Dykes).....	342	Everton.....	260
Barmouth.....	4	Corner Stone.....	483	Ewing.....	408
Barnby.....	49	Coronation.....	450	Excelsus.....	61
Barnes.....	27	Creation.....	464	Excelsus.....	512
Bath.....	580	Credo.....	42	Exemplum.....	566
Batty.....	104	Croft.....	482		
Bavaria.....	518	Crotch.....	352	Faber.....	229
Beati.....	175	Croydon.....	127	Fairfield.....	373
Beccles.....	473	Crucis.....	210	Faith.....	345
Beddome.....	287	Crucis milites.....	581	Falfield.....	257, 432, 443, 490
Beckford.....	85, 328	Cruz.....	594	Fareham.....	654
Bechcroft.....	277, 634	Culford.....	331	Fatherland.....	420
Belling.....	537	Cullingworth.....	177	Fern.....	532
Benedic.....	421, 453	Custodes.....	227	Fides.....	142
Benediction.....	32	Cyrl.....	661	Fife.....	238
Ben Rhydding.....	69, 596			Flores.....	627
Bentley.....	240	Dalkeith.....	82	For all.....	176
Berchtesgaden.....	514	Dalmore.....	377	For ever.....	673
Bergen.....	48	Danes.....	451	France.....	45
Bertha.....	108	Darmstadt.....	211, 329	Franconia.....	72, 502
Bethany.....	318	David.....	157, 351		
Beulah.....	678	Day.....	574	Gaisberg.....	515
Birkdale.....	452	Day of Praise.....	369, 520	Galilee.....	296
Bishopthorpe.....	31	Day of Rest.....	615	Garvanza.....	389
Blagdon.....	555	Daystar.....	52	Gastorius.....	608
Blessed home.....	587, 679	Deerhurst.....	179	Gaudete.....	539
Bonn.....	538	Depono.....	102, 605	Gem.....	106
Bowring.....	431	Derry.....	84, 271	Genesis.....	407, 601
Bread of Heaven.....	224	Desuper.....	379	Gerontius.....	234, 453
Bremen.....	314	Devon.....	670	Gethsemane.....	98
Breslau.....	94, 297, 597	Diademata.....	374	Glastonbury.....	247
Bristol.....	165	Dies Dominica.....	363	Glebe.....	192
Bristol, New.....	156	Dies Ire, 1.....	36	Gloria.....	192
Brockham.....	261, 320	Dies Ire, 2.....	36	Golden Sheaves.....	191
Broughton.....	136, 265	Dulxi.....	481	Gospel.....	457
Brown.....	116	Dinard.....	559	Grace.....	356
Buckland.....	236, 669	Dix.....	65, 192	Grace Church.....	339
		Dominica.....	28	Greenland.....	323, 408

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
Grosvenor.....	318	Litany, 11.....	530	Patmos.....	174
Grove.....	381	London, new.....	425	Patra.....	185
Guide.....	625	Love divine.....	432, 619	Pax.....	149
Guiding Star.....	62	Lutbeck.....	438	Pax Dei.....	32
Gütersloh.....	361	Luthborough.....	275	Pax tecum.....	674
		Ludgate.....	614, 626	Penitential.....	219
Haight.....	425	Lüneburg.....	411	Pentecost.....	505
Hanover.....	459, 471	Luther.....	37	Per pacem.....	633
Harewood.....	294	Lux benigna.....	423	Philippi.....	367
Harford.....	577	Lux mundi.....	357	Pilgrimage.....	552
Hart.....	30, 611	Lux vespera.....	135	Pilgrims.....	398
Harting.....	371	Lydney.....	569	Plainsong.....	289
Harvest.....	262	Lyons.....	467	Plymouth.....	452, 613
Harvey.....	259	Lyte.....	333	Procul.....	333
Hayes.....	166			Proclium.....	98
Heinlein.....	79	Madison.....	519	Pusey.....	496
Helena.....	341	Magdalen College.....	26		
Herbert.....	57, 213	Magdalene.....	340, 608	Quinquagesima.....	77
Herman.....	606	Maidstone.....	301, 484, 607		
Hermas.....	133, 545	Manna.....	50, 595	Radley.....	11
Hesper.....	661	Mansfield.....	243	Ratisbon.....	221, 312
Hesperus.....	313	Margaret.....	319	Reains of glory.....	60
Hezekiah.....	280	Marine.....	578	Redhead 4.....	119, 146
Hiderstone.....	261	Marion.....	520	Redhead 43.....	563
Holland.....	350, 586	Martyrdom.....	387, 532, 603	Redhead 47.....	111, 348
Hollingside.....	335	Mater.....	103	Redhead 61.....	97, 348
Holy Church.....	361	Matutinus.....	12	Redhead 76.....	336
Holy City.....	462	Mear.....	493	Redhead 90.....	167, 428
Holy Trinity.....	20	Mecum.....	12	Redhead 94.....	326
Homage.....	478	Meinhold.....	248	Redhead 100.....	324
Home.....	623	Melchior.....	95	Redhead 105.....	504
Horbury.....	344	Melcombe.....	1, 172, 181, 288, 379, 639	Redhead 143.....	63
Horsley, 1.....	270, 544	Meliora.....	671	Regent Square.....	60, 483
Horsley, 2.....	101	Melita.....	184, 276, 306, 638	Repose.....	17, 647
Hosanna, 1.....	316, 557	Mells.....	317	Repton.....	495
Hosanna, 2.....	560	Memoria.....	434	Requiescat.....	242
Humility.....	649	Mendelssohn.....	51	Resignation.....	667
Hursley.....	11	Mensa.....	241	Rest.....	113
		Merry.....	545	Resture.....	113
Ibstone.....	632	Merton.....	11, 171, 258	Rex gloria.....	126, 299
Isley.....	131, 308	Metzler.....	283, 429, 434, 439, 660	Riverside.....	644
Incarnation (Calkin).....	118	Meyer.....	310	Rock.....	336
Incarnation (Smart).....	140	Mildomer Norton.....	58	Rockingham.....	101, 231, 307
India.....	255	Miles Lane.....	450	Rohrau.....	565
In memoriam.....	553	Milman.....	642	Rose.....	295
Innocents.....	476	Misericordia.....	606	Roxburghe.....	50
In tenebris.....	22	Missionary.....	254	Russia.....	487
Intercession.....	609	Moravia.....	300, 485, 466, 673	Ruth.....	85
Intercessor.....	278, 360, 590	Morgenglanz.....	9	Rye.....	366
Iona.....	168, 292, 353, 556	Morning Hymn.....	2	Rylstone.....	185
Irby.....	540	Mosley.....	327, 388		
Isiah.....	610	Moultrie.....	179, 387	Saint Agatha.....	233
		Munich.....	43, 150	Saint Agnes.....	55, 235
Jam lucis.....	21	Mursell.....	83	Saint Alban.....	531
Jerusalem.....	221			Saint Albinus.....	122
Jessica.....	559	Narenza.....	186	Saint Alphege.....	240, 406
Jewel.....	181	Neander.....	117	Saint Anatolius 1.....	16
Jordan.....	455, 616	Neumark.....	83	Saint Anatolius 2.....	16
Joy.....	512	Nevin.....	454	Saint Andrew (Barby).....	123
		Newark.....	88	Saint Andrew (Thorne).....	143
Keble.....	11	Newcastle.....	51	Saint Andrew of Crete.....	392, 418, 507
Kensington, new.....	130	Newington.....	216	Saint Anselm.....	68, 208
Kent.....	218, 315	Newman.....	423	Saint Augustine.....	182
Kentishbridge.....	368	Newport.....	138	Saint Austell.....	298
Köcher.....	159, 511	New Year.....	522	Saint Barnabas.....	66
Kreuznach.....	74	Nicaea.....	383	Saint Basil.....	222
		Nocturne.....	16	Saint Bees.....	552, 599
Labente.....	10	Norwich.....	281	Saint Boniface.....	523
Lacryme.....	222	Nukapu.....	173	Saint Bride.....	351, 513
Lancashire.....	115, 251, 603	Nun danket.....	200, 466	Saint Bruno.....	107, 336
Laudes Domini.....	445			Saint Catherine.....	232
Langran.....	82	Offerings.....	478	Saint Cecilia.....	329
Lausanne.....	533	Old 100th.....	468, 469, 470	Saint Chrysostom.....	328
Laurel.....	410	Old 112th.....	302, 421, 658	Saint Columba.....	10
Lea.....	372, 602	Olivet.....	373	Saint Crispin.....	606
Leicester.....	234	Omnia.....	630	Saint Cross.....	105
Leipsic.....	286, 291, 353	Onward.....	145	Saint Cuthbert.....	25, 375
Lenton.....	219	O quanta.....	397	Saint Cyprian.....	282
Leoni.....	460	Oriel.....	321, 400	Saint David.....	391, 648
Leyden.....	196	Oxford.....	344	Saint Denys.....	99
Light.....	378			Saint Drostane.....	91
Liguria.....	592	Paan.....	174, 285	Saint Edmund.....	67, 346
Lindeman.....	386	Pange lingua.....	98	Saint Etheldreda.....	236
Litany, 1.....	89	Panis.....	225	Saint Ethelwald.....	147, 268, 509
Litany, 2.....	59	Pansly.....	562	Saint Finbar.....	266
Litany, 3.....	524	Paraclete.....	347	Saint Flavian.....	78, 92, 221, 417
Litany, 4.....	525	Paradise.....	394	Saint Francis.....	206
Litany, 5.....	526	Paschal.....	112	Saint Frideswide.....	387
Litany, 6.....	527	Passion.....	102	Saint Fulbert.....	447
Litany, 7.....	528	Pastor.....	413	Saint Gabriel.....	8
Litany, 8.....	529	Patience.....	357	Saint George I.....	47
Litany, 9.....	529				
Litany, 10.....	529				



# ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
Saint George 2.....	193	Scartho.....	549	Uffingham.....	87
Saint George 3.....	148, 158	Sebastian.....	214, 480, 631	Ullor.....	198
Saint Gertrude.....	516	Second Advent.....	215, 264, 465	Unde.....	228
Saint Godric.....	141	Scby.....	324, 440	University College.....	506
Saint Gregory.....	137, 231	Semper.....	267, 403	Urbs beata.....	400
Saint Helen.....	399, 517	Seraphim.....	612	Utrecht.....	390
Saint Helen (Gaul).....	564	Seymour.....	649		
Saint Hilda.....	365, 542	Sharon.....	207, 325, 442	Veni Creator.....	289
Saint James.....	453, 503	Shropshire.....	339	Veni Emmanuel.....	45
Saint John.....	96	Signum.....	38	Vera.....	422
Saint John Damascene.....	110	Simeon.....	151	Vermont.....	653
Saint Kevin.....	110	Smart.....	438	Vesper.....	498
Saint Lawrence.....	139, 169	Sodbury.....	73	Vespers.....	290
Saint Leonard.....	15	Soho.....	554	Vespertine.....	27, 536, 645
Saint Luke.....	189, 435	Sonans.....	41	Vexillum.....	515
Saint Magnus.....	129, 372	Southam.....	269	Victory.....	121
Saint Margaret.....	635	Southill.....	624	Videam.....	385
Saint Martin.....	282	Southwell.....	549, 402	Vienna.....	476
Saint Mary.....	334	Spiritus.....	289	Vigil.....	650
Saint Matthew.....	273	Sponsa.....	124, 292	Vita.....	245
Saint Michael.....	163, 268, 498	Spotswood.....	448	Viventes.....	314
Saint Mildred.....	492	Stabat.....	108	Voice.....	155
Saint Nicholas.....	6	Stand up.....	582	Vox angelica.....	398
Saint Osmund.....	256	Stephanos.....	342	Vox Domini.....	225
Saint Oswald.....	414, 521	Stockport.....	56	Vox Jesu.....	673
Saint Peter.....	433	Störl.....	46, 250		
Saint Petrox.....	11, 494	Strand.....	120	Wachet auf.....	40
Saint Philip.....	88	Strattner.....	475	Waiting.....	394
Saint Raphael.....	34, 350, 573	Stuttgart.....	48, 303, 534	Waltham 1.....	274
Saint Salvador.....	128	Suabia.....	28, 618	Waltham 2.....	604
Saint Selvnchre.....	272	Sunset.....	7	Walton.....	244, 677
Saint Sylvester.....	621	Supplication.....	651	Ward.....	535, 576
Saint Theodulph.....	90	Surrey.....	381, 659	Wareham.....	370
Saint Thomas.....	39	Suther.....	427, 392	Warrington.....	297
Saint Timothy.....	640	Sweden.....	641	Warwick.....	514
Saint Ulric.....	223	Sydenham.....	190	Watchman.....	40
Saint Ursula.....	59	Sydney.....	64	Wenzel.....	463
Saint Veronica.....	154			Wessex.....	652
Saint Werbergh.....	622	Taber.....	643	Westerdale.....	446
Sacramentum.....	230	Tallis.....	209, 426	Westminster.....	39, 617
Salem.....	487	Taunton.....	441	Whitehall.....	309, 543, 551
Salutaris.....	227	Temple.....	19	Winchester, new.....	44, 91, 160, 263
Salvator.....	17	Thanksgiving.....	295	Winchester, old.....	54, 657
Salvatoris.....	321	The Bourne.....	541	Wirttemberg.....	114
Salve.....	109	Tidings.....	249	Witness.....	383
Salvete.....	5	Tours.....	558	Woolmers.....	197
Salzburg.....	118, 188	Tribute.....	140	Wordsworth.....	24
Samuel.....	568	Trisagion.....	170	Worgan.....	112
Sancta.....	584	Triumph.....	53		
Sanctuary.....	521	Triumphant.....	472	Xavier.....	322
Sandford.....	419	Troyte 1.....	667	Zoar.....	323, 444
San Remo.....	546	Troyte 2.....	461		
Santa Laura.....	66	Truro.....	265, 488		
Sarum.....	226	Trust.....	415, 442		

THE MORNING AND EVENING  
CANTICLES  
AND  
OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

*SET TO MUSIC FROM*

“The Psalter” AND “Choir Office-Book”

AS USED IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK,

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY MORGAN DIX, S.T.D.  
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.

AND PUBLISHED BY

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.,

NEW YORK.

# APPENDIX

UNDER THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION, IN BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 1892:

*Resolved.*—That a Commission be constituted with power to make a pointing for music of the GLORIA PATRI, the CANTICLES OF MORNING PRAYER, including TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, and BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI, and the CANTICLES OF EVENING PRAYER, together with the ANTHEMS FOR EASTER DAY and THANKSGIVING DAY, and to print the same in the Hymnal as an Appendix.

[Attest.] CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary of the House of Deputies.*

---

## THE MORNING AND EVENING CANTICLES

AND

## OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

ATTEST. { H. A. NEELY, *Chairman.*  
          { CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary.*

IN putting forth this pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the preface to the “Cathedral Psalter:”—

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

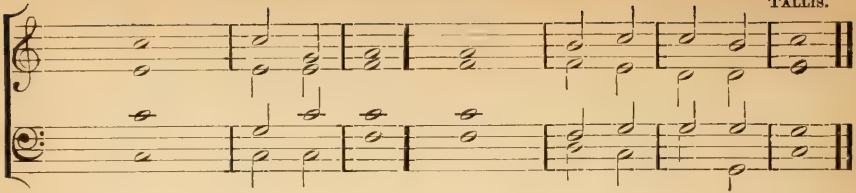
3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

4. An asterisk (\*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ; ) must be attended to as in good *reading*.

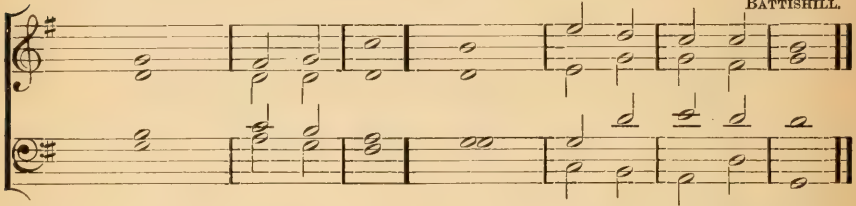
5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

# Aenite.

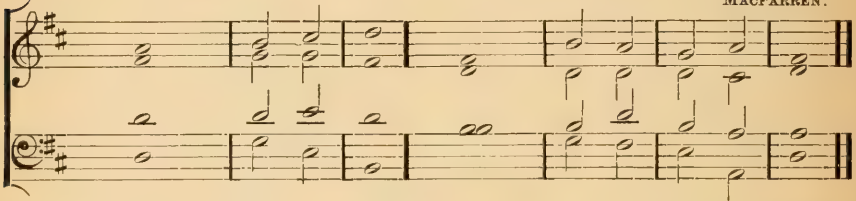
TALLIS.



BATTISHILL.



MACFARREN.



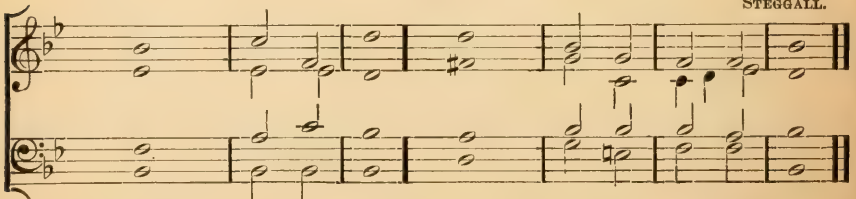
TUCKER.



GILBERT.

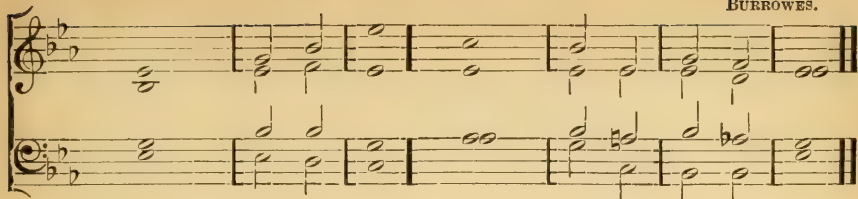


STEGGALL.

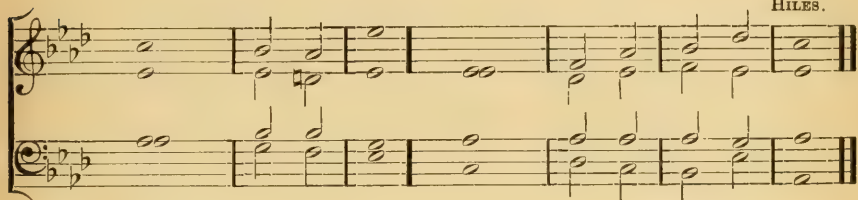


# Morning Canticles.

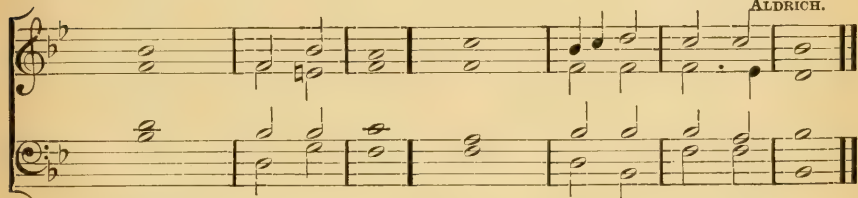
BURROWES.



HILES.



ALDRICH.



## Venite, exultemus Domino.

COME, let us sing | unto \* the | LORD: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength  
of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks \* = | giving: and shôw ourselves |  
glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LÓRD is a | great \* = | God: and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth: and the stréngth of the | hills is |  
his \* = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hánds pre | pared \* the | dry \* = |  
land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall \* = | down: and knéel be | fore the | LORD our |  
Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture \* and the |  
sheep of | his \* = | hand.

8 O worship the LÓRD in the | beauty \* of | holiness: let the whole eárrh | stand in |  
awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to  
judge the wórrld and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and \* to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be; wórrld without | end \* = |  
A \* = | men,



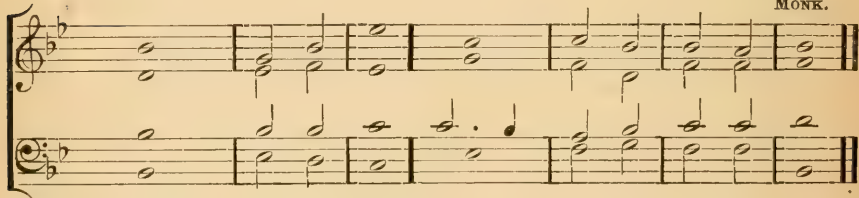
# Te Deum laudamus.

BENNETT.



- W**E práise | thee O | God : we acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.  
 2 All the eárrh doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lasting.  
 3 To thee all Ángels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;  
 4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: cón | tinual | ly do | cry,  
 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;  
 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.  
 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.  
 10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know · = | ledge · = |  
 thee;  
 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther: óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;  
 12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true: ánd | on · = | = · ly | Son;  
 13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost: thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.  
 14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory: Ó | = · = | = · = | Christ.  
 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son: óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

MONK.



- 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysélf to  
 be | born · = | of a | Virgin.  
 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death: thou didst open the  
 Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.  
 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God: ín the | glory | of the | Father.  
 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come: tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.

# Morning Canticles.

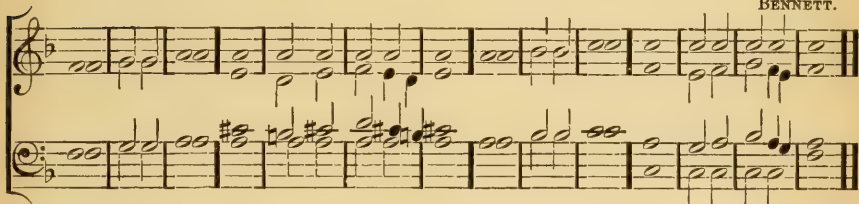
20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with  
thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints: in | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lórd | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.

23 Góv | = ' ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.

BENNETT.



24 Dáy | by ' = | day: wé | magni | fy ' = | thee ;

25 Ánd we | worship ' thy | Name: éver | world with | out ' = | end.

26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéept us this | day with | out ' = | sin.

27 O Lórd have | mercy ' up | on us: háve | mercy ' up | on ' = | us.

28 O Lord let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust ' = | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in thée | have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

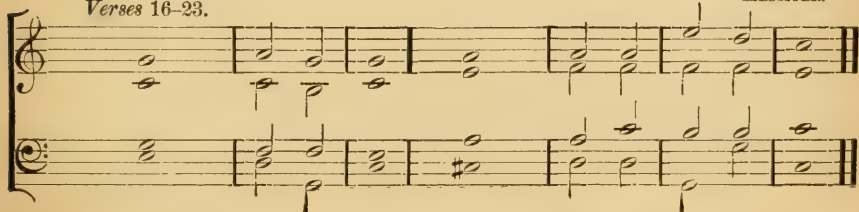
SECOND SETTING. Verses 1-15 and 24-29.

LEMON.



Verses 16-23.

MESSITER.



# Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

CAMIDGE.



O ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

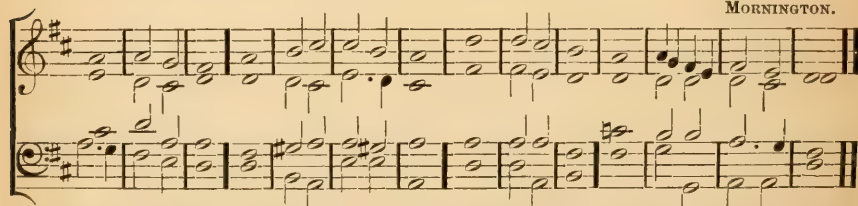
14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

MORNINGTON.



18 O let the Eárrh | bless the | Lord: yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever,

# Morning Canticles.

19 O ye Mountains and Hills | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the earth | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

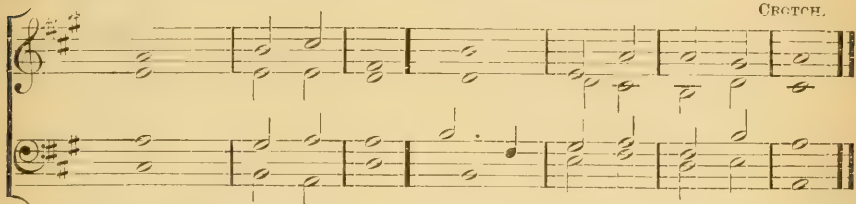
21 O ye Wells | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Floods | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the air | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.



26 O ye Children of Men | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

27 O let Israel | bless the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lord | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lord | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

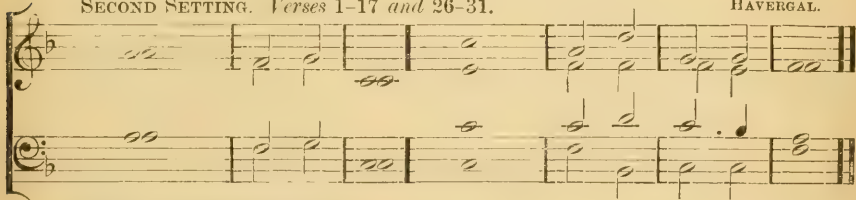
31 O ye holy and humble Men of heart | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end · = | A · = | men.

## SECOND SETTING. Verses 1-17 and 26-31.

HAVERGAL.



## Verses 18-25 and GLORIA.

H. COOK.

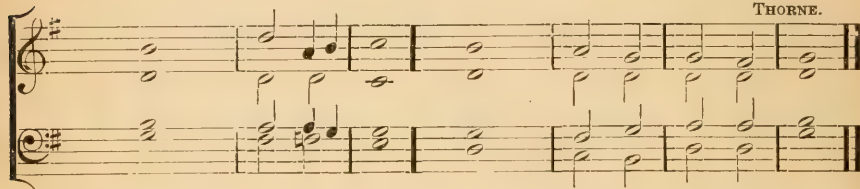


# Benedictus.

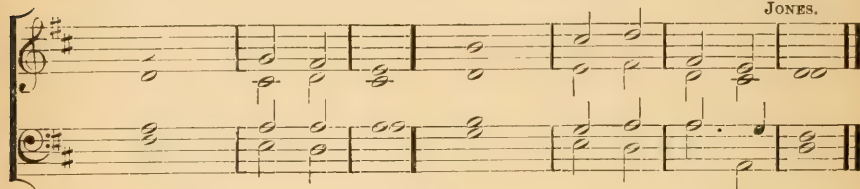
DIXON.



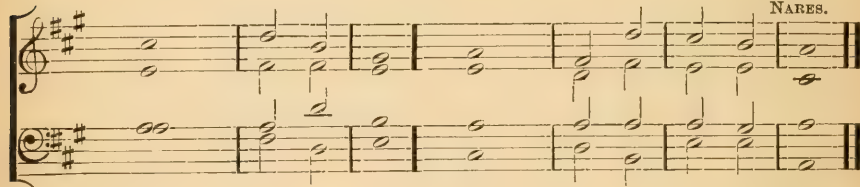
THORNE.



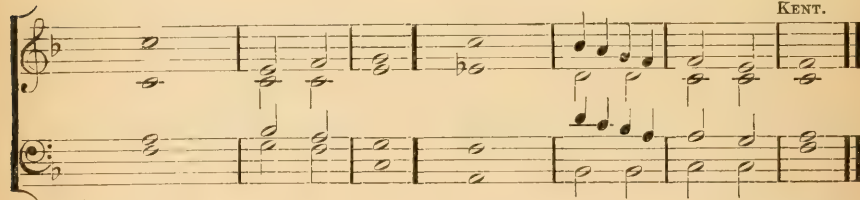
JONES.



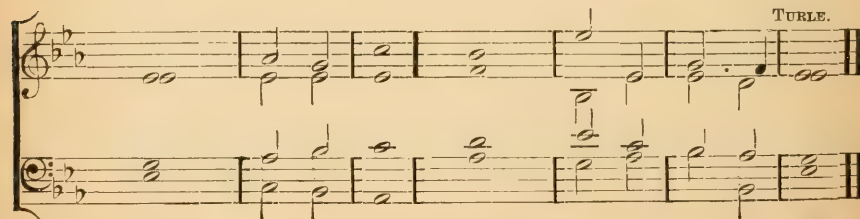
NARES.



KENT.

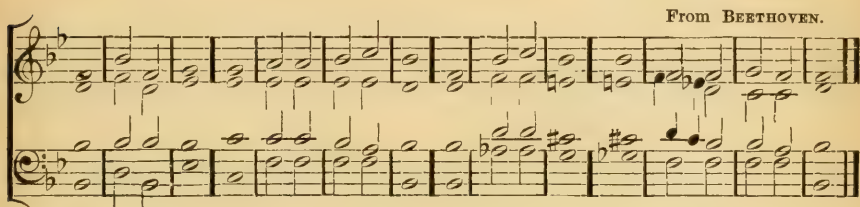
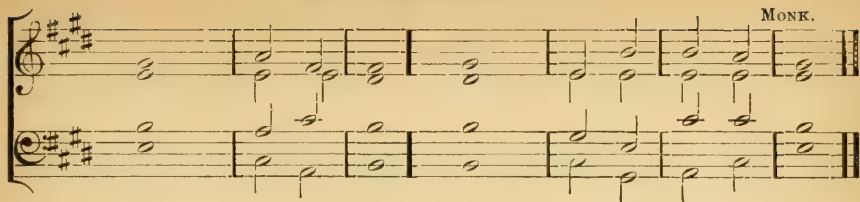


TURLE.





# Morning Canticles.



## Benedictus.—St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath visited | and re | deemed · his | people;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us: in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers: ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérvé | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátiön | unto · his | people: fór the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visited | us;

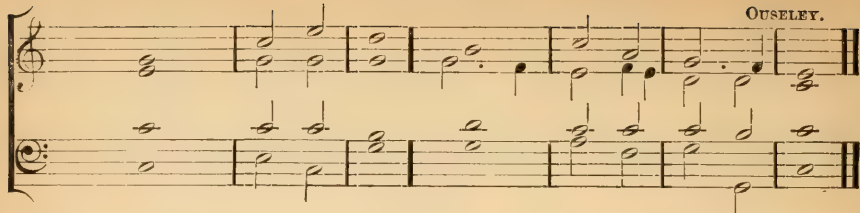
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness \* and ín the | shadow · of | death: and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

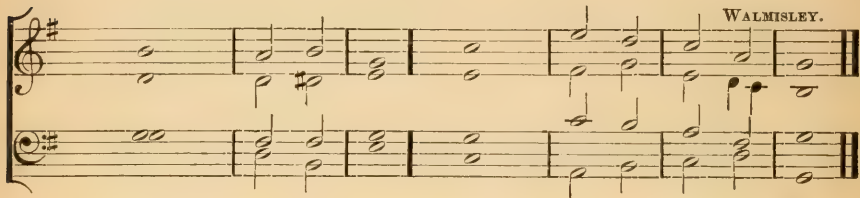
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Jubilate.

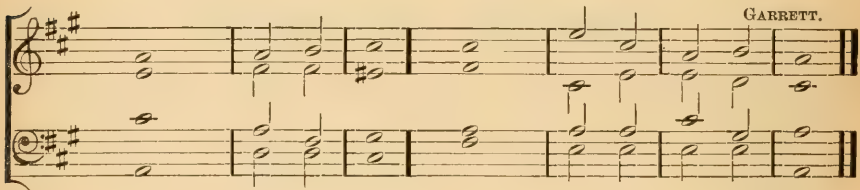
OUSELEY.



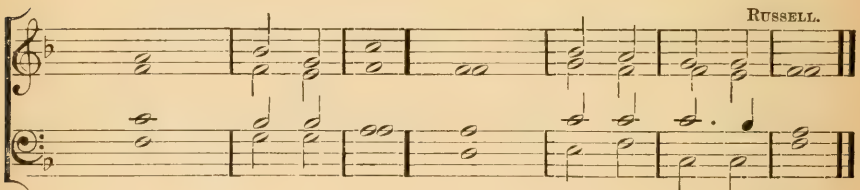
WALMSLEY.



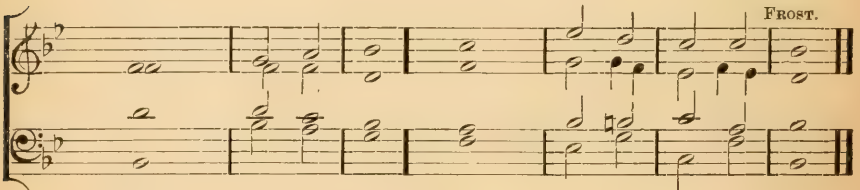
GARRETT.



RUSSELL.



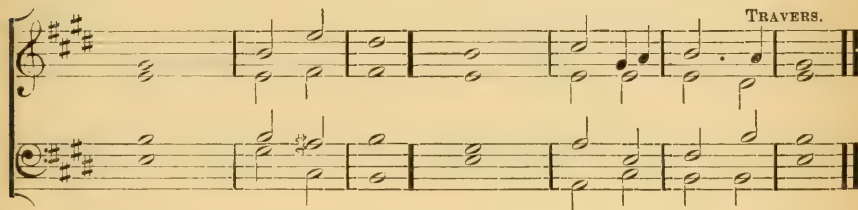
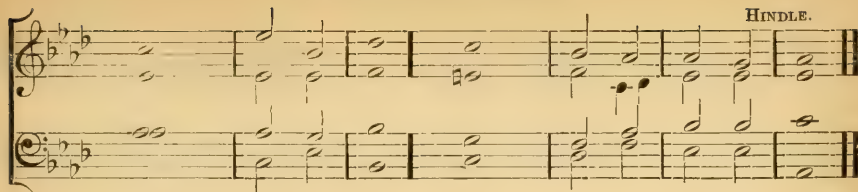
FROST.



ALCOCK.



## Morning Canticles.



## Jubilate Deo.

### Psalm c.

○ BE joyful in the LÓRD | all ye lands : serve the LÓRD with gladness \* and come  
befóre his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LÓRD he is God \* it his he that hath made us ánd not | we our |  
selves: we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his ' = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving \* and into his | courts with | praise:  
be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | Name.

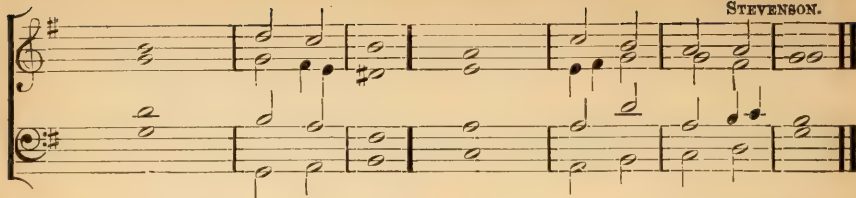
4 For the LÓRD is gracious \* his mércy is | ever | lasting: and his truth endureth  
from géner | ation \* to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fát<sup>h</sup>er | and ' to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

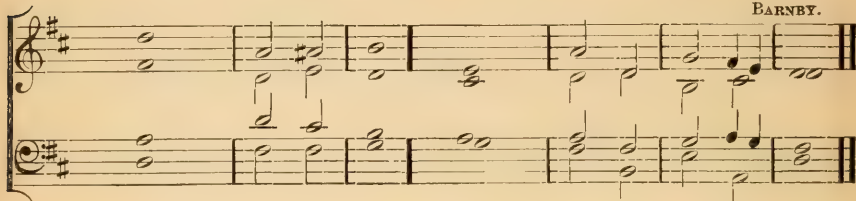
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórl<sup>d</sup> without | end ' = |  
A ' = | men.

# Magnificat.

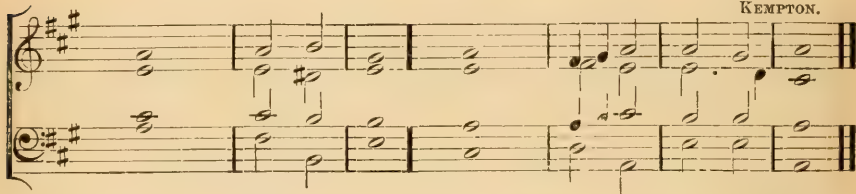
STEVENSON.



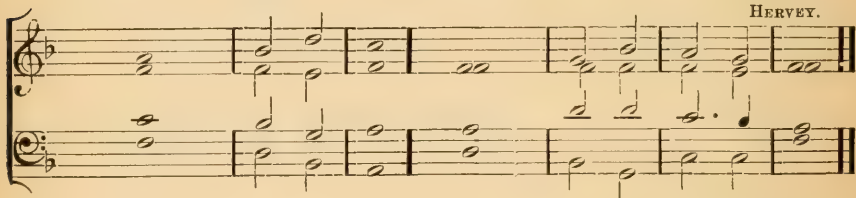
BARNBY.



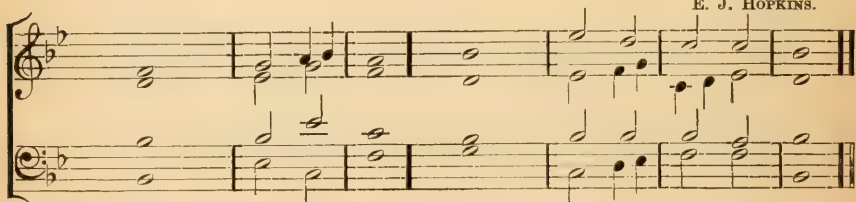
KEMPTON.



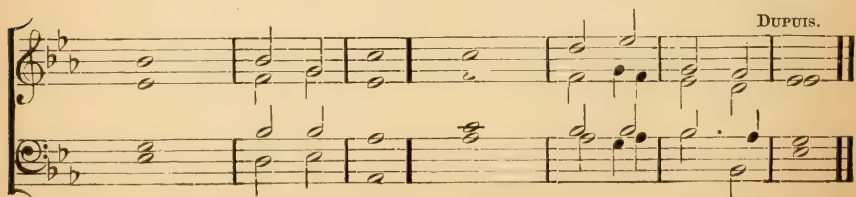
HERVEY.



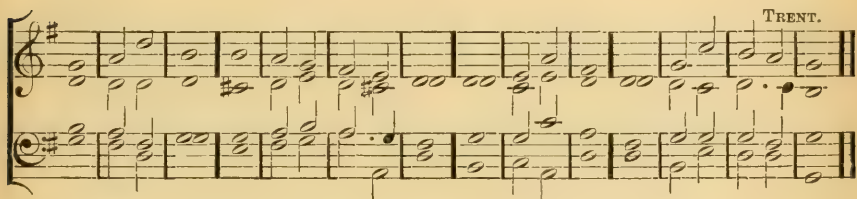
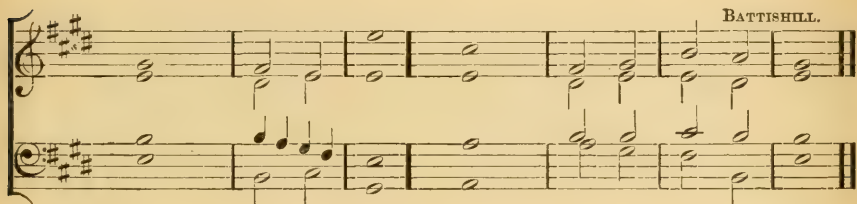
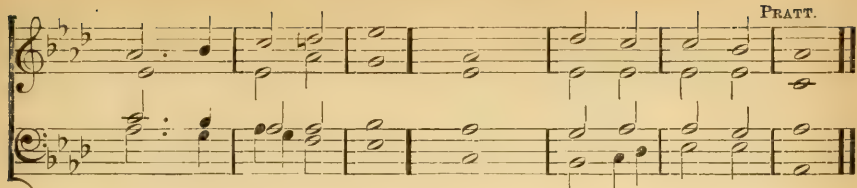
E. J. HOPKINS.



DUPUIS.



# Evening Canticles.



## Magnificat.—St. Luke i. 46.

**M**Y soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit háth re | joiced · in | God my |  
Saviour.

2 Fór he | hath re | garded: the lówli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fór he | hold from | henceforth: áll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mighty hath | magni · fied | me: ánd | holy | is his | Name.

†5 And his mérey is on | them that | fear him: thróugh | out all | gener | ations.

6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the  
imágin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat: and háth ex | alted · the | hum-  
ble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good · = | things: and the rích he hath | sent · = |  
empty · a | way.

9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to  
our forefathers \* Ábraham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

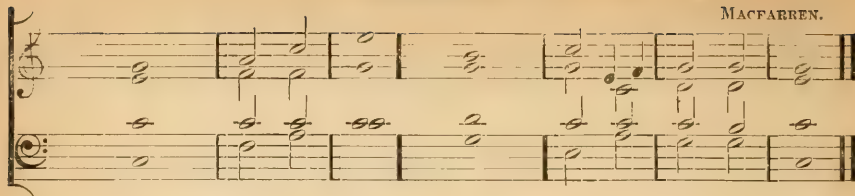
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = ·  
A · = | men.

† Repeat here second part of Double Chant.

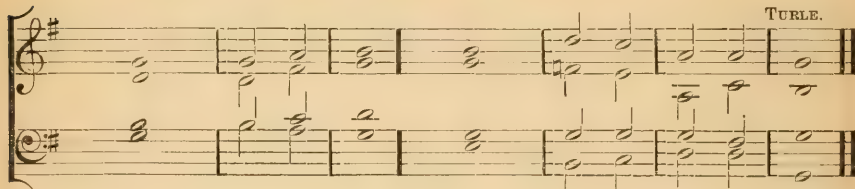


# Cantate.

MACFARREN.



TURLE.



TURLE.



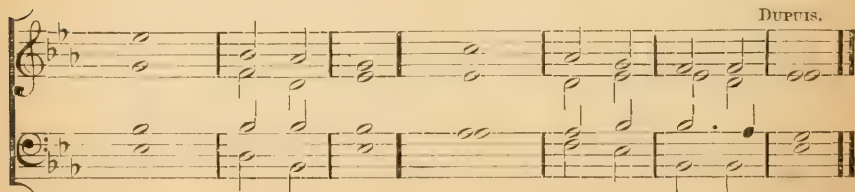
HAVERGAL.



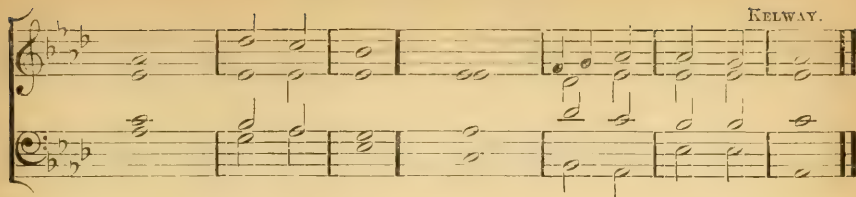
OUSELEY.



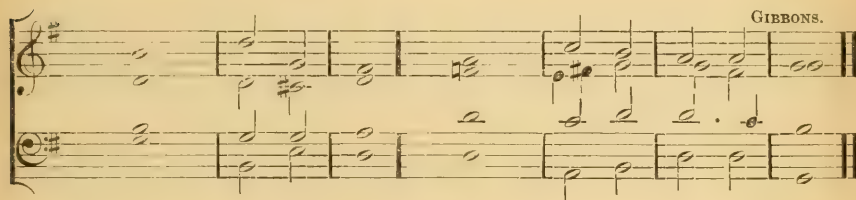
DUPUIS.



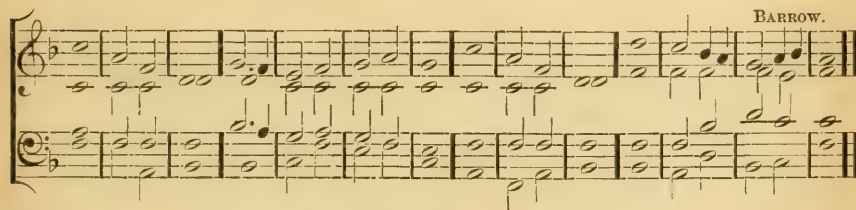
## Evening Canticles.



KELWAY.



GIBBONS.



BARROW.

## Cantate Domino.—Psalm xcvi.

**O** SING unto the LÓRD a | new \* = | song: for hé hath | done \* = | marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand \* and with his | holy | arm: háth he | gotten \* him | self the | victory.

3 The LÓRD decláred | his sal | vation: his righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight \* = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LÓRD | all ye | lands: síng, re | joice and ; give \* = | thanks.

6 Praise the LÓRD up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks \* = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also \* and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | LÓRD the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise \* and áll that | therein | is: the round wórlđ, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands \* and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | LÓRD: fór he | cometh \* to | judge the | earth.

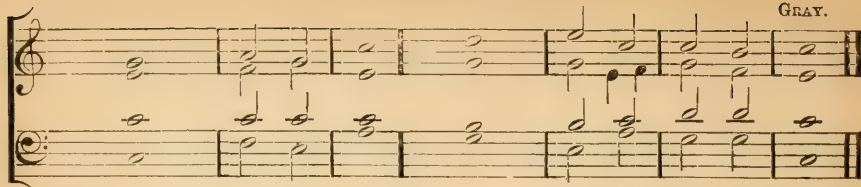
10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the | world: ánd the | people | with \* = | equity.

Glory be to the Fátther | and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

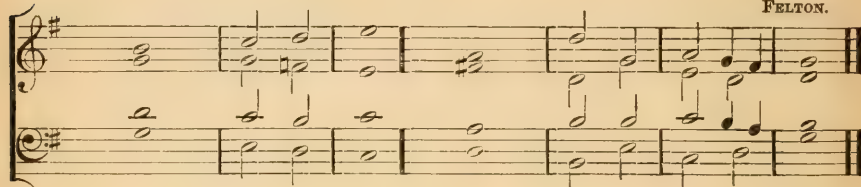
As it was in the beginníng \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlđ without | end \* = | A \* = | men.

# Bonum est.

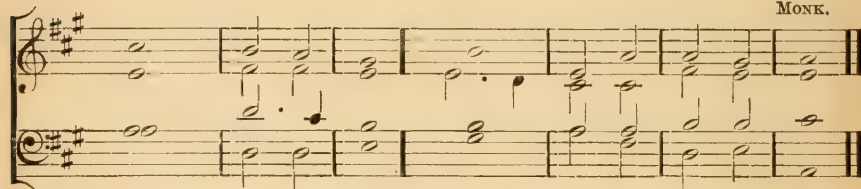
GRAY.



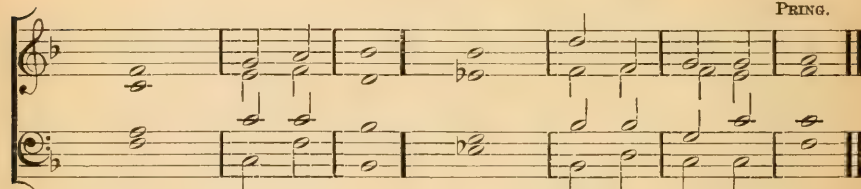
FELTON.



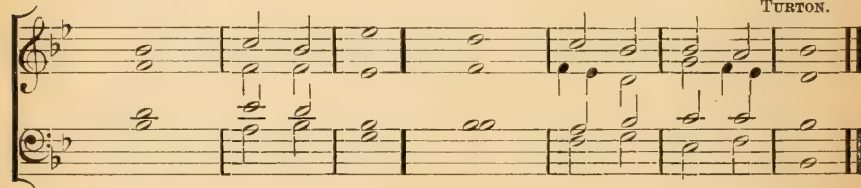
MONK.



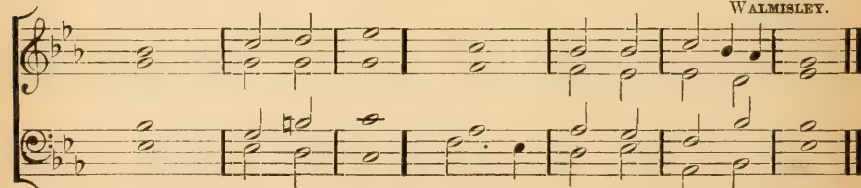
PRING.



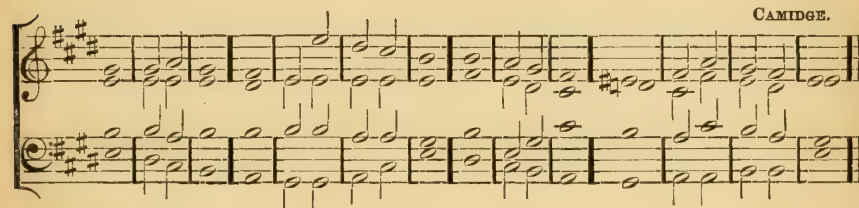
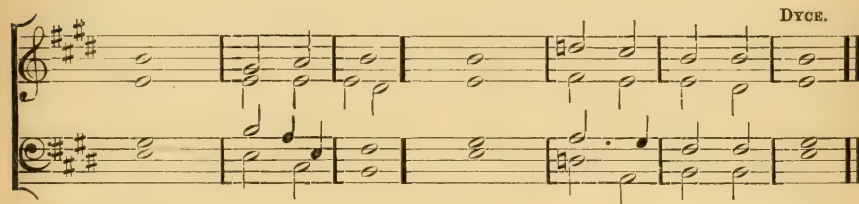
TURTON.



WALMISLEY.



# Evening Canticles.



## Bonum est confiteri.

### Psalm xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thanks | unto · the | LORD: and to sing praises únto thy |  
Name · = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning: and of thy trúth | in the |  
night · = | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* ánd up | on the | lute: upon a loud ínstru-  
ment | and up | on the | harp.

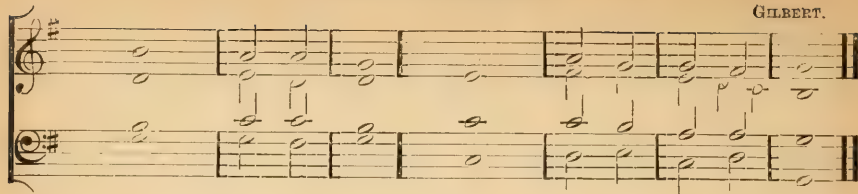
4 For thou, LORD, hast made me glád | through thy | works: and I will rejoice in  
giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fátther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

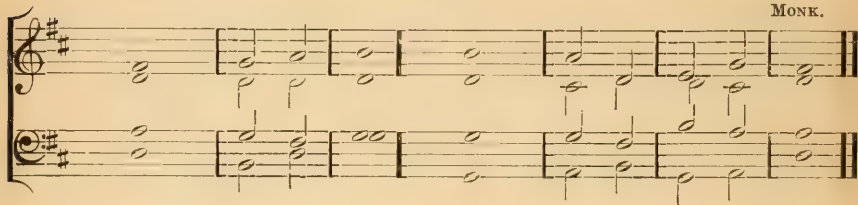
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = |  
A · = | men.

# Nunc dimittis.

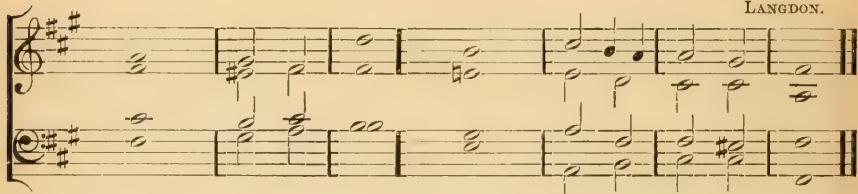
GILBERT.



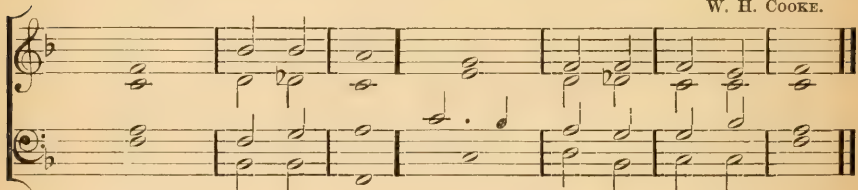
MONK.



LANGDON.



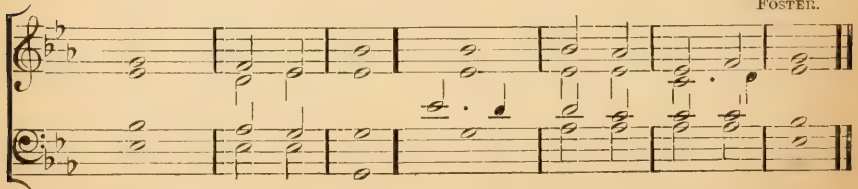
W. H. COOKE.



BATTISHILL.



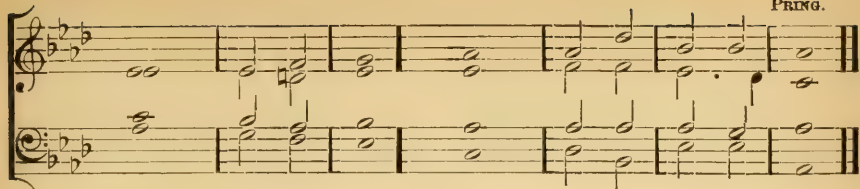
FOSTER.





# Evening Canticles.

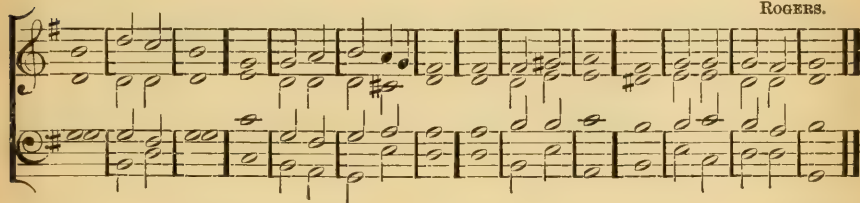
PRING.



GREGORIAN.



ROGERS.



## Nunc dimittis.

St. Luke ii. 29.

**L**ORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace: ác | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen: thý | = \* sal | va \* = | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared: befóre the | face of | all \* = | people;

4 To be a líght to | lighten \* the | Gentiles: and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.

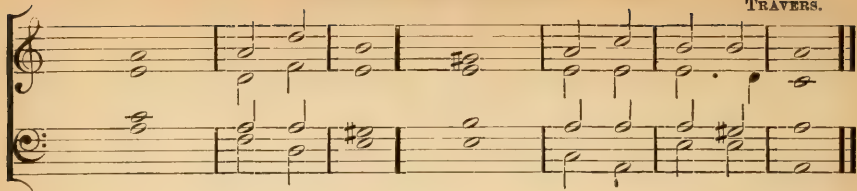
Glory be to the Fátther | and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end \* = |

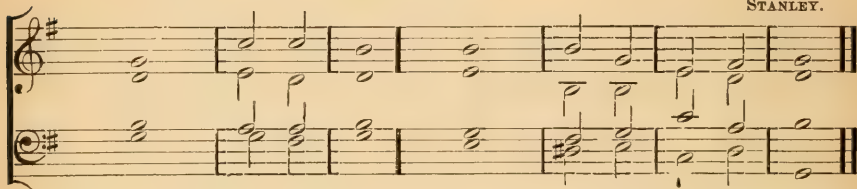
A \* = | men.

# Deus misereatur.

TRAVERS.



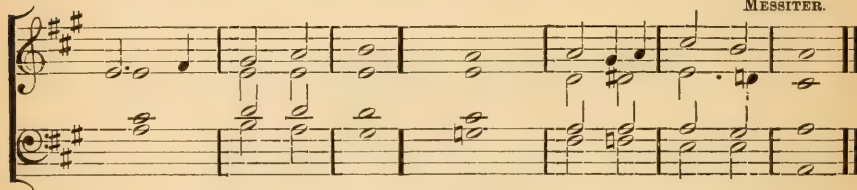
STANLEY.



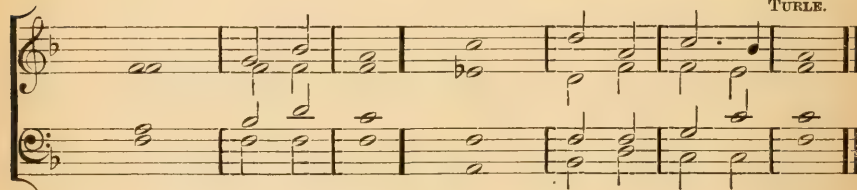
GARRETT.



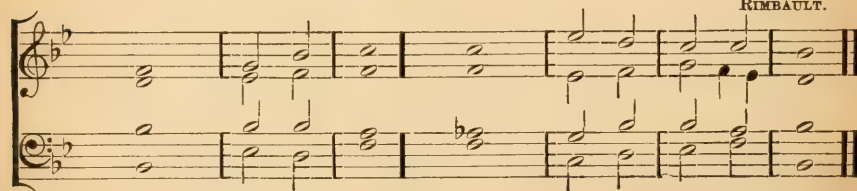
MESSITER.



TURLE.

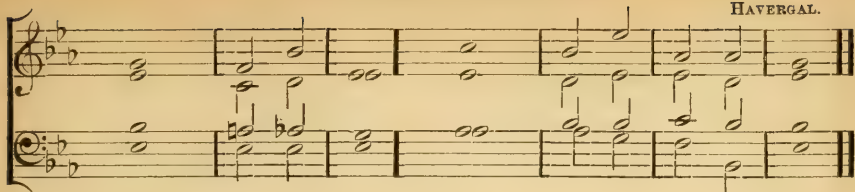


RIMBAULT.

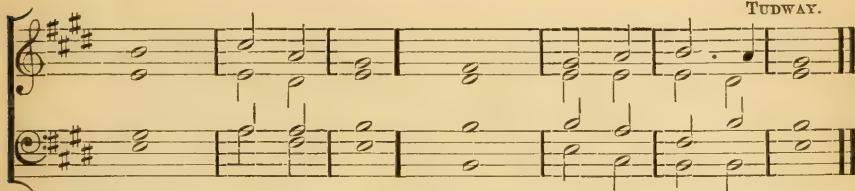


# Evening Canticles.

HAVERGAL.



TUDWAY.



LANGDON.



## Deus misereatur.

### Psalm lxxvii.

GOD be merciful únto | us and | bless us: and show us the light of his countenance \*  
 and be | merciful | unto | us;

2 That thy wáy may be | known upon | earth: thy saving | health a | mong all |  
 nations.

3 Let the people práise | thee O | God: yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously \*  
 and góvern the | nations \* up | on \* = | earth.

5 Let the people práise | thee O | God: yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own Góð,  
 shall | give \* = | us his | blessing.

7 Góð shall | bless \* = | us: and all the énds of the | world shall | fear \* = | him.

Glory be to the Fátter | and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlð without | end \* = |  
 A \* = | men.

# Benedic.

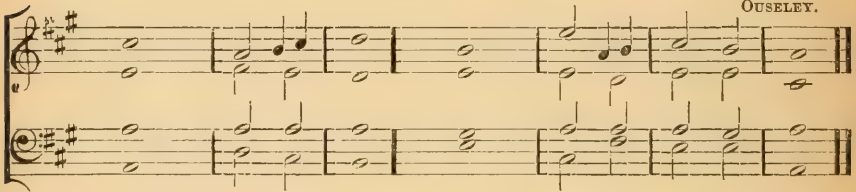
MONK.



MACFARREN.



OUSELEY.



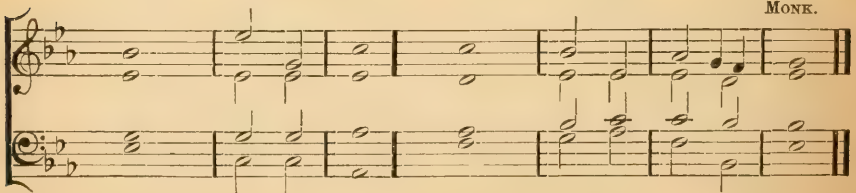
CROTCH.



OUSELEY.



MONK.



# Evening Canticles.

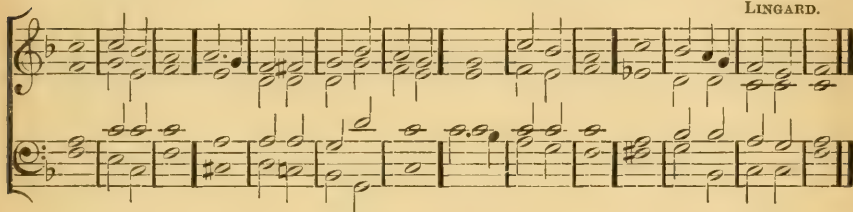
BACON.



HEYWOOD.



LINGARD.



## Benedic anima mea.

### Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the LÓRD | O my | soul: and all that is withín me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the LÓRD | O my | soul: ánd for | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin: and héaleth | all \* = | thine in | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy life | from de | struction: and crowneth thee with | mercy \* and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the LÓRD ye angels of his \* yé that ex | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment \* and hearken únto the | voice \* = | of his | word.

6 O praise the LÓRD, all | ye his | hosts: ye sérévants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the LÓRD, all ye works of his \* in all pláces of | his do | minion: praise thóu the | LÓRD \* = | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Fáther and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end \* = |

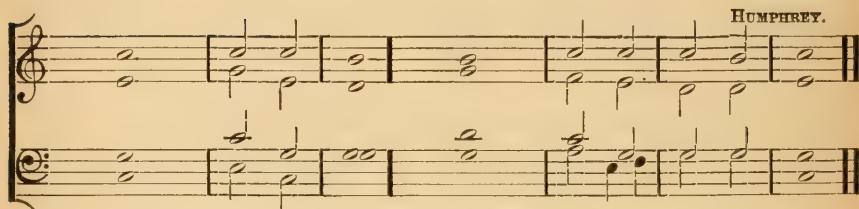
A \* = | men.



# OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS.

## Easter Day.

(Instead of the Psalm, O come, let us sing, etc.)



CHRIST our Passover is sácri | ficed · for | us: thérefore | let us | keep the | feast,  
2 Not with old leaven \* neither with the léaven of | malice · and | wickedness:  
but with the unleavened bréad of sin | ceri | ty and | truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the déad | dieth · no | more: death hath no móre do | min-  
ion | over | him.

4 For in that he died \* he díed unto | sin · = | once: but in that he liveth he |  
liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be déad indeed | unto | sin: but alive unto  
Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. Rom. vi. 9.

CHRIST is risen | from · the | dead: and become the fírst | fruits of | them that |  
slept.

7 For sínce by | man came | death: by man came also the résur | rection | of the |  
dead.

8 For as in Ádam | all · = | die: even so in Chríst shall | all be | made a | live.  
1 Cor. xv. 20.

Glory be to the FátHER | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

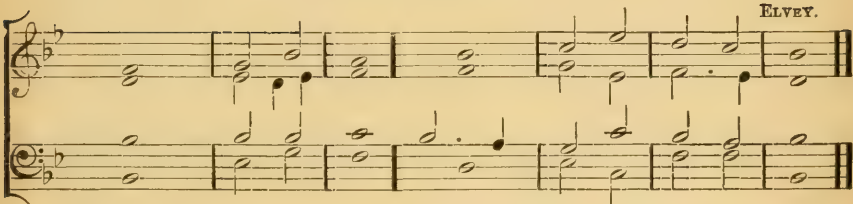
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = |  
A · = | men.

# Occasional Anthems.

## Thanksgiving-Day.

(Instead of O come, let us sing, etc.)

ELVEY.



O PRAISE the LORD \* for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto · our | God: yea,  
a joyful and pleasant thing it is | to be | thank · = | ful.

2 The LORD doth build úp Je | rusa | lem: and gather together | the out | casts  
of | Israel.

3 He healeth those that are | broken · in | heart: and giveth | medicine · to | heal  
their | sickness.

4 O sing unto the LORD with | thanks · = | giving: sing praises upón the | harp · = |  
unto · our | God:

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds \* and prepareth ráin | for the | earth: and  
maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains \* and hérb | for the | use of | men;

6 Who giveth fódler | unto · the | cattle: and feedeth the yóung | ravens · that | call  
up | on him.

7 Praise the LORD, Ó Je | rusa | lem: praise | = · thy | God O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bárs | of thy | gates: and hath | blessed · thy | children ·  
with | in thee.

9 He maketh péace | in thy | borders: and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

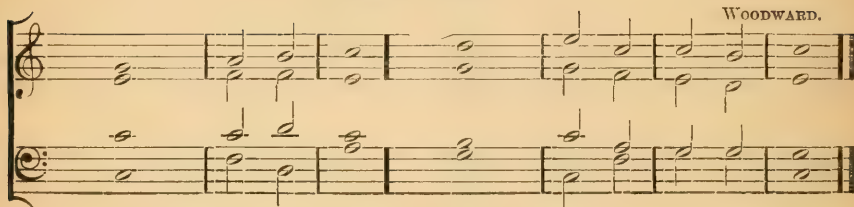
Glory be to the Fátter | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórl'd without | end · = |  
A · = | men.

# Occasional Anthems.

## Consecration of a Church.

### Psalm xxiv.



THE earth is the LORD's \* and áll that | therein | is: the compass of the wórlð, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath fóunded it up | on the | seas: and prépared | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the híli | of the | LORD: or who shall rise úp | in his | holy | place ?

4 Even he that hath clean hánds and a | pure \* = | heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity \* nor swórn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

5 He shall receive the bléssing | from the | LORD: and righteousness fróm the | God of\* | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generátion of | them that | seek him: even of théin that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift np your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Whó is this | Kíng of | glory: it is the LORD strong and mighty \* éven the | LORD \* = | mighty \* in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is this | Kíng of | glory: Even the LORD of hósts | he \* is the | Kíng of | glory.

Glory be to the Fáther | and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

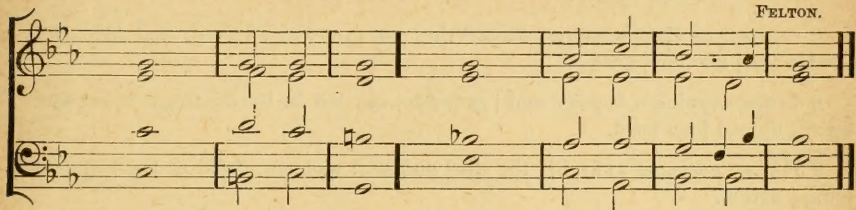
As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlð without | end \* = ' A \* = | men.

# Occasional Anthems.

## Burial of the Dead.

(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)

FELTON.



**L**ORD, let me know mine end \* and the númber | of my | days: that I may be certi-  
fied how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wére a | span \* = | long: and mine age is  
even as nothing in respect of thee \* and verily every man líving is | alto | gether |  
vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow \* and disquieteth him | self in | vain: he  
heapeth up riches, and cánnot tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now, Lórd, what | is my | hope: trúly my | hope is | even \* in | thee.

5 Deliver me from áll | mine of | fences: and make me nó t a re | buke \* = | unto \*  
the | foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin \* thou makest his beauty to con-  
sume away \* like as it were a móth | fretting \* a | garment: évery man | therefore | is  
but | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O LORD \* and with thine éars con | sider \* my | calling: hólđ not  
thy | peace \* = | at my | tears;

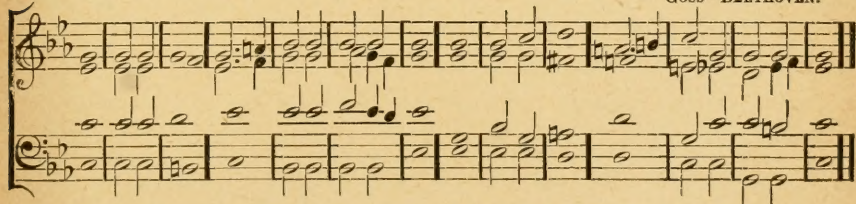
8 For I am a stranger with thée | and a | sojourner: ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little \* that I may re | cover \* my | strength: before I go hénce | and  
be | no more | seen.

Glory be to the Fátther | and \* to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórd without | end \* = |  
A \* = | men.

GOSS-BEETHOVEN.



**L**ORD, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth \* or ever the éarth and the | world  
were | made: thou art God from everlásting and | world with | out \* = | end.



## Occasional Anthems.

3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a | gain ye | chil-  
dren · of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight áre but as | yester | day: seeing that is pást as  
a | watch · = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them \* they are éven | as a | sleep: and fáde away |  
sudden · ly | like the | grass.

6 In the morning it is gréen and | groweth | up: but in the evening it is cut dówn |  
dried | up and | withered.

7 For we consume awáy in | thy dis | pleasure: and are afráid at thy | wrathful |  
indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret síns in the | light of |  
thy · = | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone: we bring our years to an end \*  
as it wére a | tale · = | that is | told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten \* and though men be so strong  
that they cóme to | fourscore | years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow \*  
so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

11 O téach us to | number · our | days: that we may apply our | hearts · = | unto |  
wisdom.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = |  
A · = | men.

*Or this Chant, throughout.*

MORLEY.

